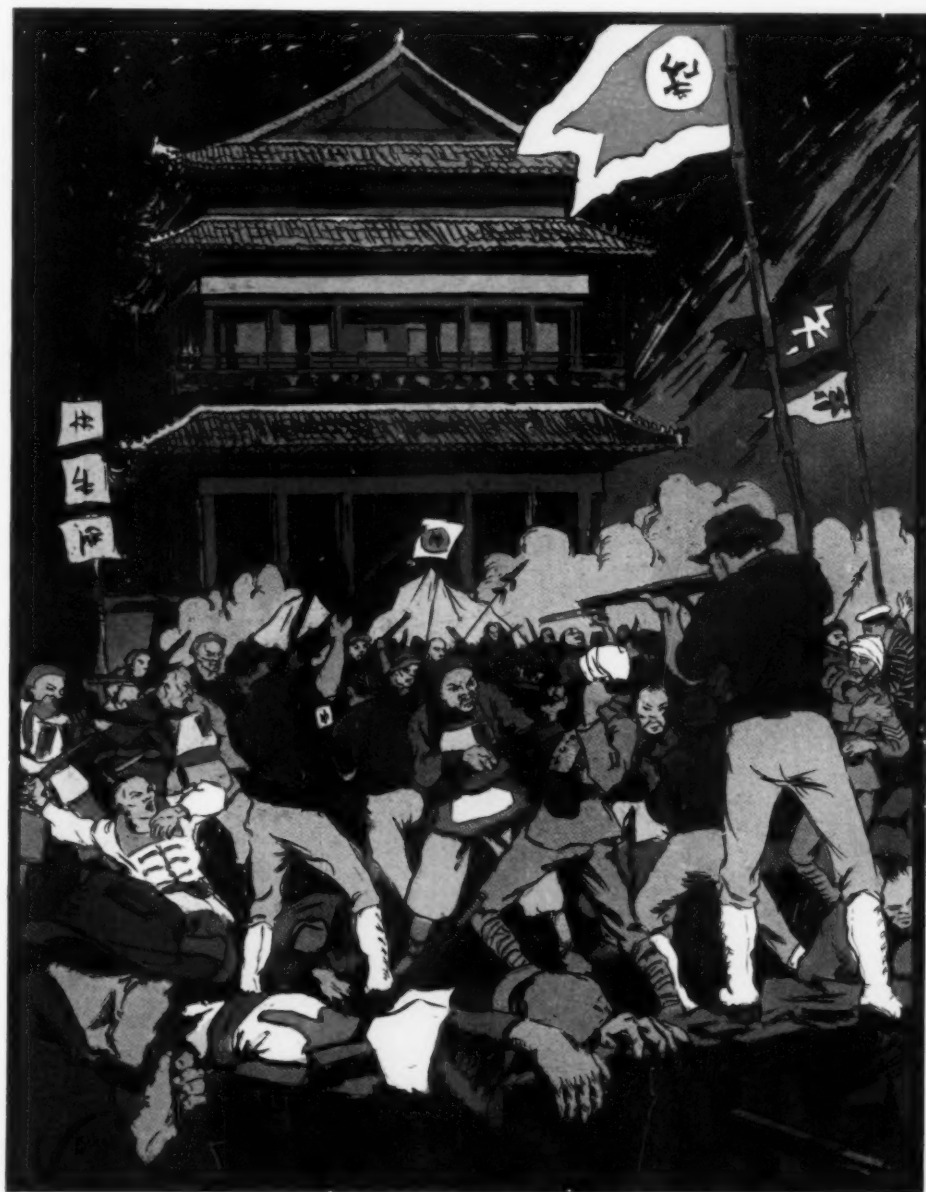


THE LEATHERNECK

February, 1935

Single Copy, 25c



IN MANY A STRIFE WE'VE
FOUGHT FOR LIFE

Land Sakes!

I do believe I'll try one



..for one thing

Chesterfield is the cigarette that's Milder

..for another thing

Chesterfield is the cigarette that Tastes Better



The LEATHERNECK

Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 10th of month preceding date of issue.

Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Arthur W. Ellis, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Gunnery Sergeant Frank H. Rentfrow, Sergeant D. S. Catchim, Private First Class Charles S. Adams, Private Lewis E. Berry, Private Sidney D. Dowell. West Coast Representative, Private First Class James M. Fountain.

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Sketched by D. L. DICKSON

Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON

Washington and Lincoln

THIS month marks another anniversary of the birth-days of two great men, Washington and Lincoln. From generation to generation their names have been handed down as the greatest of all Americans. Stories of their lives have been held up as examples of character in all its ramifications.

Both men served their country in the darkest and most discouraging times. It was only the courage and fortitude of Washington that kept together his ragged band of patriots. They were beaten, beaten badly, and Valley Forge seemed like the end. But some quality of dominating courage in their leader kept the men together, overcoming all obstacles to accomplish their freedom.

Lincoln's boyhood was one of hardship. His early political career was fraught with disappointments. Defeat after defeat met him. But he wouldn't quit.

Perseverance, dogged determination, was the thing that kept these men at their tasks. But behind it all they possessed one quality even more important to success. That was truthfulness and honesty. And perhaps if we could know now from their own lips each would consider this virtue of far greater importance than all their others.

Rivet Catching

CROWD waiting in line at canteen idly watching Navy Yard workman. . . The discordant noises of air drills prevailed and conversation was out of the question. Every few minutes a workman would crawl out from an ammunition hoist, and wade through an entanglement of air hose. He carried a large metal cup in his left hand and two sharp raps upon this cup usually scattered wandering spectators.

A white hot rivet would describe a glowing are in the air, thrown from the quarterdeck by a man attending a forge there. With unerring dexterity the man with the cup would catch the rivet, and in another fraction of a minute it would be cooling in a newly drilled hole.

The man with the cup was a craftsman who had learned his task well. As a man he was not superior because he was a rivet catcher. He was a superior man, however, in his profession simply because he had studied his job until the business of catching rivets became as ordinary to him as pushing a holystone would be to a deckhand.

We can all take a lesson from the man with the cup. Like him we can become specialists only through interest and training. Interest in our work can be created through concentration. We should be masters of our own tasks, but we can only become such through study and an honest interest in the job and what relates to it.

On Reading

THE world today is living in the dream castles of yesterday. Tomorrow we shall experience the things we imagine today. Life is built of dreams. Most of us are hedged into tiny grooves. We work a bit, play a bit, rest a bit each day. Once or twice a year, perhaps, we run away from our routine lives, on a vacation. But outside of that we must almost wholly depend on what we read to fill our lives, and form the basis of our dreams.

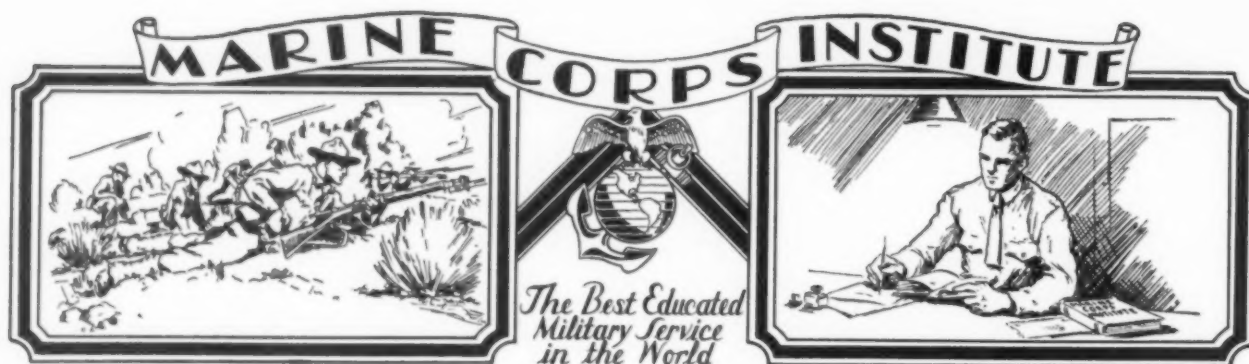
Of course, there are the movies, and the drama, and our church life, but after all reading is our main stay which does not fail, even on rainy days.

We cannot all be prospectors, or soldiers of fortune. It is not written in the stars for all of us to travel about the earth and see its mysteries, but we can read about them if someone will gather them together for us. And we can enjoy them if we know what we read is faithful in its pictures of life in far away lands and places; that it is not someone's fancy.

Each of us has a mission in life. Yours may be to sail the seven seas or to raise grain—it does not matter; each is equally important in its way.

Good books ever seek new visions of this great dream world of ours, and to bring to you just as they really are: a bit of the desert; a colorful caravan; an Arab tribe; a moonlight night at Wakiki; the splendor of the court of a Sultan; a romance on a college campus; a lone prospector beside a tiny fire in Alaska. These and a thousand other pictures make up the world and reading books that seek the world over for the drama of life, wherever that may be, and to bring them to you in their real, true setting, with no fantastic trimmings of fine writings and imagination; these books become your dream world and mine, because they hold our fancy and help us to dream of romance and adventure that we can never know first-hand.

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SUPER-SERVICE TRAINING IN SERVICE STATION SALESMANSHIP

A BRAND NEW COURSE which is all that the name implies, is now offered for the first time to students of the Marine Corps Institute. What an opportunity this is to make yourself one of the most efficient operators in this line of work!

Read what the President of a large independent chain of stations says about it:

"If I were trying to pick out the men who will be leaders in service station operation ten years from now, I would ask you for a list of the students who complete this course."

For more details in regard to the course, it is suggested that you read the description in the Marine Corps Institute News in this issue of **THE LEATHERNECK**.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Caution! Before requesting enrollment, investigate the course in which you are interested, and be sure that it meets your needs. Complete information regarding any course may be obtained from your company or detachment commander, or by writing direct to the Marine Corps Institute. Remember you can enroll in only one course at a time.

☐ I am interested in the subject before which I have marked an X; please send me full information.

☐ Please enroll me in the _____ course. I have carefully investigated the course and believe it is suited to my needs.

- | | | | | |
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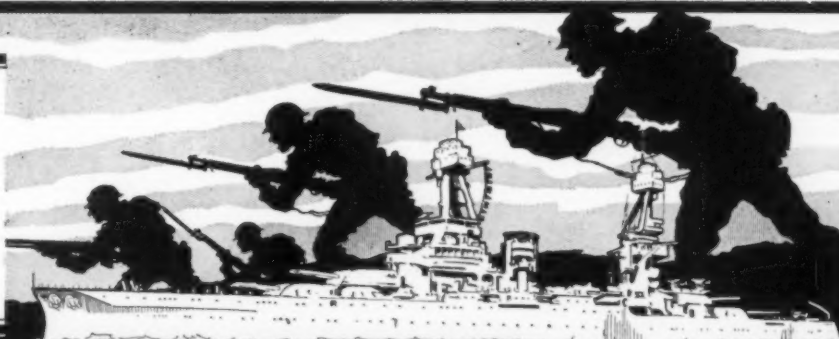
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NUMBER 2

WITH THE U. S. MARINES IN 1902



FEW WEEKS before Christmas, 1902, the United States Battleship *Oregon* was lying in Frisco Harbor, about to set sail

for the China station, with Captain Burwell, United States Navy, commanding the ship, and Captain Russell, (who is now Major General Commandant of the United States Marine Corps) commanding the Marine guard.

We carried about six hundred officers and men; the ship was as clean as paint and elbow grease could make her from truck to keelson. She certainly was an inspiring sight to see as we steamed out through the Golden Gate, with her white paint and brass work glistening, her guns polished to the nth degree, and the tomkins shining in their muzzles. I mention the above because the ship was a very different sight when we came to anchor in Yokohama Harbor Christmas Eve.

After a pleasant cruise we arrived at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. As the *Oregon* drew too much water we were unable to tie up to the dock, so we anchored about two miles off shore in the very clear water of the harbor—so clear that one could almost see the anchor lying at the bottom.

Dead ahead was the city of Honolulu with the punch bowl high up above the town. This punch bowl is an extinct volcano and is one of the sights of the Islands. Diamond Head loomed up over to starboard and in the middle distance was Waikiki Beach, which has been made famous in song and story.

We were soon surrounded by bum boats, sampans and the diving boys. These boys dive for a piece of silver to prove their skill—they let the coin get almost out of sight before diving for it and they bring up the coin every time, which they exhibit when coming to the surface.

The order of the day was coal ship and then liberty—

BY JAMES A. BEVAN

the lighters came alongside and all hands turned to and coaled ship, then we scrubbed down, making everything ship shape for our long trip to Yokohama, Japan, which would be our next port of call.

The ship's company was looking forward to spending Christmas day in either Yokohama, Japan, or Hong Kong, China.

The entire crew was given liberty in Honolulu and the men of the ship enjoyed the many novel and interesting sights of the Island. Of course swimming at Waikiki Beach was one of the pleasures of the day—it was a great experience for some of the men, but an old story to us old-timers who had visited the port before.

The time came to up anchor for the Orient and with the band playing "Anchors Aweigh" we sailed out of Honolulu Harbor for Yokohama, Japan. Ordinarily it takes about twelve days for a slow steaming ship like the *Oregon* to make that passage. For us fate decreed differently; we were twenty days at sea and all thought at one time that we would never see shore again. Everything went well for the first few days—the sun shining and the sea like a mill pond. The crew was busy during the day carrying out the routine of the ship, with drill and instructions, gathering in the evening on the forecabin to indulge in song and story or sometimes having the ship's band play dance tunes while we danced together on the upper deck.

All this was changed very swiftly. We had reached the China Sea, which is the home of the typhoon, and there is no more terrifying experience than a storm at sea, for the person who has never encountered one. We were unfortunate enough to run into a typhoon which lasted four days; for two days we were hove to, just making enough headway to hold the ship's head into the sea. Owing to the fact that the *Oregon's* free- (Continued on page 48)



THE FIDDLING MAN

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(Illustrated by D. L. Dickson)

BREault's cough was not pleasant to hear. A cough possesses manifold and almost unclassifiable diversities. But there is only one cough when a man has a bullet through his lungs and is measuring his life by minutes, perhaps seconds. Yet Breault, even as he coughed the red stain from his lips, was not afraid. Many times he had found himself in the presence of death, and long ago it had ceased to frighten him. Some day he had expected to come under the black shadow of it himself—not in a quiet peaceful way, but all at once, with a shock. And the time had come. He knew that he was dying; and he was calm. More than that—in dying he was achieving a triumph. The red-hot death-sting in his lung had given birth to a frightful thought in his sickening brain. The day of his great opportunity was at hand. The hour—the minute.

A last flush of the pale afternoon sun lighted up his black-bearded face as he turned his eyes, with their new inspiration, to his sledge. It was a face that one would remember—not pleasantly, perhaps, but as a fixture in a shifting memory of things; a face strong with a brute strength, implacable in its hard lines, emotionless almost, and beyond that, a mystery.

It was the best known face in all that part of the northland which reaches up from Fort McMurray to Lake Athabasca and westward to Fond du Lac and the Wholdais country. For ten years Breault had made that trip twice a year with the northern mails. In all its reaches there was not a cabin he did not know, a face he had not seen, or a name he could not speak; yet there was not a man, woman or child who welcomed him except for what he brought. But the government had found its faith in him justified. The police in their lonely outposts had come to regard his comings and goings as dependable as day and night. They blessed him for his punctuality, and not one of them missed him when he was gone. A strange man was Breault.

With his back against a tree, where he had propped himself after the first shock of the bullet in his lung, he took a last look at life with a passionless imperturbability. If there was any emotion at all in his face it was one of vindictiveness—an emotion roused by an intense and terrible hatred that in this hour saw the fulfillment of its vengeance. Few men nursed a hatred as Breault had nursed his. And it gave him strength now, when another man would have died.

He measured the distance between himself and the sledge. It was, perhaps, a dozen paces. The dogs were still standing, tangled a little in their traces—eight of them—wide-chested, thin at the groins, a wolfish horde, built for endurance and speed. On the sledge was a quarter of a ton of his Majesty's mail. Toward this Breault began to creep slowly and with great pain. A hand inside of him seemed crushing the fiber of his lung, so that the blood oozed out

of his mouth. When he reached the sledge there were many red patches in the snow behind him. He opened with considerable difficulty a small dunnage sack, and after fumbling a bit took therefrom a pencil attached to a long red string, and a soiled envelope.

For the first time a change came upon his countenance—a ghastly smile. And above his hissing breath, that gushed between his lips with the sound of air pumped through the fine mesh of a colander, there rose a still more ghastly croak of exultation and of triumph. Laboriously he wrote. A few words, and the pencil dropped from his stiffening fingers into the snow. Around his neck he wore a long red scarf held together by a big brass pin, and to this pin he fastened securely the envelope.

This much done—the mystery of his death solved for those who might some day find him—the ordinary man would have contented himself by yielding up life's struggle with as little more physical difficulty as possible. Breault was not ordinary. He was, in his own way, efficiency incarnate. He made space for himself on the sledge, and laid

himself out in that space with great care, first taking pains to fasten about his thighs two babiche thongs that were employed at times to steady his freight. Then he ran his left arm through one of the loops of the stout mail-chest. By taking these precautions he was fairly secure in the belief that after he was dead and frozen stiff no amount of rough trailing by the dogs could roll him from the sledge.

In this conjecture he was right. When the starved and exhausted malamutes dragged their silent burden into the Northwest Mounted Police outpost barracks at Crooked Bow twenty-four hours later, an ax and a sapling bar were required to pry Francois Breault from his bier.



In another moment she was at his side, kneeling in the snow and bending over him.

Previous to this process, however, Sergeant Fitzgerald, in charge at the outpost, took possession of the soiled envelope pinned to Breault's red scarf. The information it bore was simple, and yet exceed-



ingly definite. Few men in dying as Breault had died could have made the matter easier for the police.

On the envelope he had written:

Jan Thoreau shot me and left me for dead. Have just strength to write this—no more.

Francois Breault.

It was epic—a colossal monument to this man, thought Sergeant Fitzgerald, as they pried the frozen body loose.

To Corporal Blake fell the unpleasant task of going after Jan Thoreau. Unpleasant, because Breault's starved huskies and frozen body brought with them the worst storm of the winter. In the face of this storm Blake set out, with the Sergeant's last admonition in his ears:

"Don't come back, Blake, until you've got him, dead or alive."

That is a simple and efficacious formula in the rank and file of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. It has made volumes of stirring history, because it means a great deal and has been lived up to. Twice before, the words had been uttered to Blake—in extreme cases. The first time they had taken him for six months into the Barren Lands between Hudson's Bay and the Great Slave—and he came back with his man; the second time he was gone for nearly a year along the rim of the Arctic—and from there also he came back with his man. Blake was of that sort. A bull-dog, a Nemesis when he was once on the trail, and—like most men of that kind—without a conscience. In the Blue Books of the service he was credited with arduous patrols and unusual exploits. "Put Blake on the trail" meant something, and "He is one of our best men" was a firmly established conviction of departmental headquarters.

Only one man knew Blake as Blake actually lived under his skin—and that was Blake himself. He hunted men and ran them down without mercy—not because he loved the law, but for the reason that he had in him the inherited instincts of the hound. This comparison, if quite true, is none the less unfair to the hound. A hound is a good dog at heart.

In the January storm it may be that the vengeful spirit of Francois Breault set out in company with Corporal Blake to witness the consummation of his vengeance. That first night, as he sat close to his fire in the shelter of a thick spruce timber, Blake felt the unusual and disturbing sensation of a presence somewhere near him. The storm was at its height. He had passed through many storms, but tonight there seemed to be an uncannily concentrated fury in its beating and wailing over the roofs of the forests.

He was physically comfortable. The spruce trees were so dense that the storm did not reach him, and fortune favored him with a good fire and plenty of fuel. But the sensation oppressed him. He could not keep away from his mental vision of Breault as he had helped to pry him from the sledge—his frozen features, the stiffened fingers, the curious twist of the icy lips that had been almost a grin.

Blake was not superstitious. He was too much a man of iron for that. His soul had lost the plasticity of imagination. But he could not forget Breault's lips as they had seemed to grin up at him. There was a reason for it. On his last trip down, Breault had said to him with that same half-grin on his face:

"M'sieu, some day you may go after my murderer, and when you do, Francois Breault will go with you."

That was three months ago. Blake measured the time back as he sucked at his pipe, and at the same time he looked at the shadowy and half-lost forms of his dogs,

curled up for the night in the outer rim of firelight.

Over the tree-tops a sudden blast of wind howled. It was like a monster voice. Blake rose to his feet and rolled upon the fire the big night log he had dragged in, and to this he added, with the woodman's craft of long experience, lengths of green timber, so arranged that they would hold fire until morning. Then he went into his silk service tent and buried himself in his sleeping-bag.

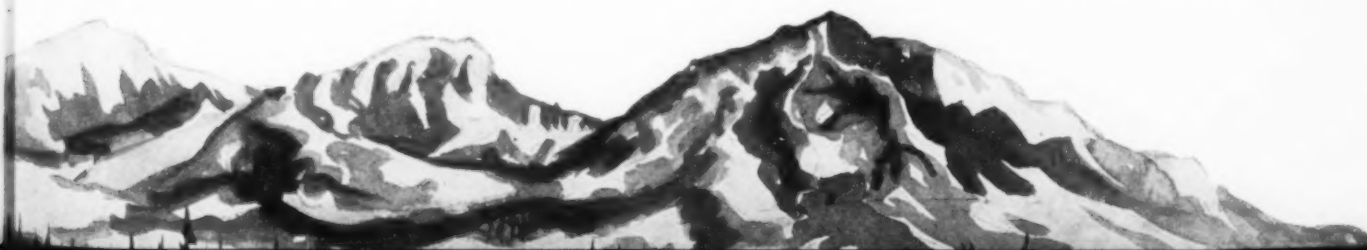
For a long time he did not sleep. He listened to the crackle of the fire. Again and again he heard that monster voice moaning and shrieking over the forest. Never had the rage of storm filled him with the uneasiness of tonight. At last the mystery of it was solved for him. The wind came and went each time in a great moaning, half shrieking sound: B-r-r-r-e-e-e-w-w-w!

It was like a shock to him; and yet, he was not a superstitious man. No, he was not that. He would have staked his life on it. But it was not pleasant to hear a dead man's name shrieked over one's head by the wind. Under the cover of his sleeping-bag flap Corporal Blake laughed. Funny things were always happening, he tried to tell himself. And this was a mighty good joke. Breault wasn't so slow, after all. He had given his promise, and he was keeping it; for, if it wasn't really Breault's voice up there in the wind, multiplied a thousand times, it was a good imitation of it. Again Corporal Blake laughed—a laugh as unpleasant as the cough that had come from Breault's bullet-punctured lung. He fell asleep after a time; but even sleep could not drive from him the clinging obsession that strange things were to happen in this taking of Jan Thoreau.

With the gray dawn there was nothing to mark the passing of the storm except freshly fallen snow, and Blake was on the trail before it was light enough to see a hundred yards ahead. There was a defiance and a contempt of last night in the crack of his long caribou-gut whip and the halloo of his voice as he urged on his dogs. Breault's voice in the wind? Bah! Only a fool would have thought that. Therefore he was a fool. And Jan Thoreau—it would be like taking a child. There would be no happenings to report—merely an arrest, a quick return journey, an affair altogether too ordinary to be interesting. Perhaps it was all on account of the hearty supper of caribou liver he had eaten. He was fond of liver, and once or twice before it had played him tricks.

He began to wonder if he would find Jan Thoreau at home. He remembered Jan quite vividly. The Indians called him Kitoochikin because he played a fiddle. Blake, the Iron Man, disliked him because of that fiddle. Jan was never without it, on the trail or off. The Fiddling Man, he called him contemptuously—a baby, a woman; not fit for the big north. Tall and slim, with blond hair in spite of his French blood and name, a quiet and unexcitable face, and an air that Blake called "damned superiority." He wondered how the Fiddling Man had ever screwed up nerve enough to kill Breault. Undoubtedly there had been no fight. A quick and treacherous shot, no doubt. That was like a man who played a fiddle. *Poof!* He had no more respect for him than if he dressed in woman's clothing.

And he *did* have a wife, this Jan Thoreau. They lived a good twenty miles off the north-and-south trail, on an island in the middle of Black Bear Lake. He had never seen the wife. A poor sort of woman, he made up his mind, that would marry a fiddler. Probably a half-breed; maybe an Indian. Anyway, he had no sympathy for her. Without a doubt, it was the woman who (Continued on page 43)





Fleet Manoeuvres

Los Angeles, Calif., Dec. 29.—Plans for manoeuvres of unparalleled scope by the United States Fleet throughout the Eastern Pacific during the period from May 3 to June 10, 1935, were disclosed last night aboard the fleet flagship *Pennsylvania* by Admiral Joseph M. Reeves, commander-in-chief.

Scheduled to participate in the war games, to encompass more than 5,000,000 square miles of Pacific seaways, are 177 surface ships, 477 airplanes of the fleet's high seas air force and the dirigible *Macon*. Approximately 55,000 officers and men will take part.

The main body of the fleet will proceed to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, whence it will conduct subsequent operations. One expedition will continue to Midway Island, 1,160 miles west of Honolulu, for the establishment of an advanced base.

The forces concentrated on Puget Sound will go to the Aleutian Islands, from which area they will operate.

Band Serenades M.G.C.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 2.—A custom that had its origin in Civil War days was carried out again yesterday when the Marine Band, under Capt. Taylor Branson, serenaded Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, Marine commandant, at his home at the Marine Barracks, Eighth and I streets southeast.

The general recalled that the custom was started during the Civil War when Band Leader Scala was the chief and has continued on down through the days when Schneider, Sousa, Fanciulli and Santelmann served in turn as leaders of the Marine Band. It is being carried on by Captain Branson each New Year day.

"This custom has become a beautiful tradition and I heartily approve of it and hope it will continue indefinitely," General Russell told the assembled bandmen. "The work of the band during the past year has been all that any commandant could expect. You have maintained gloriously your record as the Marine Corps Band."

Marine Officers Commended

Washington, D. C., Jan. 14.—The Secretary of the Navy recently commended by special letter the following Marine Corps officers: Brig. Gen. Louis McC. Little, "For exceptionally meritorious service to the Government in the line of his profes-

sion in a duty of great responsibility as Brigade Commander and Commanding General, First Marine Brigade, on duty in the Republic of Haiti from June 3, 1931 to August 15, 1934 . . ."

Colonel Clayton B. Vogel was commended for his service as Assistant Commandant and Commandant of the Garde d'Haiti, where he "distinguished himself by his efficiency, tact and fine cooperation with other activities in Haiti . . ."

Captain Francis Kane, and Lieutenant Robert H. Rhoades were commended by special letter for "saving the life of a young woman at Willoughby Beach, Ocean View, Virginia, on August 15, 1934. . . The young woman who was unable to



swim, accidentally got beyond her depth and cried for help."

Both officers swam to her rescue and after considerable difficulty succeeded in bringing her to shore. They immediately returned to the water and endeavored to find the body of the woman's escort, who had drowned in attempting a rescue.

Major Bourne Dies

Washington, D. C., Jan. 7.—Maj. Louis M. Bourne, of the United States Marine Corps,

stationed at Quantico, Va., died today at Naval Hospital here following an operation.

Major Bourne, who was the first Marine flyer to make a non-stop flight from the United States to Nicaragua, was stricken suddenly last Thursday.

He had been stationed since last August at Quantico where he was transferred from San Diego, Calif. He was commander of the Marine Aviation Forces at San Diego for two years.

Carabao Officers Elected

Washington, D. C., December 16.—The Military Order of the Carabao, composed of officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps who served in the Philippines 35 years ago, last night chose Brig-General Hugh Matthews, USMC, as Grand Paramount Carabao. Other Marine members of the society who will serve with the general are: Grand Councillor of the Herd Colonel Harold C. Reisinger, Grand jefe los Cardadores Colonel James J. Meade. The following were selected as Los Consejeros en Bosque (Councillors in the field): Colonel Henry L. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Maj.-General John T. Meyers, San Francisco, Calif.; Brig.-General Charles H. Lyman, Quantico; and Major Renato Tittoni, Miami.

Service Pay Restoration

Washington, D. C., Jan. 17.—President Roosevelt in his Budget message announced that he was proposing to restore full base pay and longevity as of July 1, 1935. He also said that he favored amending the law so as to assure to the services full credit for longevity pay purposes for the time served since the enactment of the Economy Act. Without this legislative action the Comptroller General would deny officers of the services credit for the time served during the fiscal years 1933 to 1935.

However, the President recommended continuation of the ban on reenlistment bonus.

Pan-American Union Honors Band Leaders

Washington, D. C., Jan. 4.—Leaders of the Army, Navy and Marine bands in Washington yesterday were presented with copies of resolutions adopted by the Governing Board of the Pan American Union in which they were cited for furthering cultural relations between the nations of the North American Continent.

The resolutions, signed by Secretary of State Hull, chairman of the board, were

presented by Dr. L. S. Rowe, director general, to Capt. William J. Stannard of the Army Band, Lieut. Charles Benter of the Navy Band and Capt. Taylor Branson, leader of the Marine Band.

Officers to Sail

Washington, D. C., Jan. 6.—American naval officers soon will assist in building up the Navy of the Argentine Republic.

The Navy Department yesterday announced that on Saturday Capt. W. A. Glassford, Comdr. J. W. Bunkley and Comdr. F. L. Riefkohl will sail from New York City for Buenos Aires. There they will be engaged in giving courses at the Argentine Naval War College.

A couple of years ago Capt. Glassford, who speaks Spanish fluently, was on the staff of the United States Naval War College at Newport, R. I.

Waterspout Sucks Plane 17,000 Feet

Dar-es-Salaam, East Africa, Dec. 16.—A waterspout sucked an airplane 10,000 feet into the skies over Lake Victory Saturday, amid a shower of hailstones. Capt. V. Soltan with Police Commissioner J. S. King, reported today he was flying at a height of 7,000 feet when the plane suddenly jerked out of control and was sucked upwards for 15 minutes, until it reached a height of 17,000 feet. The phenomenon then stopped and Soltan regained control.

Canal in Nicaragua Is Urged by Schall

Washington, D. C., Jan. 1.—Senator Schall, Republican, Minnesota, issued a statement last night in which he urged construction of a canal across Nicaragua.

He said under a previous treaty, the United States acquired a strip of land in Nicaragua 3 miles wide and about 180 miles long.

He said part of this could be used for the canal and the remainder of the land to grow rubber.

Paul G. Chandler Elected Fire Chief

Greater Capitol Heights, Md., Dec. 21.—Qm. Sgt. Paul G. Chandler, USMC, has been unanimously elected chief of the Greater Capitol Heights Volunteer Fire Department to succeed William T. Miles, who declined to run.

California Asks Bonus

Sacramento, Calif., Jan. 11.—The State Senate yesterday approved, 30 to 1, a resolution adopted by the Assembly memorializing Congress to pay the soldiers' bonus immediately.

Quantico Marine Cremated in Crash

Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 16.—C. W. Bayne, a private in the United States Ma-

rine Corps, Quantico, Va., was burned to death in an automobile accident near Triangle, 18 miles north of here, early today.

George Wheat, 25, also a Marine and a passenger in the car, was treated at the Mary Washington Hospital for burns. The Marine's car crashed into a parked automobile owned by Frank Acata, of New York. The gasoline tanks of both cars exploded.

Finucane Honored in Leaving Marines

Washington, D. C., Jan. 1.—With seven excellent discharges to his credit during his 30 years' service in the Marine Corps, the

Crosby Trophy

Percy Crosby, famous artist and cartoonist, has announced his intention of awarding to the 5th Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, the Crosby Rifle Marksmanship Cup. This cup is to be awarded annually to the company of the 5th Battalion showing the highest percentage of qualifications as expert riflemen, sharpshooters and marksmen. The Crosby Cup is 1 to 14 trophies and awards presented annually to companies of the 5th Battalion in recognition of various forms of excellence in drills, shooting and other military accomplishments.

Philippine Isle Police Guard Against Uprising

Manila, P. I., Dec. 27.—Officers of the Philippine Constabulary on the island of Mindanao were on the alert today to prevent another outbreak of wild mountain tribesmen such as occurred in Agusan Province last Saturday, resulting in 21 deaths.

Sixteen of those slain were members of the mountain tribe, killed when they attacked a constabulary camp. The other five were village dwellers, whom the fierce jungle tribesmen killed before engaging in the fight with the constabulary. The troops repulsed the attack without casualties.

All-American Air Races

Miami, Fla., Jan. 13.—Led by Lieut. Col. Roy S. Geiger, Bureau of Aviation, Marine Corps headquarters, Washington, and Captain Harrold S. Major, a squadron of "Hell Divers" from Brown Field, Quantico, Va., thrilled the vast throngs that yesterday attended the last day of the Seventh Annual Miami All-American Air races. This versatile and daring organization went through aerial sham battles throughout the day.

Other features of the meet were the Army "Men on the Flying Trapeze," which is the greatest closeformation group in the world and 102 high speed Army bombers.

Nearly half of the nation's air strength participated in the mass review of government fighting units.

Navy Nurse Corps Head Is Appointed

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22.—Miss Myn M. Hoffman today was named by Secretary Swanson to become superintendent of the Navy Nurse Corps on January 1. She will succeed Miss J. Beatrice Bowman, who has headed the Corps for a dozen years.

Since March, Miss Hoffman has served in the Navy Bureau of Medicine and Surgery as assistant superintendent of the corps. She is a graduate of the School of Nursing, connected with St. Joseph's Hospital at Denver and held an executive position in a hospital in the Middle West prior to entering the Navy in 1917.



GEORGE WASHINGTON
Born February 22, 1732

man who served as orderly to Franklin D. Roosevelt when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy today bade good-by officially to the outfit. He is Sergeant-Maj. Francis Finucane.

Sergeant-Maj. Finucane has been in the Navy Department since 1909, serving in the Secretary of the Navy's office from then until 1922. Under Secretaries Meyer, Daniels, and Denby he did duty, and while President Roosevelt was in the department he served part of the time as his orderly. The Marine was orderly to four men who held the post of Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps—John A. Lejeune, Wendell C. Neville, Ben H. Fuller and the incumbent, John H. Russell.



LONELY HONEYMOON

The little man dashed up the platform as the train was moving out, and made a frantic rush for one of the coaches, at the window of which a young woman was waving her handkerchief. He was about to grasp the handle of the door when a porter pulled him back.

"You mustn't board the train while it's moving," said the porter. "Besides, that compartment's engaged."

"Engaged!" yelled the little fellow, dancing about in his rage. "Of course it's engaged! I engaged it, and that's my wife at the window—off on her honeymoon!"

—Kablegram.

"My clothes looked pretty bad this morning. The boy left them on the floor."

"Didn't he pick them up for you?"

"He couldn't, I was in them."

—Walla Walla.

Overheard at the breakfast table:

"I took my girl to the San Carlos last night."

"How'd she do?"

"I got so embarrassed at her scratching her head with a fork that I spilt all the peas off my knife."—Air Station News.

Santa Claus was filling a Chicago girl's stocking—or trying to. He had inserted a fur coat, a bridge lamp, a dozen of the latest novels, a case of pickles and a two-door sedan. Then he saw that the stocking was still only half full and he left a note explaining: "I'm sorry, Lucille, but this is all I can give you this year."—Pathfinder.

Women generally are divided into two classes. Those who have had operations and those who have lost the set from their engagement rings.—Jewell (Kan.) Republican.

Barber: "Your hair is getting a bit thin on top, sir. Have you tried our restorer, sir?"

Customer: "No, it wasn't that. It's from worry."—Exchange.

"Do you make life-size enlargements from snap-shots?" asked the girl.

"Certainly, miss," answered the photographer. "That's our specialty."

"Well," said the girl, "let's see what you can do with this picture of the Grand Canyon."—Vancouver Province.

FATIGUE

A visitor came to the control room of WVP on Governors Island and started asking the operator questions.

"Don't you ever get tired of operating?" he queried.

"Yes sir," the operator answered.

"Is it the listening in that makes you tired?"

"No sir."

"Is it the calling when you are trying to contact a transport in the Pacific?"

"No sir."

"Is it keeping your set adjusted?"

"No sir."

"What is it, then?"

"Answering questions."

—2nd CA, Army Amateur Radio System Bulletin.



Him: You say beer makes you lean?

Her: Yes, against lamp posts and buildings.

They were coming home after a heavy liberty and were somewhat hazy about things in general.

Finally one of them said: "Jack, do I stagger?"

"No," replied his pal, "you don't stagger, but who's that guy with you?"

—Legation Guard News.

Lien: "Hey, can your dog do tricks?"

Tex: "Sure. Just whistle at him three times and he will bring you your hat."

—Walla Walla.

SAFETY

A motor car, driven by a very determined looking young lady, had just knocked down a man, fortunately without injuring him.

She did not try to get away, but stopped the car and faced him manfully.

"I am sorry it happened," she said grudgingly. "You should take more care when you are walking. I am an experienced driver. I have been driving a car for seven years."

"Well," replied the victim, "I'm not a novice myself. I've been walking for fifty-seven years."

The two actresses were having tea together, and among the topics of conversation that came up was burglary.

"I always feel safe when there's a man in the house," remarked the brunette.

"I don't see why you shouldn't, dear," purred the blonde.—Coast Guard.

A recent show advertised a chorus of seventy, but some of them didn't look to be a day over sixty-five.

—Florence (Ala.) Herald.

Tot (visiting battleship): Mother, does that sailor have to do that?

Mother: What sailor do what?

Tot (pointing): I mean must that sailor sit on the deck like that talking to that banana peel?—Pa. Guardsman.

Marine Poetaster: "Do you think there's any chance of my getting this poem in THE LEATHERNECK?"

Editor: "There may be. I'm due for retirement in eight years."

The Marines were pulling out of Haiti. A supply sergeant who had just arrived in the country was detailed to check off the supplies brought in from a distant outpost. An item on the shipment was listed as "one burro." After checking the goods carefully, the sergeant made this report: "Short, one bureau; over, one jackass."

—Legation Guard News.

First Student Aviator: "Quick, what do I do now, instructor?"

Second ditto: "What! Aren't you the instructor?"—W. Va. Mountaineer.

EXPLICIT SPECIFICATIONS

A Kansas woman wanted a set of false teeth and wrote to a Topeka dentist thus: "My mouth is three inches across, five-eighths thru the jawl. Some hummocky on the aige, shaped somethin' like a hoss shoe, toe forard. If you want me to be more particular I'll have to come up thar." —*Topeka Capital*.



Friend: "Nice car you've got here. What do you want for it?"
Owner: "A blonde."

A small boy stood in the entrance to the cobbler's shop watching the man at work. "What do you repair boots with, mister?" he suddenly asked.

"Hide," replied the cobbler sharply.

"Er-r, eh?" asked the boy.

"I said hide," replied the cobbler impatiently.

"What for?" the boy insisted, somewhat surprised.

"Hide! The cow's outside," sighed the man.

"Don't care if it is. Who's afraid of a cow, anyway?" said the youngster defiantly. —*Boston Globe*.

Two Negroes who had not seen each other in five years discovered each had been married during this time. "What kinda woman did you-all get, Mose?" asked Rastus.

"She's an angel, Rastus, dat's what she is."

"Boy, you sho' is lucky. Mine's still livin'," Rastus muttered sorrowfully.

—*Baltimore Sun*.

"And when Mrs. Gubbins sez you wasn't no lidy, wot did yer say?"

"I sez, 'Two negatives means an infirmity,' and I knocks 'er down. She is now in the 'orspital." —*London Standard*.

Preacher—"Dat's a fine goose you got there, Bruddah Jones. Whar did you get such a beauty?"

Jones—"Well, now, pahson, when you preach a speshull sermon I never axes yo' whar yo' got it. I hopes yo' will show dat same considerations." —*Bamboo Breezes*.

SHE OUGHT TO KNOW

Bill was pugnacious, but he didn't live long. A few days after his funeral his widow was hanging pensively over her front gate. A neighbor came along.

"Well, poor Bill," she began, "he'll be hittin' the harp with the angels."

"Not he," said the widow. "More likely he'll be hittin' the angels with the harp." —*Earth Mover*.

Synthetic rubber tires are found to equal the real thing, and doubtless synthetic rubber checks would be just as good as the rubber checks now frequently used.

—*Boston Transcript*.

Teacher—In some countries men are allowed more than one wife. That is called polygamy. In Christian countries like ours a man is allowed only one. What is that called?

Bright Pupil—Monotony. —*Pathfinder*.

Dentist—"Have you seen any small boys ring my bell and run away?"

Policeman—"They weren't small boys—they were grown-ups!" —*Humorist*.

"What are the prices of the seats, mister?"

"Front seats one shilling, back seats sixpence, and program a penny."

"I'll sit on a program, please."

—*Pearson's (London)*.



Wife: "What would you like to get mother for a birthday present?"

Husband: "An autopsy."

A Negro was arrested and brought before a commissioner. "How do you plead?" the commissioner asked. The Negro said, "I pleads guilty and waives the hearing."

"What do you mean, 'Waive the hearing'?" asked the commissioner.

"I means I don't wanta heah no mo' 'bout it." —*San Diego Union*.

He: "If I ran away with your wife would you get revenge?"

Him: "If you ran away with my wife I'd have revenge." —*Air Station News*.

"I understand your wife came from a fine old family."

"'Came' is hardly the word—she brought it with her." —*Tennessee Tar*.

OLD AGE

The oldest inhabitant of the village had celebrated his hundredth birthday, and the reporter of a local paper called on him for an interview.

Having congratulated the old fellow, the reporter asked a few questions.

"To what," he inquired, "do you attribute your longevity?"

The centenarian paused a moment, and then, holding up his hand and knocking off the items on his fingers, he began: "I have never smoked, drunk alcoholic liquors, nor over-eaten, and I always rise at six in the morning."

"But," protested the reporter, "I had an uncle who acted in the same way, yet he only lived to eighty. How do you account for that?"

"He didn't keep it up long enough!" was the calm reply. —*Kablegram*.

Hart, Shaffner & Marx urge suit buyers to use the mirror test. But every young man can tell you that the suit is okay if it stands up under the lady-on-lap test. —*Copy Cub*.

Boss—"When you called up my wife and told her I would be detained at the office, and would not be home until very late, what did she say?"

Steno—"She said: 'Can I depend on that?'" —*Vancouver Province*.

They lived in a tenth story apartment.

"John."

"Yes, dear."

"I'm a little worried about the baby."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"About 30 minutes ago I set him in the window so he could play with the shade and he's disappeared." —*W. Va. Mountaineer*.

"Lady," remarked the indigent stranger, when she made reference to the suspicious redness of his nose, "it got that way from keeping it to the grindstone too long."

—*George Ryan in the Boston Herald*.



He: "You know, you're not a bad looking sort of a girl."

She: "Oh, you'd say so even if you didn't think so."

He: "Well, we're square then. You'd think so even if I didn't say so."



A CHARGE IN THE DARK

By O. C. A. Child

Out of the trenches lively, lads!
Steady, steady there, number two!
Step like your feet were tiger's pads—
Crawl when crawling's the thing to do!

Column left, through the sunken road!
Keep in touch as you move by feel!
Empty rifles—no need to load—
Night work's close work, stick to steel!

Wait for the shadows and watch the clouds,
When it's moonshine, down you go!
Quiet, quiet, as men in shrouds,
Cats a-prowl in the dark go slow.

Curse you, there, did you have to fall?
Damn your feet and your blind-but eyes!
Caught in the open, caught—that's all!
Searchlights! slaughter—we meant surprise!

Shrapnel fire a bit too low—
Gets us though on the ricochet!
Open order and in we go,
Steel, cold steel, and we'll make 'em pay.

God above, not there to win?
Left, while my men go on to die!
Take them in, Sergeant, take them in!
Go on, fellows, good luck—good-bye!

MISTAKES

When everything seems dreary
And the joy of life has flown,
Cause you've pulled a lot of boners,
Don't give up or sit and moan.
Remember that our greatest men
Have also pulled a few
Bone-headed stunts—they've made mistakes
Just like those made by you.

The wisest men are apt to make
An error now and then,
The saps are those who make the same
Ones o'er and o'er again.

When you make mistakes don't worry
Go mark them on the ice,
Remember how you made them,
And don't make the same ones twice.

The chaps who smugly tell the world
They never make mistakes,
Have probably made nothin—
They're just a lot of fakes.
To make errors is but human,
Every man is apt to flop,
That's the reason all the pencils
Have rubbers on the top.

When you hear about a fellow
Who has blundered it's a sign
That he wasn't just loafing—
He was on his feet and tryin'.
When you've blundered don't imagine
That your efforts are in vain
For you'll get nowhere by stalling—
Rub it out—and try again.
—Legation Guard News.

ONE LAST SALUTE

By J. M. W. Hurlbut

One last salute to those who have not died,
But hold their stalwart places side by side,
So we can turn to our eternal sleep,
And know our comrades still the vigil keep;
Our vacant files replaced by their re-doubled valor,
When stalking Death has marked us with his pallor.
Now as our legion marches to the West,
We give to those who will not fail the test,
One Last Salute.

SOLDIER

By C. T. Lanham

The stars swing down the western steep,
And soon the east will burn with day,
And we shall struggle up from sleep
And sling our packs and march away.

In this brief hour before the dawn
Has struck our bivouac with flame
I think of men whose brows have borne
The iron wreath of deadly fame.

I see the fatal phalanx creep,
Like death, across the world and back,
With eyes that only strive to keep
Bucephalus' immortal track.

I see the legion wheel through Gaul,
The sword and flame on hearth and home,
And all the men who had to fall
That Caesar might be first in Rome.

I see the horde of Genghis Khan
Spread outward like the dawn of day
To trample golden Khorassan
And thunder over fair Cathay.

I see the grizzled grenadier,
The dark dragoon, the gay hussar,
Whose shoulders bore for many a year
Their little emperor's blazing star.

I see these things, still am I slave
When banners flaunt and bugles blow,
Content to fill a soldier's grave
For reasons I shall never know.

ASCENT

By Charles G. Blanden

Delve not so deep in the gloomy past
That life's bright sands cave in and
bury thee;
Better it is to make the ladder fast
Against a star, and climb eternally.

THE IRISH GUARDS

By Rudyard Kipling

(Read at a matinee in London in aid of the Irish Guards' War Fund, for which it was written by Mr. Kipling.)

We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so young at our trade,
For we had the honor at Fontenoy
Of meeting the Guards Brigade.
'Twas Lally, Dillon, Bulkeley, Clare,
And Lee that led us then,
And after a hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!

Old Days! The wild geese are fighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it
before!

For where there are Irish there's bound
to be fighting,

And when there's no fighting, it's
Ireland no more!

Ireland no more!

The fashion's all for khaki now,
But once through France we went,
Full-dressed in scarlet Army cloth—
The English-left at Ghent.
They're fighting on our side today,
But before they change their clothes
The half of Europe knew our fame
As all of Ireland knows!

Old days! The wild geese are flying,
Head to the storm as they faced it
before!

For where there are Irish there's mem-
ory undying,

And when we forget, it is Ireland no
more!

Ireland no more!

From Barry Wood to Gouzenaucourt,
From Boyne to Pilkem Ridge,
The ancient days come back no more
Than water under the bridge.
But the bridge it stands and the water
runs

As red as yesterday,
And the Irish move to the sound of the
guns
Like salmon to the sea!

Old days, the wild geese are ranging,
Head to the storm as they faced it
before!

For where there are Irish their hearts
are unchanging,

And when they are changeable, it is
Ireland no more!

Ireland no more!

We're not so old on the Army list,
But we're not so new in the ring,
For we carried our packs with Marshal
Saxe

When Louis was our King.
But Douglas Haig's our Marshal now
And we're King George's men,
After one hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!

Ah, France! And did we stand by you
When life was made splendid with
gifts and rewards?

Ah, France! And will we deny you
In the hour of your agony, Mother of
Swords?

Old days! The wild geese are fighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it
before!

For where there are Irish there's loving
and fighting,

And when we stop either, it's Ireland
no more!

Ireland no more!

THE LEATHERNECK

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

TROS OF SAMOTHRACE. By Talbot Mundy (Appleton-Century). This well-known writer presents a novel of Caesar's period; and where Caesar and his Legions went, action was never lacking. \$3.00

THE CASINO MURDER CASE. By S. S. Van Dine (Scribner's). Philo Vance, the outstanding detective of modern fiction, untangles the knots of mysterious murders. \$2.00

DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE. By Paul I. Wellman (Macmillan). Indian ambuscades and desperate fighting in the old West. True accounts of the war against the red man, in which the white soldier was not always victorious. \$3.00

TRUE ANECDOTES OF AN ADMIRAL. By Admiral Robert E. Coontz (Dorrance). A series of anecdotes and stories by a retired admiral. Personal reminiscences. \$1.75

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WHILE ROME BURNS. By Alexander Woolcott (Viking). The sale of this book leads the non-fiction field. An interesting collection of memoirs and sketches and word pictures of famous people. \$2.75

CANNIBAL COUSINS. By John H. Craige (Minton, Balch). Drums of black Haiti, voodooism, the Marine occupation, serious and comical, are ranged side by side in this latest book from the Marine captain's pen. \$2.75

SALT WINDS AND GOBI DUST. By Capt. John W. Thompson, Jr. (Scribner's). A collection of Marine stories by one of the foremost writers of today. \$2.50

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND. By Charles Nordhoff and James Hall (Little, Brown). The third of the classical trilogy relating the story of the mutiny on the *Bounty*. This volume deals with the mutineers who colonized the island. \$2.50

THE WHITE MONK OF TIMBUCTOO. By William Seabrook (Harcourt, Brace). A French priest with a mission in Timbuctoo, throws his future aside, renounces his position, and lives as his fancy dictates. Surrounded by books in fifteen languages, a native wife who bore him thirty children, the apostate achieves happiness and freedom. \$3.00

ESCAPE FROM THE SOVIETS. By Tatiana Tchernavin (Dutton). The story of a family of the educated class and their persecution by the police agents of Russia. \$2.50

THE TAVERN ROGUE. By Robert Gordon Anderson (Farrar and Rinehart). A swashbuckling, two-fisted novel of the Elizabethan period. Plenty action and suspense. \$2.50

PIRATE JUNK. By Clifford Johnson (Scribner's). An actual account of four British subjects captured by Chinese pirates. \$2.50

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

JOURNEY TO CHINA

ONE'S COMPANY. By Peter Fleming (Scribner's). \$2.75

Peter Fleming, author of "Brazilian Adventure," has scored again. Early in June, 1933, our traveler is bound for Manchuli, the "junction, on the frontier between Russia and Manchuria, of the Trans-Siberian and the Chinese Eastern Railways." He had set out, armed with a typewriter and a commission to write, to cover the turbulent situation in the Far East. In Moscow he remained four days. It is barely possible the brevity of his visit was controlled by his statement: "One of the most curious things about modern Russia is the startling and universal ugliness of the women. Bolshevism appears to be incompatible with beauty. Across the frontier you will find the night-clubs of Harbin and Shanghai packed with the most ravishing creatures, all Russian, and mostly (by their own account) Romanoff. But in Moscow you search for a pretty, for even a passable face in vain."

Not greatly impressed with Moscow, our correspondent continues his journey, the long monotonous train ride. His first major adventure was a train wreck. He snapped some pictures of the demolished coaches and he encountered no small difficulty in smuggling the films past the border.

Harbin, it seems, impressed him not a great deal more than Moscow. Although he did tingle to the fact that it was the capital of the new kingdom of Manchuko. Thence to Hsingking and a plane trip to Mukden.

Communism in China, a subject of importance to Europe, attracted him southward to Chinchow and Jehol. The Japanese treated him with every consideration, even putting on a sham battle for his benefit. He didn't approve of the unscientific but vigorous machine gun assault. Later he accompanied a Japanese patrol in their search for bandits.

Still southward he journeyed, Tientsin, Tsinan, Nanking, Kiukiang, ever approaching the communist center. Mr. Fleming encountered many exciting, remarkable adventures. He treats them all with an unemotional indolence. Without heroics he tells of dangerous events, and hair-raising incidents. Especially interesting to China-side Marines.

MORE BRITISH AGENT

RETREAT FROM GLORY. By R. H. Bruce Lockhart (Putnam). \$3.00

Those of us who so greatly enjoyed "British Agent" will find "Retreat from Glory" equally interesting. It is not, perhaps, quite so packed with thrills and suspense, for Mr. Lockhart deserts the field of political diplomacy for financial diplomacy. But he has some unusual adventures in the world of money.

Upon his return from Russia the British Agent resumes his career in Prague as secretary to Sir George Clerk. Perhaps it was the force of circumstances which had driven him to a profession for which he was unconsciously not adapted. He found his duties irksome; and his social obligations soon plunged him deeply in debt.

In the turmoil, financial and political, social and moral, Mr. Lockhart plunged avidly. There were receptions and operas, holiday pilgrimages to neighboring countries, hotly-contested tennis sets, wining and dancing. And through it all the old ghosts of Russia haunted him. He sought relief in gypsy orchestras and an occasional hunting and fishing trip.

The banking situation offered great possibilities to the clever investor. Mr. Lockhart became interested, resigned his post and accepted employment with a banking firm. A training period in London, then off to Vienna, where he found that his new career required diplomacy no less than did the Consular Service.

Through Central Europe Mr. Lockhart traveled in the interest of the bank. He enjoyed himself, but was not entirely satisfied. Something seemed to be lacking. Abruptly the foundation of the bank became shaky. Lockhart thought the time had come to get out. He turned to journalism. The magnanimous directors gave him a year's salary "With no further obligations on my part than the writing of the leading article for the bank's monthly report."

Mr. Lockhart does not sit calmly down to write his book. Instead, off he goes once more to Central Europe and further adventures.

He encountered many illustrious persons, not the least of which was Wilhelm, ex-Kaiser, whom he met during a visit to Berlin.

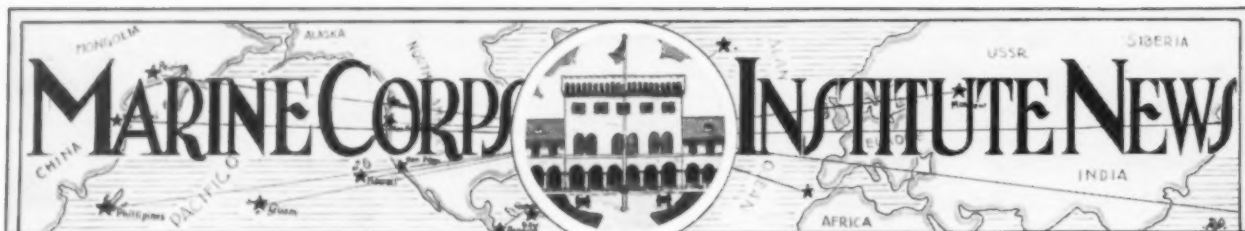
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"SUPER SERVICE"

[I] NEW course has just been adopted by the Marine Corps Institute, and is being offered for the first time in this issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*. It is, without doubt, one of the most practical courses included in the entire curriculum, and one which should show the most apparent gain in actual dollars and cents in the shortest period of time to those who can apply the principles of the course to their work.

This new course is known as **SERVICE STATION SALESMANSHIP**.

As applied particularly to present and prospective students of the Marine Corps Institute, it would be interesting to know just how many Marine Corps Reservists are now operating or are employed in service stations, and how many men, upon completion of an enlistment in the Marine Corps, turn naturally to this field upon return to civil life.

Competition in the Service station game is keen in this day and age. Did you know that there are approximately 318,000 gasoline and motor oil outlets, including service stations, garages, curb pumps, etc.? And did you also know that this represents about one pump to every thirty motorists? Is the business of these motorists to be divided equally between each of these pumps?

You know the answer to the last question, and it puts squarely up to you the problem of "What are you going to do about it?"

It is taken for granted that you are willing to work and put forth your best efforts on the job. Whether you are the employer and owner, or whether you are the employee, you are really working for yourself. If you work hard, your efforts are going to bring results, but if this hard work is skillful and trained, your results are going to be proportionately greater.

Modern sales methods is the answer, and the newest, best, and most complete of these methods are presented in **SERVICE STATION SALESMANSHIP**.

The course is not long and arduous—on the contrary, the subject is presented in six textbooks, each book short enough so that it can be read in a few evenings, and the pages stand out with real pointers. Each volume is bound in dark olive green covers with gold

lettering—books that you will be glad to have on your shelf or in your bookcase where you can refer to them frequently.

The books are different than the orthodox textbook to which you are accustomed—valuable facts are presented, of course, but presented in such an interesting way that they hold your attention and fix themselves in your mind. In these pages you will meet motorists of all types, and learn how to deal efficiently with each, as well as the practical and sales features of the merchandise and services which you have to offer.

Prepare yourself to dispense the "SUPER SERVICE" which will characterize you as a "Successful Salesman" rather than an order taker.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE PERSONALITIES



First Lt. Reginald H. Ridgely, Jr., U.S. M.C., Assistant-Registrar and Superintendent, Academic and Business Schools.

Lieutenant Ridgeley, a former member of the famous All-Marine football squad of some ten years ago, has brought to the Marine Corps Institute the viewpoint of a younger officer who has seen varied service ashore and afloat. A first hand knowledge of the actual conditions under which the average Marine must live, work, and study has stood him in good stead in formulating policies for the administration of his departments.

Lieutenant Ridgely says:

"It has always been my opinion that many Marines are not fully aware of the advantages offered to them free of charge by the Marine Corps Institute. It seems to be a peculiar trait of human nature to

look askance at anything that is free—many people value a thing only if they have paid for it in good, cold cash. Now, the courses offered by the Institute are identical with those offered by a Nationally known correspondence school. A Marine receives the same textbooks, instruction service of the same calibre, and upon graduation is awarded the same diploma given to a civilian who has paid for the course. In addition the fact that a course has been completed is made a permanent part of a Marine's military record. I might add that the expense incurred by a civilian in taking a course is no small item, but annually thousands feel that the benefits derived are well worth the cost."

NOTED IN PASSING

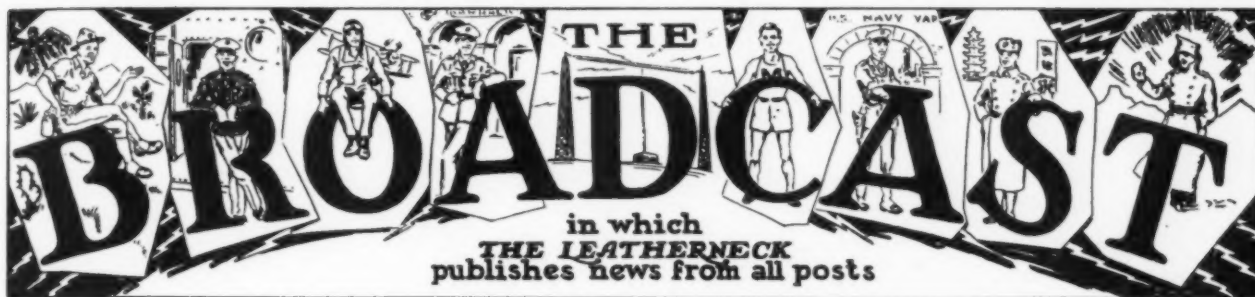
During the month of December, 1934, the Marine Corps Institute enjoyed the greatest activity it has had since March, 1931. A total of 3,600 lesson papers were received, graded, and returned to students; 548 new students were enrolled; 4,059 textbooks were issued and sent to students; and 48 diplomas were awarded to graduates.

The educational qualifications of Marine Corps Institute instructors is a subject that will be of interest to many. At first thought it might seem that difficulty would be experienced in selecting men from the ranks of the Marine Corps with the necessary educational background. However, this has not been the case. At the present time a large percentage of the instructors are men with college degrees, and most of the others have had one or two years of college work.

In addition to a good basic education, an instructor who is to teach by the correspondence method, must be specially trained for the work. It is therefore the policy of the Institute to require every instructor to undergo a period of intensive training before he is allowed to grade a student's lesson paper.

The work of all instructors is carefully checked by an inspector, who has had considerable experience in correspondence instruction. The paper is then passed on to the Principal of the School who examines it and verifies the work of the instructor and inspector. As a final step before being sent back to the student, the lesson paper passes through the hands of the Superintendent of the School, who is a commissioned officer. The Superintendent initials the paper only if he is satisfied that the instruction work is correct in every detail.

Many men write to the Institute prior to their discharge and ask if they can be granted permission to complete a course after their return to civilian life. These men are told that the regulations do not permit a man to complete a course after discharge. However, a man who enlists in the Fleet Marine Reserve (Class IV) or Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve (Class VI), is allowed to complete a course.



WEST COAST CHRONICLES

THE FOG HORN

By D. Q. Frisco

IT'S THE OLD TROUBLE—THAT OLD bird cage feeling. Not what you think, though—not due to over-conviviality. The boys are in the grip of *promotionitis*. Quite often this peculiar enigma assails various members of the DQSF crew. Some of the more pronounced cases verge on to pathologic dimensions. Spirit in our ranks is running so high that the air is literally blue.

The crux of the situation is that QM-Sgt. Bill Bassen is going out on 30-years at the end of January. Of course, this dead-line doesn't bring his retirement in as really live news. However, I can place a few choice remarks concerning Bill.

Counting double time, the Lord only knows how much service he's chalked up. I know for a fact that he was a veteran when I was keeping my *pants* in place with safety pins rather than the standard adult appendages—and I've done a mere ten years. Many of us have vivid memories of No. 36 Annie Street a decade ago. Bill not only remembers, but did duty at our West Coast Headquarters when on Clay Street and Drumm Street, and even recalls the Depot of Supplies when in Berkeley after the earthquake and fire of 1906.

Anyhow, Bill was here first, so I haven't any right to speak too presumptuously. He's a grand old scout and we all like him—and I know d— well he's going to be missed. Here's to you, Bill—*gesundheit!*

I might add here that the staff NCO's are giving Bill a farewell dinner on the night of January 31st—his last active day. Setting of festivities: the QM floor. The gang will be guests, and I fancy Bill will tender one of his snazzy speeches. Don't spill it, but I hear he is receiving a swell set of silver (Rogers Bros. 1847) as a farewell token.

To get back to my diagnosing of the local state of mind, space does not admit justifying the flow of conjecture as to what lies behind the inscrutable visage of Colonel Davis, our Depot Quartermaster. A QM-Sergeantcy grows brighter on the horizon and all the old candidates are bucking the line, in the throes of *promotionitis*, like a brace of Notre Dame half-backs. Ever so often this "first grade" plum falls from the glory tree—and then every box juggler, clerk, packer, grease money, janitor, flunkey, teamster, captain of the head, handy man, etc., etc., feels his time has at last come.

We'll leave it at that—sufficient to say that we again have caucuses (and other-

wise suspicious gatherings) in storerooms, offices—or any unoccupied corner; darkling glances again flash between principal aspirants. And when the inevitable becomes an eventuality, at least 30 of our QM gang of 46 will feel miserably slighted—for a few minutes.

Much weight is lost in anticipation, but hearts are hopeful. And take it from me, such dauntlessness mirrors the stuff real Marines are made of.

MARE ISLAND NEWS LETTER

Anonymous

One more for Old Father Time, 1934 is part of history and we are now free to speculate on 1935, we hope it will be a happy one for all.

All hands had an enjoyable Christmas dinner, served in a beautifully decorated mess hall. Many thanks are due the mess force for the many extra hours they put into that job of dinner and the decorations. After the dinner we were the invited guests of the Post Exchange Theatre to a big movie program of Special Shorts, lasting about three hours. After this program one had to depend on his own for the remainder of the days' entertainment.

Our Executive Officer, S. Ladd, was promoted to the rank of Major; best of wishes to your continued success. Our hard working personnel clerk, Sid Guy, had a furlough of several days, during which he toured the Great Northwest; from all accounts, he enjoyed it to the utmost. Well, Sid, we are glad you are back on the job, the office force was swamped with work in your absence.

During the month twelve men were discharged, nine reenlisting: not bad; the U.S.S. *Outside* seems to have lost some of the glamour for the boys.

Very little has happened around this spot the past month and with the great numbers of holidays the poor scribe is hard put to gather much in the line of news, so with *Finis* to the old year and success to the new, we ring down the curtain.

AT MOFFETT FIELD

By Manchester

The "Platinum Blonde of the Skyways" is out, now it's in; in or out, this is what causes nine-tenths of all the worry. The Marines from this station are thrilled when they hear these familiar phrases, "ten Marines on the double (long pause, enough time to take off a cap and pull out a few hairs), over there." Just a great big show going on all the time with

some sailor trying to tell a Marine all about his weak points.

Since the last writing, our Commanding Officers have been changed, Lt. Col. R. R. Wright has relieved Lt. Col. W. H. Rupertus. We are sorry to lose Lieutenant Colonel Rupertus, and we welcome our new skipper and promise to do our best to make his tour here a pleasant one.

Word has just been received that Capt. C. G. Stevens has been ordered to San Diego for duty. Along with his many other duties at this station, he served as Legal Aide to the Commanding Officer. His first duty of interest to the men was as leader of our rifle team. Here he gained the admiration and respect of the enlisted personnel. We are sorry to see him go and hope that he will find his new station of duty very pleasant.

We welcome Pay Clerk W. J. Sherry to this station. It is to be noted that he holds the honor of being the first of his office to do duty here. And with the able guidance of "Happy" Lundmark, the paymaster sergeant, we hope he finds his duty here very interesting.

Gy-Sgt. Roy M. Fowel, the distinguished rifle shot from Shanghai, is now a member of this command. He and Cpl. F. C. Bottemar have been busy arranging for the coming target season. I imagine there is going to be some shooting of marked caliber around these parts in the near future.

In the bright lights we have Pfc. George Baldwin, the light heavyweight champion of the golden gloves tournament, recently conducted in San Francisco. The newspapers gave Baldwin such a write-up as the "Dynamite Hitter," that his last and most distinguished opponent got heart failure and wouldn't fight for the "Golden Gloves."

THE BOOTERY

By MB, Jr.

After being A. W. O. L. for one month we are back again with a little dope on the Recruit Camp (we wish that all cases of A. W. O. L. were as unnoticeable as was this).

Incidentally in the last issue of this discourse we remarked that there was nothing to do. I hereby solemnly swear that such an utterance will never again pass these lips. It seems that several people took it literally and have gone to work to find things for us to do. First we started getting recruits again, about one platoon a week, and as that is not enough, the powers that be have decreed that we will have a little practical work in the field, so with the help of a few recruits we have been having tactical problems on the rolling terrain of the Rifle Range. Plenty of maps, blank ammunition and so forth. But it is a great racket, as one of the troops said after being armed with a rifle and blanks; and, having been



Platoon 27, Marine Corps Base, San Diego, instructed by Sgt. A. B. Hudson and Cpl. K. E. Gunnoe

told that cartridges were loaded with soap—"If you do not stop, I will kill you to death with soap."

As far as anything exciting going on, well there isn't. We may be having a few romances, but as there is nothing sure we can give neither names or times; perhaps next month we will be able to make an announcement that will startle the world.

In the last couple of months there have been no transfers, to or from, so that source

of information has left me stranded. The only thing that we might mention is that Sergeant Vinson has returned from a ninety-day furlough. He says that Texas is getting along fine.

Christmas was a day of celebration in the regular Marine Corps manner, more chow than we could eat, plus Camel cigarettes to those who smoke Chesterfields and vice versa. We did enjoy the trading afterwards. We had a fine feast, and one might say that the

tables groaned beneath the sumptuous repast that the mess-sergeant placed before us. It was good. Then, too, the mess hall was decorated with a very fine tree. Those of us who had the duty had the duty, the rest of the detachment, after having guests in for dinner had a grand holiday.

So, with a belated wish for you to have a Prosperous New Year, we say adios with a *Prospero Ano Nuevo*. Those last lines get me down.



THE QUANTICO PASTE POT

By Phil Haensler

QULL up your chairs, readers, and draw close; the holidays, beg pardon, holi-laze, are over and serious business beckons (you said it, big boy); we guarantee to bring to your abodes the hottest ditties from the Quantico griddle.

The Fleet Marine Force lads are getting fidgety now that the first of the year is drawing near, and everything points to both First and Second Battalion outfits leaving this vicinity by about January fifteenth. This means that once again Quantico will seem practically deserted, and the local merchants are wearing long faces at the prospect of losing some of their cash customers, for several of the Fleet Marines invested heavily in local stock.

That snappy drilling Chicagoan outfit from the late-lamented Century of Progress in the Windy City is entertaining these days with close order drill that would make West Pointers turn green with envy. These boys under Capt. Fred Stack have plenty on the ball when it comes to slamming the old Springfields around. Incidentally, several of the gay young blades attached to this unit went on a rampage in Chi and did the fatal march in the direction of the altar. Yes, boys, again we bring to light the celebrated phrase "two can live as cheap as one as long as one doesn't eat." To which the boys reply with enthusiasm, "Oh, Yeah" . . . to which we reply, "Yeah."

When the Quantico Marines visited Langley Field for their annual tiff with the Flyers the other day they were surprised

to find Lieutenant Colonel Shearer, popular Quantico athletic officer, on hand to cheer them on. We regret to say, as covered in detail last month, that the Marines did a neat flip-flop, that would have done credit to Phil Scott, or should we say Kingfish Levinsky, surprising even the Birdmen who expected to take it on the chin. This, by the way, marks the first time that the Flyers have ever given our boys the well known works, and the lads from Quantico will probably come back with fire in their lamps next season.

It seemed like old times to see Lieutenant Pressley back in the game down at Langley Field, but "O. K." met his Waterloo when he tried to block a punt and is still feeling the effects of the jar. One of his legs does a perfect Leon Errol at the most embarrassing moments. That is one of the penalties of the grid game though, and very seldom does a player complete an entire season without some physical complaint. Your correspondent, playing his last prep school game, was on the way to a touchdown in the final quarter when a sudden rib-jarring tackle resulted in a broken collarbone and other minor injuries. Our advice to American youth is to take their football from the sidelines. Speaking of injuries and freak happenings, etc., in the first game the Quantico Marines engaged in, the only injury in the entire game came between halves, when King Kong Schneider doubled up in nirth at a pun coming from one of his teammates and did a flying mare in mid-air (causing the popular belief that the *Macra* was in our midst), bringing his conk squarely down on a piece of wood! Go

ahead, Bob Ripley, you have the exclusive.

We wonder what kind of material Charlie Gann is made of. The burly Missouri plough boy romps around with the agility of a two-year-old, but Senor Gann has been around for some time, and is a star performer at basketball, baseball and football. We forgot to ask Charlie if he indulged in ping pong or puss in the corner.

Those boys out in Hollywood have nothing on us when it comes to air circuses, for the Brown Field Skymen put on an exhibition every day, which is included in the program here free of charge. Some of the antics the boys perform in the upper strata, as it is called by smart alce scientists, would cause even a hardened old-timer to gasp, for the boys seem to have utterly no regard for life and limb.

In a couple of days, the old gymnasium will vibrate with chorles of glee for the basketball stars of the Post will have their day. A League has been organized with teams representing the First Battalion, Second Battalion, Marine Corps Schools, Aviation, Post Service Battalion and the Hospital, competing to make a six-club loop. This is bound to be an immense success, with the numerous athletes, and would-be athletes found in our midst. Even Bill Bailey, the elongated punster from the First Battalion, has donned shorts and avows that he is going to be a big gun in the First Battalion advance, and the funny part of it is we agree with the talkative Bill, for he's quite the kid when it comes to the court game.

Bobby Gotko, famous Marine Corps athlete, is among those now in Quantico. Gotko drew down plenty of favorable com-

ment in the big feature of the American Legion Convention at Fenway Park, Boston, when the Marines were playing Boston College, by scoring the only touchdown the Devil Dogs could muster against the Eagles of Newton. Gotko looks ready to go, and is going to be in the thick of the fight when the new basketball screen is flashed here.

Baltimore's contribution to the fistic game, Tommy Nemphos, isn't doing much in the way of ringwork lately, and Tommy evidently, is none too enthused with the thought of continuing in the beak-busting business. Tiger Phipps (who was recently tamed and caged in Washington the other night . . . and without the aid of Clyde Beatty, either), Quantico's own pugilistic sensation, claims that Nemphos could be a champ with a little training, and is anxious to get him in his local stable. Phipps, by the way, though past thirty, is still shifty and packs a sleep producing wallop in either hand. A bout between him and Gabby Tom would be bound to pack the house. How about it, boys? It sounds like a natural.

Paddleball, fast supplanting handball in the Nation's Y. M. C. A.'s, is gaining a strong foothold in Quantico with your correspondent the chief exponent of the new game. The game is played according to handball rules, with paddles substituted for the gloves. It is much faster than handball, and makes singles all the more exciting. Try it, and you'll never be coaxed into another handball game.

THE QUANTICO WISE GUY SEZ

If all the cigarettes borrowed in Quantico for one month were placed end to end they'd reach from the Chrysler Building to the Empire State Building and all the way to the Hackensack Ferry . . . Jimmy Bucher, Casey Stengle's nominee for the job of second-basing the Brooklyn Dodgers out of the second divvie, is a product of the Manassas, Va., sandlots, just a stone's toss from Quantico . . . A new phenom has been uncovered by the eminent archaeologist Senor Gann, who is to be the new man of destiny in the Quantico sports whirl. . . Long-legged Jack Wheelis, superb end of the Marine team, is being showered with attractive grid offers for next season from

some of the better colleges . . . Looie Ankrom, Post Service Battalion Quartermaster, and all round athlete, has been offered an opportunity to enroll at a well known West Virginia collegiate institution. . . The Aquia Tavern is the new smoker scene for several impromptu bouts, and if we mentioned the names of the participants, some of the big boys would gasp . . . Cupid Kubit, Second Battalion Mess Sarge, aided by Cookie Bowers, runs the best hash-hall in Quantico, take it from the Wise Guy . . . Most of the local Marines have gone sour on "Wanna Buy a Duck" Joe Penner, because the Bridgeport wit doesn't change his repertoire of joke's any oftener than some of our friends change their shirts . . . Quantico's Hostess House still is the most attractive chop joint in these parts . . . Baldy Baldassarre, A's Mess Jefe, insists in dining here, and that is a tip off on the kind of menu being offered at his place these days . . . Simple Simon and Lucien Dupris, the demon artists, could easily climb into Class AA vaudeville with their act . . . The Capacity of these lads is the talk of the town . . . The R. F. & P. condescended to climb off their high horse for the holidays and made the railroad safe for the Leathernecks again . . . Francis Umbenhowar, the long-winded water sprinkler of the Quantico football squad, has been taking in the Windy City lately, but will be off in time for the Fleet Marines' sensational hop . . . Perhaps somebody forgot to tell him Sally Rand had moved her fan to N'Yawk . . . The proposed Quantico News Sheet flopped deader than a six-week-old herring when the local Post Exchange Council turned thumbs down on the proposition . . . Joe Strausse, hefty halfback of the Quantico Marines, has (hick) been spending the holidays to the extreme . . . Eddie Edgar and Shorty Drouillard sent a couple of the boys to the cleaners after the Alabama-Stanford Rose Bowl tilt, and the boys are a few shekles to the mustard . . . Maybe those Southern lads didn't strut their stuff when the Tuscaloosa boys shattered the Stanford defense with Millard Howell's passes . . . Don't bother to pardon our Southern accent . . . The boys wonder what is keeping the usually frivolous Bill Bailey so quiet . . . Bill used to be the original Quantico pep-

perpot . . . Allie (Oop) Johnson, the quiet stenog of the Depot Quartermaster, can spin Nicaraguan romantic tales that would make the Editor of the *True Story Magazine* blush . . . Ask him the one about Chibala . . . The Office Dog barks that plenty besides the Christmas trees were lit up in the vicinity this year . . . I wonder . . . The famous Dick Dixon-Blackie Blackburn friendship will be halted by the Fleet Maneuvers, when Dick will step out with the Second Battalion outfit led by that sterling soldier, Lt-Col. John Potts . . . Stooze O'Neill and Don Russell will have plenty to tell the boys when the waves start to swell up and go boom . . . Pardon us while we hitch the Wise Guy to his horse for another month . . .

RADIO SCHOOL, 1ST SIGNAL COMPANY

By Robert J. Gibbons

Although the Radio School of the First Signal Company for Marines of the East Coast might still be considered by some people as yet in its infancy, it would be quite a task to attempt to alter their opinion in this limited space. We will, however, give you readers of *THE LEATHERNECK* a general account of its activities, personnel, and of the facilities which help to characterize and make the school the success it today enjoys.

The School was opened on September 9, 1934, with a class of seven students, all of whom had finished the preliminary Code School at Parris Island. At first things were a mite strange to the students, yet upon becoming acclimated to the new surroundings and schedules they were found ready for the second class which arrived on October 8, 1934. At that time the school was functioning very smoothly and new instructors had been added to the staff. The first class was also ready to move on into a new routine. Only two had failed to receive the required twenty groups per minute, those being transferred. The third class, of nine students, joined on November 5, 1934, with two recruits from the Fleet Marine Force. One student was retained in the third class from the second, due to his not having had the preliminary Parris Island training. By this time the school boasted sixteen students, with full equipment. As you read this the first coveted "sheepskins" will have been presented to the first class of radio students to be graduated from the First Signal Company Radio School since it was re-opened.

In every school and line of work there will be found students who have a keener ability to learn and grasp things with more alacrity than others. It has already been manifested by the personnel of this school. Three students have shown their ability to the degree that they finished the school far in advance of the regularly required time. Phillip H. Ream and Henry Ibbetson finished three weeks ahead of schedule. This pair was able to receive thirty and thirty-two code groups per minute, respectively. Their diplomas were presented them by Major Groff and soon afterward they were transferred to the *Arkansas* and *Louisville*.

Top honors for achievement go to Wilburn Miller, who finished the schedule six weeks in advance. Setting his goal at forty groups per minute, he was able to record only thirty-two. His transfer to the *Chester* before finishing in all probability caused his not being able to accomplish his goal. He was awarded his diploma prior to departure.

The remainder of the student body is progressing according to schedule and the



Radio Instruction, Quantico, Va.

grades are found to be above the average. The required number of code groups to graduate in fourteen weeks of training is twenty-four per five minutes. Six have already accomplished that feat. Radio reception is not only being shown favorable progress, English Receiving and Sending, Radio Material, and Naval Procedure and Typing, other courses offered, are also being absorbed with favorable results.

The success of the school can mainly be attributed to the work and ability of Major John Groff, Chief Instructor Gy-Sgt. F. M. Steinhauser, Sgt. John Brainard, Cpls. Orville Reedy and J. F. Sullivan. Gy-Sgt. Steinhauser has made a large and useful contribution to the school in the form of a pamphlet on the M. C. 100 Transmitter Receiver. He himself compiled the data and edited the work.

The students have been busy recently getting their pictures made for THE LEATHERNECK. Several weeks ago during the A. & I. various pictures were taken in the class rooms while the men were in action.

To the personnel and students of the Second Signal Company Radio School, on the West Coast: We are very much interested in your work and activities, the progress of your school and your student body. Since re-opening we've heard little from you. How about turning on your transmitter in THE LEATHERNECK next month?

FIRST BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES, FLEET MARINE FORCE

By Robert F. Estes

The First Battalion, and too, the Fleet Marine Force, is getting to be a rather cosmopolitan organization. Last spring we journeyed South for an extended "visit," accompanied by the Fleet. Since it was our first trip we didn't mind the company. But, now that the novelty of foreign shores has worn off, we are to be off soon for the same locality, alone.

The migration South is scheduled to get underway on or about January 21st. As we have it we will leave Quantico aboard the Washington-Norfolk Steamship Company's S.S. *Southland*, for transportation to Hampton Roads. There we will embark upon that sea-going palace (t), the *Arkansas*, which vessel will transport us to the vicinity of the Islands around Culebra. There the work begins, with plans, as near as I can get it, calling for almost every kind of landing operation that can be conceived. After about six weeks of this we may drift down around the Canal for a bit of "pulling-together" — after that, I couldn't say. We've heard that we may join the Fleet for those bigger-than-ever maneuvers off Alaska, around the Bering Sea, next spring. You'll know how it is trying to get any information with the intelligentsia so secretive about movements

and operations. One just can't possibly have any real forwarding address, other than to leave one and hope that in some way those love letters, bills, and catalogues reach you before a court order does. So be it.

Christmas left us better than expected and New Year's advent saw no serious damage done. Of course there has been heard the usual grumbings and unusual statements by those who have had to return to daylight reveille after sleeping in those beds at home until high noon.

Capt. Galen M. Sturgis, former Battalion Adjutant, was detached to Asiatic Station in December, his position being temporarily filled by 1st Lt. Maxwell H. Mizell. Lieutenant Mizell was relieved when Capt. Edwin U. Hakala reported in from the Marine Barracks, Naval Prison, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H., and was assigned to the job. The First left a fine officer upon Captain Sturgis' departure, and at the same time welcomes one, Captain Hakala. Sgt-Major William H. Carroll, was transferred to the Post Service Battalion about the first of January and his duties as Battalion Sergeant Major were taken over by Sgt-Major Cecil M. Dietz. New officers who have joined recently include 1st Lt. Alva B. Lasswell and 2nd Lt. James C. Bigler.

Congratulations and bouquets this month go to 1st Lts. Clovis C. Coffman and Richard P. Ross, Jr., who just recently were promoted to that rank. In the enlisted ranks, Reed A. Fairley and Alton M. Hutchins, of "C" Company, were promoted to corporal from private first class, as were Walter C. Smith and Gerald L. Johns. Maurice Bericha and Clarence E. Peyton are now privates first class.

And so, my friends, we'll bid you goodbye while we run up and pack our bags. Will drop you a few more lines from Culebra, 'til then—Happy Landin's.

FMF SOUNDINGS

By Snoop

Company "G," 2nd Battalion, 5th Marines, FMF, in the Broadcast for the first time. The nucleus of this company is the remnants of what was once the First Brigade, added to which have been some sixty or seventy recruits and several non-commissioned officers from all over the east coast. Commanded by Capt. Max D. Smith, than whom there is no finer soldier, we have 1st Lts. J. V. Bradley and C. H. Shuey as leaders of the 1st and 2nd Platoons, respectively. The 3rd Platoon is headed by Gy-Sgt. Joseph E. Buckley (Bismarck to you), late of the World's Fair and parts west. Among the former Haitian Marines we have Sergeants Ellis, Grossman and Zimmerman; Corporals Campanelli, Fox, Metzger, Troutman and Long, a goodly collection of NCO's in any General's army, known best perhaps for their capacity. Hanna (erstwhile chauffeur for the American Minister) is still

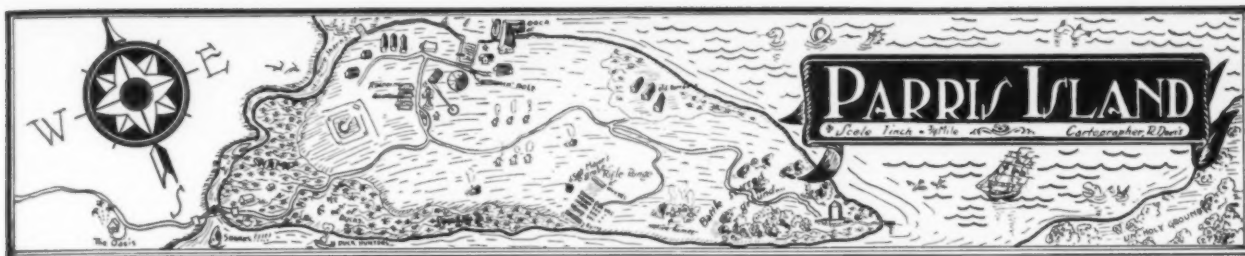
with us. Among the Corporals who have joined this company from the various posts are Higgins, Pesek, Grigg, McClosky, Berry, Emery, Errington (with the misplaced hirsute adornment), and McAlpin, not to mention that former stellar end of the Ninth Naval District football team (way back in '27) London L. Traw. Such popularity as is enjoyed by Dr. Rigdon, late of the Field Hospital in Paup must be deserved. Wegley, the chap who never engages less than twenty gentlemen of color for a quiet evening of fisticuffs has gone to Iona Island. To Iona Island we also lost Johnny Farrell, the sixty-minute back who was responsible in no small way for the very successful gridiron season (other sports commentators to the contrary). Willie the Weasel, (Strong) has gone to FMF Intelligence to do something with cameras. (Speaker Knapp—please note), Fergie Ferguson has gone to Washington Navy Yard and Alfred Fehr is now holding the fort in the Company Office, that is under the direction of 1st Sgt. H. McC. Henderson, who joined this company from the 10th Regiment when he was promoted. Herbert Balderson is our genial police and property sergeant (you can't have it—we're just out), and Paddy Howard, the young fellow who carries around a pocketful of hashmarks, is Herb's number one assistant. We lost our premier Sergeant, Bull of the Woods Garrison via the transfer route, as we did Joe Bush (sometimes referred to as Bishop), that former dispenser of all that went to make Prohibition the "Noble Experiment."

Overheard in the squadroom, Strong to Wegley, "I'll hit you so hard you will speak broken English the rest of your life." Congratulations are in order for our former shipmates, Knapp, Mikell and J. Andy Griffin, who have been promoted in the FMF on the Coast. Governor Ruby Laffoon wanted to make Jordan a Kentucky Colonel, but Jordan would rather have a chicken on his knee than an eagle on his shoulder, to say nothing to the fiscal independence of a Private. Precious Largent, the boy wonder from Paw Paw, claims it will be just right for him when it gets too tough for the Gunnery Sergeant. Clyde Morton, late driver of the BQM standby in Haiti, wants everyone to see his operation, he is that proud. Cecil Futch has finally been pried loose from the Mess Hall and the latest bulletins say he will live. Best laugh of the year: Metzger, Berry and McClosky trying to find the azimuth on the Post Grill. Many brand new resolutions are taking an awful beating. Kuhn and Hedges are representing this company on the basketball court, and I have an unconfirmed report that Powroznik and that certain somebody center-aisled it over the holidays.

Due to the fact that this company was formed from men who had practically all been performing special duty for these many

(Continued on page 48)





PARRIS ISLAND NEWS

Born on December 16, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Griffin, a seven pound baby boy, John Caldwell. Mr. Griffin is one of the popular clerks in our local Post Office.

Born on Christmas Day to Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Pyland, a six-pound baby boy, Louis Clayton, Jr. Mr. Pyland will be remembered as one of the young men who not so long ago was employed at the Post Farm. Mrs. Pyland is the popular daughter of Staff Sgt. and Mrs. Ernest E. Feltwell.

Born on December 31, 1934, to Sgt. and Mrs. Albert Scudder, a son.

Heartiest congratulations to all!

Old Man Stork, you will note, had work to do during the holiday season, the same as the rest of us, including Santa Claus. Even the Adjutant and Inspector of the Marine Corps, Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, was not excused. He and his assistants, Lt. Col. Clayton B. Vogel and Chief QM. Clerk Burns D. Goodwin, paid us a visit of inspection during Christmas week. We have been accustomed to dressing up in blue uniforms, overcoats and woolen gloves in midsummer for these A & I Inspections, consequently, we appreciated the timeliness of this visitation. Our numbers had been considerably depleted by the absence of many men on furlough, so the only stay-at-homes who were able to dodge the inspection were those who *really* had a drag. On Tuesday, January 8, 1935, we were inspected by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Henry L. Roosevelt. This was our fourth inspection in a period of six or seven weeks. Boy, are we popular! Or is it our wonderful winter climate that attracts all these folks from way up North in Washington?

Someone has suggested that we invite a certain Miss Perkins down here for an inspection in connection with the increased cost of living and its promised effect on the restoration of our pay cut. How fortunate, indeed, that "Christmas comes but once a year!" Some of us who had hoped to make at least token payments on our accounts were fortunate on pay day if we had enough money to square our account with the Post Quartermaster, for commissaries, etc. That little old five per cent would be a big help right now!

Is there any truth in this rumor that all the students taking courses of instruction in typing are now practicing on the sentence: "Now is the time for all good parties to come to the aid of their men?"

The most colorful and elaborate event of our holiday season this year, or perhaps any other year, was the New Year's Eve dance in the Lyceum. The usual hall-like appearance of the Lyceum was most artistically changed into a veritable bower of evergreens and palms, interspersed with long streamers of colored crepe and varicolored electric lights. The floor was polished

and smooth as the top of a bald man's head. The orchestra platform was placed midway along one side of the dance floor so that music would be evenly distributed to all parts of the large floor. It was an appropriate setting for the kaleidoscopic patterns of color that were constantly and rhythmically forming in perfect harmony with the animated music of the orchestra. The heavy gold braid on the officers' mess jackets, the flash of gold and crimson on the enlisted men's undress blues, set off with buttons of shining gold and burnished brass, blended well with the gold and silver, the bright red, somber black and lighter shades of pink, yellow and green of the ladies' evening gowns.

The Grand March started at 9:00 p. m. and was led by Capt. Myron C. Baker (MC), U. S. Navy (Brig. Gen. Berkeley being unavoidably absent), after which the leaders formed themselves into a receiving line to greet the guests of the evening.

Prizes were awarded for the couples displaying the greatest skill in the waltz and the fox trot. The waltz prizes were awarded to PM2c B. E. Evans, USN, and Mrs. William Bolick. The prizes for the fox trot went to Dr. Sgt. Jack Nelson and Mrs. Corrine Daniels. Each of the men received an elaborate traveling set and the ladies received handbags, or purses, or whatever those things are that the ladies always have with them.

A flock of lesser prizes, consisting of combination cigarette and lighter cases, bracelets, compacts and salt and pepper shakers were raffled out to those guests whose tickets (distributed before the raffle began) bore the lucky numbers.

Refreshments were served during the intermission and the stowing-away process

was greatly facilitated by the provision of tables and chairs along the sidelines, a la Night Club.

We cannot praise too highly the work of the various committees who made our New Year's Eve dance the wonderful success that it was, nor the skillful assistance of the post carpenters and electricians who made possible the beautiful settings and lighting effects. An impressive event was staged for the stroke of midnight when the large electric sign at the end of the hall, bearing the numerals of 1934, was thrown into prominence by the extinguishing of all other lights, and then was suddenly changed to 1935, amid the clamor of horns, rattles, cheers and whistles of the gayest throng that has greeted a New Year on Parris Island in a long, long time.

The Non-commissioned and Petty Officers' Club staged a New Year's party the following night that was also one of the stellar events of the holiday season. The Night Club effect proved to be even more popular at this event because the crowd was smaller and it was possible to prearrange the seating of the guests in accordance with the wishes of the individuals. After ten o'clock all refreshments, liquid and solid, were served free.

Parris Island was deserted by some of its more affluent citizens during the holidays, but it also entertained not a few visitors. Among the latter was Midshipman Randolph C. Berkeley, Jr., who was down from Annapolis for the holidays with his parents, Brigadier General and Mrs. Berkeley. Unfortunately he was required to be present at the Academy on New Year's Day, so he was unable to stay for the New Year's Eve Dance.

Extra! Extra! 1st Sgt. Frank M. Han-



Sgt. Gerald L. "Noah" Healey, veteran hunter of jungle memories, snapped by our alert camera man, as he landed at Parris Island, bearing his worldly goods in his starboard hand. The trim, neat craft behind the sergeant is his private yacht *Ichthyolite*, in which he made the perilous passage.



Francis and Anna, Parris Island's Old Settlers

rahan makes a "hole-in-one" on the sixth hole of the Parris Island golf course. While playing in a foursome with Capt. Donald Spicer, Chief QM, Clerk Jeter, and Pvt. H. Ray, on December 16, the First Sergeant smacked the pill 114 yards and into the cup, not even cracking a smile. Captain Spicer had a birdie on the hole. Hanrahan says that he has had several birdies on the hole and expected to someday sink one from the tee.

While we are mentioning nicknames may we take this opportunity to comply with the request of MT-Sgt. William J. O'Brien, and the demands of the local Rabbi and certain of his followers, that O'Brien's nickname is "Obe," and not "Abe," as it has appeared several times in this column. Obe insists that he is the direct descendant of a red-headed Irish King, Brian Baraugh.

Qm-Sgts. J. F. Oesterle and E. R. Beavers are patients in the Naval Hospital and things seem awfully quiet around the offices of the Post Quartermaster these days.

Gy-Sgt. Dominic Peschi recently tried to get himself a ticket to a rest in the hospital by dropping a case of ammunition on one of his feet. The ammunition failed to go off and the doctors, after several X-rays, decided that Dominic's foot need not come off. That ought to reassure Dominic who, not so long ago, wouldn't go to the hospital with a bad boil on his neck for fear that they would cut his neck off. He figured that that would be rather inconvenient.

Among the recent out-post transfers are those of Sgt. John J. Yarwood to Guantanamo Bay; Cpls. Eugene C. Jones, John W. Matchett and Jack C. Simpson to San Diego, and Pts. Alfred M. Fiumedoro and Edward Longerbeam to Pearl Harbor. 1st Lt. W. R. Hughes is under orders to the Submarine Base, New London, Conn., on or about January 16, 1935. Lt. Joseph G. Schnebly (MC), USN, is under orders to Asiatic Station, on or about 1 February, 1935.

1st Sgt. John Kelly has returned to his post, the Norfolk Navy Yard, after spending his vacation here with his family. Still the same, quiet, non-talkative John (!)

The Officers' Club is now located in the Post Inn building.

Pvt. Willie Grimes, recently of Haiti, is taking over the job of Pvt. Collis Hooks

in the Post Farm Office in anticipation of the latter's transfer out-post. For the same reason the Chaplain is looking for a man to replace Pfc. Thurman C. Greer as Post Librarian. At the present time Pvt. M. D. Smathers, who recently re-enlisted, is a likely candidate for the job.

Sgt. Tommy Burns, the permanent Sergeant of the Guard over in Recruit Area, is getting to be a short timer; however, he has been carrying on negotiations with his CofS in Savannah with a view to signing his life away for another four-year period. Tommy's family has been living in Savannah since the time he was transferred to the Floating Battalion aboard the "Arky" but he expects to get them back on the Island as soon as he ships over. The best of luck to you, Tommy! May your next cruise be the best and happiest of them all!

A PARODY

A familiar figure of days past is on the job around Parris Island. Sgt. Gerald L. "Noah" Healey is again in charge of the Post Headquarters mail room, message center, or what have you. "Noah" returned from an extended "vacation" in Haiti. The Island's enterprising photographer scooped an exclusive snap of the veteran voyager as he landed here recently in his trim, streamlined yacht, same being one of his own creations, fashioned after the one once owned and operated by a well-known forefather of his.

Unlike most travelers of note, he returned with a menagerie of tropical memories, rather than the general menagerie of ferocious animals. "Bring myself back alive," says Noah. So said his illustrious ancestor.

With the idea in view of capitalizing on his memories of those never-to-be-forgotten days of travel, Noah landed with his notes in hand; a grip containing the manuscript of what must be positively a "gripping" story about Haiti.

Which just goes to show that a book about Haiti is quite "original."

A PICTURE OF THE OLD SOUTH

Some of the old, old timers will doubtless remember Francis Middleton, aged Negro, and Anna, his wife. In his own words: "I'se de oldest man on dis Parris Island". Mah people wur slaves fo' ole man Eliot, an' I war too. I war jus' 'so high' when de guns down to Powt Royal an' Bay Point went Boom, Zoom, Boom!"

Frank is proud of his age, referring scornfully to the other elderly colored folks on the Island as mere boys. "Why I 'member when dey wuh down!" he says. "I kin tell you who built evvy buildin' on dis Island an' whut they paid fer labor. I done hope buil' de Dock, evvy road on dis Island. I kin wurk man, I kin."

"You as' Kunnel Risky (Rixey) 'bout me, he'll tell you who I is. He give me the fence round my yawd. As' Cap'n Reeves, who give me de lumber fo' to fix dis house. Chap'n Roun'tree, he come in my house and kneel down and pray fo' us. Cap'n Medairy, Cap'n Israel, Gennul Lee. Gennul Lee gi' me dis suit o' clothes. Sahgent Tyson, Sahgent Conwell, dey all sent me wood. Kunnel Beadle, Kunnel Manney, dey all knows me. Ax 'em."

Frank and "Reina," as he calls his wife, still live in their little cabin by the side of the lane, just off the Mooring Mast road, a little beyond the Negro church. His more affluent neighbors still use the venerable ox to till the soil and for their trips to Main Station. Frank does all his plantin' with a heavy, old-fashioned hoe. He walks to the Station, where he is a familiar figure.

Last Spring when the CWA was employing a lot of Negro labor on the Island some friends were successful in getting the still frisky old man a job. He did his utmost to show that he could still outwork the younger folks but unfortunately the job was of short duration and Frank was laid off. His friends brought his case to the attention of the FERA in Beaufort, which organization, after investigation, responded to the degree that Frank and Anna are now taken care of.

Tropical Topics

PEARLS FROM PEARL HARBOR

By L. A. Y.

Thanksgiving Day this year was distinguished in at least one way—the splendid meal made possible by the culinary skill of Jouanillon, our hard working and conscientious mess sergeant. It was a meal to be long remembered, which is well, because in other ways the men were disappointed. It rained—not just a light and sunny shower characteristic of Hawaii, but a long, steady rain. It deprived the men not only of the

opportunity to win good, hard coin from the coffers of the Athletic Fund, donated as prizes in the various events on the "Sports Day Program," but it also deprived them of the privilege of listening to the great and only TURNER waft his lovely voice to the skies as official announcer of the day.

If there are any who do not know him, may this paragraph serve as an introduction to Cpl. Bertram LeRoy "Breezy" Turner. Hailing originally from Camas (not to be confused with Comus), Wash-

ington, he has aspirations of becoming a stock broker in Boston. Already, he has mastered all the intricacies of "jawbone." With only the pay of a corporal as a base, he has succeeded in making himself number one man in social activities. After all, it is but a step from trafficking in the quirks of human nature to the pit of bulls and bears in the stock exchange.

Imagine the tenseness of the moment! One hour previously, 1st Sgt. Leo Woltring had bid good-bye to his roommate, First Sergeant Bissinger, not intending to see him again until the wee hours of the morning. But here he was at the same time and the same address, apparently having a date with the same person whom Woltring had intended to see that evening.

The greeting was casual as they entered the house together. Unfortunately, however, Woltring was feeling anything but casual. Some jokester had placed a piece of limburger cheese in his hat before he left the barracks and it was just beginning to respond to the heat.

When they were met by the fair damsel, there were many jolly words passed and things seemed to be going along nicely. But suddenly Miss ———— elevated her pretty nose to the wind and asked, "What do I smell?"

Bissinger, seeking a chance to win favor and the rest of the evening for himself, said, "Why that's me. I have just been to the barber shop."

With no hesitation at all, Miss ———— took Woltring's arm and said, "Come on, Leo. We are going to the show." Shortly after they had seated themselves in the theatre, Miss ———— confided to her companion, "You know, I can smell that Bissinger yet—"

Three men looking at the world through black circles—Corporals Sanford, Gullledge, and Duffy returning from liberty. It is not hard to believe that each incident happened in a different place, but it is hard to believe that each man bumped his head against a lamp post. There is nothing more admirable than that bulldog tenacity; if that's their story they may as well stick to it.

It is rumored that Corporal Cooley and Sergeant Doelker contributed ten dollars each to the flag fund because they did not pick up their brass from the recently established firing line in the guard house.

The many friends of Sgt. Major Lacey Moore are pleased to learn that his health is improving and that he is able to leave the hospital and spend some time at home.

The band is becoming more popular as the months roll by. In addition to doing routine jobs of playing for parades, guard mounts, and honor guards, it has accepted numerous invitations to give concerts to the public at large. Judging from the increasing demand the extra effort is much appreciated. Among the concerts given are semi-monthly programs at the navy yard "Y"; monthly broadcasts from the Army and Navy "Y," Honolulu, over Station KGU; and a recently inaugurated weekly program, going to the ether through KGMB by remote control from the barracks' bandstand.

Although the concerts invariably progress smoothly, the band's practice hours are not devoid of amusing incidents. It happens that there are three dogs who insist upon supervising the practice. It may be that they are, as Leader Deacon Knowles suggests, like the man in the insane asylum who kept hitting his head against a stone wall because it felt so good when he quit. At any rate, at one of the morning rehearsals, Canine Admirer Jerry was sitting next to "Red" Rupe. During

the course of a certain piece there was supposed to be a grand pause. Much to the consternation of all present, when it came time for the pause, there was a sustained and mournful note coming from the direction of "Red" Rupe. However, "Red" redeemed himself in the eyes of the members by giving the dog the gate—and Red still insists that it was the dog that made the break.

While passing through the band room gossip is heard concerning "Possum" Loposser buying a bull fiddle, and Jones and Kibbish forming a team for turning out dance tunes.

And to the band, especially Sergeant Konesky and his "Leatherneck Ambassadors," goes much credit for the success of the dance given here on the 20th of December. Of course, the free beer served at the canteen kept the convivial spirit at high ebb always, but the music was what kept the dance floor crowded until well past midnight. The dance was a huge success from every angle and the men are looking forward to the next one.

Events to be remembered after the dance was over: Supply Sergeant and Mrs. Snelling getting out the old Dodge to give six



Clyde Pangborn and his old pal, Pvt. Carl H. Johnson, USMC, renew their acquaintance in Honolulu.

Marines a sight seeing tour at three in the morning: Pvt. Volney "Chick" McKelvy leading Cpl. "Chick" Haygood astray in the big, bad, city of Honolulu; Private First Class Agee (of Baldy and Agee fame) saying, "That's the best I ever had . . ."

Last minute flashes: "Brute" Brunelli living up to his reputation by beating "Spud" Murphy twenty-one successive games of cribbage . . . Sgt. Major Raymond Clayton on the stage playing Santa to the kiddies and breaking up the chimney as he slides down.

Although the holidays rolled by with plenty of good times and much variety from the usual work routine there was a note of sadness carried over the days of Christmas and New Year's.

The body of Private Clyde Stephenson was found at the bottom of the dry dock on number three post. Apparently, it was accidental death while on duty. The de-

ceased was one of the newer members of these barracks and a capable and conscientious man. His death was a matter of much regret to everyone who knew him.

HAWAIIAN HIGHLIGHT

We note with pleasure that the Marine Corps element was represented in the recent flight of Roscoe Turner's Boeing commercial plane from London, England, to Melbourne, Australia, with Clyde Pangborn as Chief Pilot and Reeder Nichols as radioman. Many of us still remember Nichols when he was a Leatherneck on the old U.S.S. *Seattle* and at Quantico.

When they stopped at Honolulu on their return trip to the States they were greeted off port by Pvt. Carl Johnson, former flying partner of Clyde Pangborn, and old friendships were renewed. This reunion brought again into the foreground some of the aviation feats of a few years ago. Johnson, who is familiar and an expert on all phases of parachute work, began his career back in 1921, when he was acting in the capacity of "grease monkey," ticket seller, and finally as publicity manager of Pangborn's Flying Fleet. During this time he became keenly interested in parachute work and made his first jump on Christmas Day, 1931, with Pangborn as pilot.

It was during a barnstorming tour a few years later that Johnson suggested and perfected the plans of a non-stop flight from Japan to the States, that became a reality in 1931.

Johnson looks back to many thrilling experiences as stunt man and parachute jumper. The most outstanding of these occurred at Orleans Bar, July 4, 1932. This is a small Indian village in the mountain regions of northern California, and the occasion was a convention of an American Legion Post. Due to strong cross air currents he was forced to land in a fifty-foot Madrone tree where his foot became wedged between the branches until he was released from his precarious position by one of the native Indians. Determined to do it right he went up again the same day and made a successful landing in a small flying field which the Indians had made by clearing the brush for a runway.

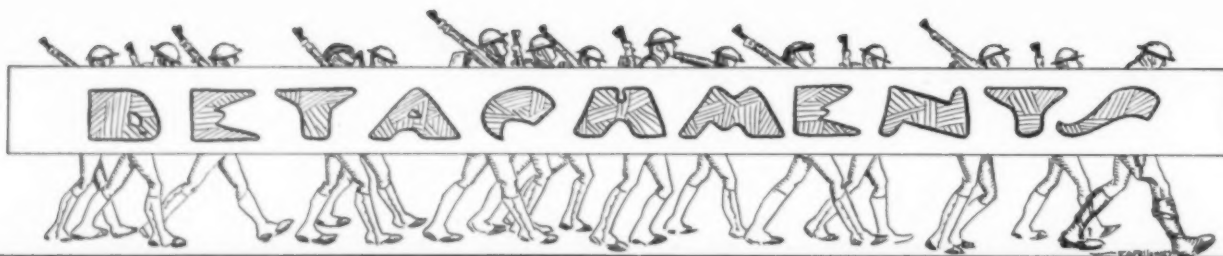
Johnson became separated from his friend, Pangborn, when he resumed interrupted studies. He is now stationed at the Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, pending approval of a request to attend the Parachute Rigging School at Lakehurst, N. J. His home is in Yreka, California.

GUAM NEWS

The present burning topic of this beautiful Isle of Guam has the boys staggering. The question is: If two geese are ducks, what do you call two geese? Lavondovski claims they are geese, James says they are ganders. Which proves nothing or that Lavondovski is goofy. Take your choice, while I take vanilla.

Ranks and ratings have the boys on their ears. Try and get a stripe without someone asking you where you got your drag. Harry Hargrave was promoted to sergeant, Bishop, Baird and Gregory to corporal with everybody else making Pfc. Well, not everybody, but among them are Gladchenko, Fitzgerald, McKee, Sebastaini, MacNeil and Walker. They all observed the usual formalities following the award of such promotions. You know what I mean, but if you're in doubt I refer you to VonBerg. He seemed to be very much aware that it was free. Willie Forister,

(Continued on page 40)



INDIAN HEAD SPEAKS

By Don Otto

Be it understood right from the start that the headline of this epistle does not indicate that this is an index of the Indian Head "Speaks" or "Speak-easies" of "during prohibition" days. Nay, nay, it is meant to indicate that that sphinx-like cranial monstrosity, termed Indian Head, has come to life and is kicking through with a few words.

The writer has only been in this post a short while, and therefore feels that he is well qualified to speak, as he is full of all the new impressions he has gathered in this time and can therefore intelligently compare the advantages and disadvantages of this post with others.

This is a small post, it is true, and is a home, but mark you, and mark you well, 'tis not an old soldier's home, as the sprightly and youthful spirit of our Commanding Officer, Capt. John T. Selden, mixed with his wide and varied experience, permeates the place.

No, it is not an "old soldier's home," and you are not wanted here if you are looking for a place to "soldier." We are on the go from physical drill at reveille, to taps at night. By that we do not mean that we are on the drill field from morning to night, but we have a routine here so varied and so interesting that a man is just simply carried away all day by the spirit in which the daily chores are done.

We have a drill field, but it is only a poor second to the wide expanse of our golf course and the winding trails through heavily wooded forest where the men may be put through all the paces that increase their efficiency as Marines. We have a woodpile, too, yes indeed, but it is not used as punishment for sins of omission or commission, 'cause we have so many athletes, would-be athletes, and broken down athletes who take their spite out on same as training stunts, that punishment, in the form of a woodpile, would be pleasure instead of the contrary.

For the benefit of all the readers let me inform all and sundry, that this place is located in Maryland on the beautiful historic Potomac (yes I read the ads in the papers), about thirty miles away from Washington, D. C. It is about thirteen miles from the old Winthrop, Maryland, range, of pre-war renown, and Quantico and the Fleet Marine Force may be seen on the opposite side of the river on clear days.

The purpose of this detachment is to guard the Naval Powder Factory and to act as police for the reservation and the little town of Indian Head.

The powder factory itself is hidden away in the woods, surrounded by sturdy giants of the forest; though it consists of a great number of buildings of many types, the uninitiated would have to look very close before it is discovered, as the different buildings are placed far away from each other and away from prying eyes of the non-

wanted. The only real indication to outsiders that a busy factory is located here are the enormous smokestacks, two in number; built on rather high ground, they tower towards high heaven and belch voluminous columns of black smoke that may be seen for miles around.

The factory employs at the present time about 700 people, and it seems that every one of the 700 can't be pleasant enough to the Marines who are fortunate enough to be stationed here. They are genuinely friendly. And when we consider that some of the employees have been working here for more than thirty years, and that men who have worked here only fifteen or twenty years are considered upstarts, it may really be taken for a compliment for the good behavior of the Marines that such a feeling should exist and be maintained for such a long time.

Captain Selden has arranged with the Inspector of Ordnance in Charge, Commander L. P. Johnson, U. S. Navy, to have Marines go through the plant when they first arrive, under the guidance of a competent lecturer. We were fortunate enough to have Mr. Coster, the superintendent of the Acid Plant, take us through, and what he does not know about the manufacture of powder, no one else knows. To an ordinary Marine chemical formulas mean less than nothing, but Mr. Coster would glibly rattle off the formulas and then explain in everyday non-technical terms what it was all about, so that we, after completing a tour of the factory, and it takes, by the way, about three hours, have at least a talking knowledge of the different processes used in the making of smokeless powder, and certainly did spend a very interesting, unusual and worthwhile afternoon.

The factory is laid out in such a manner that one can successively follow the different stages of powder making by going from building to building, from the very receipt of the bundles of pure white cotton to the carting off of the finished product to the drying houses. You see the cotton immersed in sulphuric acid, you watch it have the acid removed through centrifugal force, then washed in water, rewashed, boiled, reboiled a dozen times or more; you see it doused in nitric acid, washed, rewashed, again and again, you watch the cotton turn into a liquid white cream, smooth as the smoothest silk, and then you see right after where it has been dried with the very last particle of water removed, then placed into gigantic dies where alcohol is pressed into it under a 3,500-pound pressure, and from where it emerges in the shape of white, cheese-like cakes, weighing about 50 pounds apiece, only to be cut up again, have ether shot into it and pressed into forms that look nothing more or less than enormous Tootsie Rolls, then finally to be put through a squeezing machine, which presses this big roll through a die, the size of the powder wanted, but always with the regulation seven holes, regardless of its diameter. In being pressed through this die the powder comes out on a

twenty-foot long tray, it looks like a long snake, continually wriggling from one side of the tray to the other, only to go through the chopper, where it is cut into regulation lengths.

You have really seen something out of the ordinary when you have completed the journey, and it is with a great deal of hesitation and regret that you tear yourself away from this intriguing spectacle, and perhaps you can not help but give a thought to the final day of existence of this destructive product when it goes up with the big "Bang" that may project a shell against an inert target, but again may speed a giant projectile on its way to death-dealing destruction. "What fools we mortals be."

Well, now that we have shaken the acid, alcohol and other fumes out of our clothes and our brains are in working order again, let us take a closer look at the personnel we have here. First, let us confide that this detachment is really two, that is, it is divided, not against itself, but for the common and dual protection of both the powder factory at Indian Head and the Naval Proving Ground at Dahlgren, Virginia. We have about fifty enlisted here and about twenty at Dahlgren. As we have mentioned earlier, Captain Selden, U. S. Marine Corps, is our Commanding Officer. Some of us remember him as the detail officer at Headquarters, others for his duty in China, and still others from the time he was CO of the Marine Detachment, U.S.S. *Henderson*, at the time she took the Secretary of the Navy to Japan. He is too well known for any other mention than just to say he is here, and here with everything he has got. His interest in the welfare of the men, and that includes housing and feeding, his varied and interesting training schedules, and his ability to make a man realize that he is a Marine, and as such carries on his individual shoulders the reputation of many men before him, has left a stamp on every man here. It is human nature to follow in the rut, or to get into a rut in a small post of this type, but not so to Captain Selden. To him every day is a new day, a day when something has got to be done and something accomplished to make a man a better Marine. There are no beaten trails for him, he makes his own way, and by doing so makes it a pleasure to follow.

Our second in command is Chief Marine Gunner John J. Faragher, U. S. Marine Corps. What can a writer say that has not been said so many times about this sterling old time Marine, what can we say that will enhance the deeds of this really hairy chested old Marine? We who remember him as First Sergeant at the Rifle Range, Winthrop, Maryland, glory in the fact that we have met a character so real and genuine, so true to the very highest ideals of the Corps, and we point with pride to the youngsters in the service, that here is a Marine in whose foot-steps it is well to follow. Mr. Faragher is our Police, Mess, and Post Exchange Officer, and he fills every one of these important jobs with the same youthful en-

thusiasm he has always put into the many and varied jobs of his career.

And, say, talk about a mess, we have one, and it is a mess. It is doubtful in the first place if a cleaner mess hall with cleaner chinaware or silver is found anywhere in the Corps, and in the second place I doubt if any small detachment ever had a more loyal mess sergeant or more efficient cooks than we have. Our mess sergeant is Cpl. Beauford Griffin, and he is on the job from morning to night, and the result is that when mess call goes we are sitting down to a real meal, yes, sirree. Let us mention, for instance, that we have fresh milk each morning with our cereal, and that small matters like having roast duck or chicken, with ice cream twice a week, is taken as a matter of routine. In cooks we certainly are fortunate also. They do not have to call on the can opener every time a meal is planned, they really know how to season and cook food so that it is attractive to the eye and tasty to the palate. Do not let us forget to mention that they not only know how to cook but also apply their knowledge to the full benefit of the men. Their names are Pfc. Roscoe Swinson and Pvt. William S. Waters. And while Swinson was on furlough Private Tarlton did some swell pinch hitting with skillet. Yes, sir, we also have a baker, with a capital "B"; his name is Thearon Paulk, and although he is only about five-foot six, his bread, cakes, pies, rolls, etc., make him the biggest and most important man of the post. I am just wondering why he comes to the movie show so often in civilian attire and planks down thirty cents instead of going in free in uniform? Has one of the female charmers of Indian Head gotten him under her spell?

Talking about "movies." While we have no picture hall in the barracks, we have, however, the privilege of attending, without charge, if in uniform, the show in town, or rather on the reservation, but run by civilians. They have a fine large picture hall with excellent sound pictures, rented on the open market and therefore practically the same pictures carried by the first run houses in Washington.

Let us take a further look at our personnel, and when we do, our eyes naturally first come to rest at our own Cpl. Edward P. Walsh, or like he wants to be called af-

ter he wins the Irish Sweepstakes, E. Patrick Walsh. Of course, none of his friends would recognize him with that monicker, but when we say that we have Paddie Walsh here, that is different. Paddie is doing noble work on the main gate, where he checks the visitors, workers, etc., over in coming and going, and he is well known for double checking all the pretty girls in town. With the repeal of prohibition, Paddie, with his usual Irish contrariness, turned teetotaler, and is now, and has for these many moons, been holding down the front seat of the water wagon. Paddie went to Quantico here sometime back with a truckload of property for survey; just prior to leaving he called Captain Selden on the phone with the request that he be permitted to take the second truck along. Captain Selden asked "why?" saying that there was only enough stuff for one truck going over. "Well," says Paddie, "that is going over, Captain, I'm talking about coming back." And sure as you are born, Paddie brought two loads back for the one he brought over. Ah, the soft Irish blarney of his! We have another son of Erin here, also, an old timer named Pfc. Nicholas C. Kelley, who started work in civil life as a coal miner; and now is back to his old love, shoveling coal into our brand new furnace and keeping us all warm and comfortable.

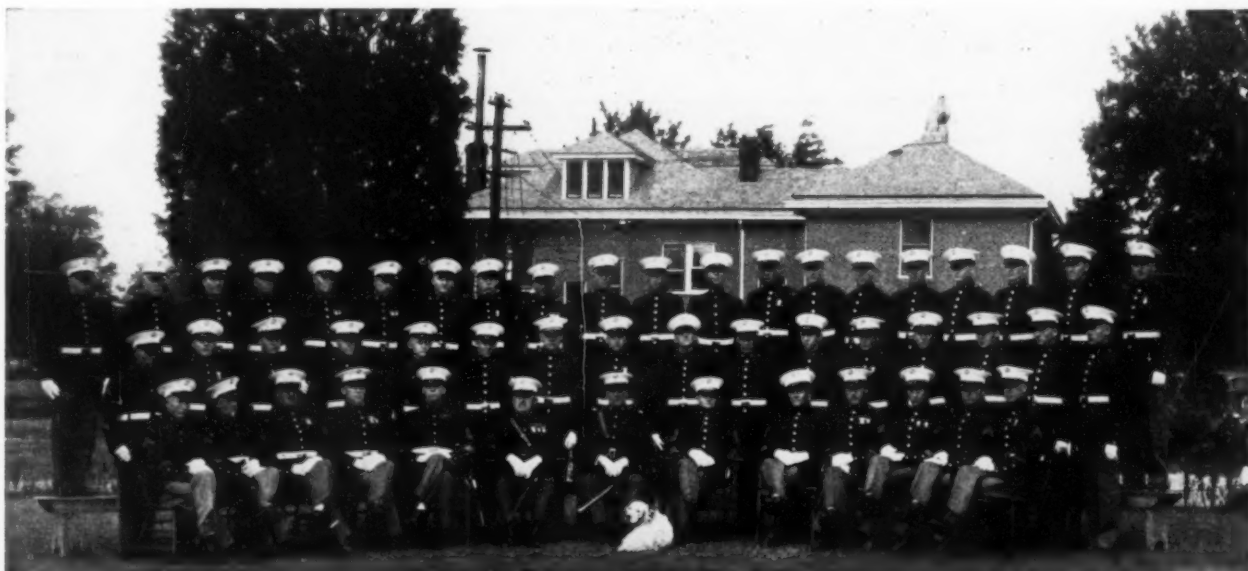
We also have a very good volleyball court and when the clemency of season permits we have some hotly contested games in the afternoons.

I believe I mentioned a golf course earlier, where we, besides golfing, produce the latest and most intricate formations and problems in musketry, extended order, scouting and patrolling, etc. Well, we do considerable golfing, too, and are indeed fortunate in having Pvt. Edward Koehler as our pro; par of the course means nothing to him; every time we meet him it is the "hole in one" conversation. He is really not only a very able golfer, but he is also an excellent instructor, and many of the men, inclusive of the writer, have been mighty glad to get the correct dope from him. Pvt. Harold J. Grebasch—Rhubarb to his friends—is also an ardent club swinger. Our company brains, Pfc. James C. McRae, who should have written this letter, is also a golf enthusiast, and is daily bemoaning the fact

that the Marine Corps Institute or the Marine Corps Schools do not have a correspondence course in the proper manner of addressing a golf ball.

We are very fortunate in having some very excellent non-commissioned officers, and what is more they stick together, or did until Sgt. William Fuller gave up the motto of the three musketeers, "All for one and one for all," and said "All for one and one for me," and married the girl. The lucky girl is, of course, from Indian Head, another example of the friendly association between the Marines and the natives here. Then we have Sgt. Harry H. Pearl and Sgt. Raymond J. Street, the other two sides of the triangle of sergeants doing straight duty. They both have cars, one has his in the garage smashed up and the other has his standing on blocks close to the barracks. The one on the blocks belongs to Sergeant Street, and he says it ought to be a darn good car, and adds, "Didn't I buy a quart of the finest auto paint for it? Now if I only had a motor for the darn thing I could go to Washington every night." Sergeant Pearl delights in going on our weekly hikes, and has particular pleasure in showing up the young Marines for stamina, endurance and speed, on these 8 to 13-mile weekly pleasure jaunts.

We have pretty well covered all the activities of the Post, except the staff, meaning of course, the quartermaster department. Again Lady Luck has been smiling at us as we have one of the most efficient and also one of the most obliging quartermaster sergeants here, to wit: Guy F. Tabor. He keeps all the property straight and of course handles all the subsistence returns and open purchase, and there is no doubt that the splendid mess we have here is due to his careful planning and economical administration. If any of the young men come to Sergeant Tabor with their troubles about losing this or wanting to survey that or with any other thing pertaining to the QM, he is always there to help them out. Service with a smile is his motto. He is ably assisted by Cpl. Harry W. Moody, who is an old timer in the quartermaster game, and follows the same principles in dealing with the men as Sergeant Tabor does. Moody is an enthusiastic hunter, and by the way packages containing decoy ducks, shells, hunting coats, etc., have



Marine Detachment, Indian Head, Maryland



Dedication of Corry Field, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

been coming in, it looks as if he is going to have a good hunting season. He has been building a duck blind on the river and has promised to supply the mess with a couple of meals of wild ducks or geese. That is ducky of you, Moody. Another important link in the chain that makes this post outstanding is the good work of our two truck drivers, Pfc. Ernest A. Pike, and Pvt. Maurice Campbell; those boys work night and day, driving the trucks between here and Quantico, Washington, Dahlgren, besides posting the relief and running occasional liberty parties to Washington.

We nearly forgot to mention that we have a canteen. Oh, yes, we have, and some canteen if you should ask me. The man who dispenses the amber colored fluid, by some called "Lager," is Sgt. Ovid Butler, our very able Post Exchange steward. He prides himself exceedingly of his ability to shake the cubes for Coca Cola and other drinks, but the writer has sort of taken the wind out of his sails and now he actually loses once in a while. He keeps the canteen well stocked up and saves the men quite a bit of money by his willingness to order anything they want from the different wholesale houses. He is a benedict, but on the night he has the duty as NCO in charge of quarters he usually comes around the writer's room and gets his usual trimming at cribbage.

One very important member of this family, not to be forgotten, is Captain Selden's dog, Mac, a beautiful setter, and he is a good Marine, attends all hikes, drills, inspections, etc., and has the usual Marine dog's aversion for civilians.

Among the many other things we have here through the good offices of our CO, are two excellent pool tables, recently repaired and put in first class shape, a well-equipped library and reading room, and a large radio. Pvt. Carl P. Haynes is the Dictator of the recreation room, and is, besides, the Post barber. Recently he has acquired an English bull dog that out-jiggs the original Jiggs of Quantico fame; his name is Mickey and he has the widest shoulders and most ferocious looking jaws and teeth of any bull dog known to the writer. Haynes has

been offering the first sergeant free hair cuts if he would recommend Mickey for private first class. Mickey, by the way, has sore eyes, that is, one of his eyes are sore, so when he posed for inspection last Saturday on the middle of the floor of the "rec" it was necessary for him to wear dark colored glasses, and the CO immediately accused him of having accompanied Haynes on one of his nocturnal excursions the night before. However, after the glasses were removed, the CO found Mickey all right.

The Inspector of Ordnance was kind enough to supply us with a rowboat; there was great enthusiasm in the Post over this event; several men tried their ability in sculling, but when they found that rowing was hard work and besides caused blisters in the hands, their fervor cooled considerably.

Most of the men, in fact much the greater majority, are young men, who have been a year or less in the service. It is very important to give these young Marines the proper idea of what the service means. They come to us in their formative period, at the time where they either acquire a like or dislike for the service, when they get started either right or wrong, when their minds are most receptive, and when lasting mind impressions are made. While the task of imbuing them with the semper fidelis spirit is very difficult in a small post, it is not impossible, and we believe that the method carried out here under the guidance of Captain Selden is one that can not but help instilling the Marine spirit in these new men, so that they will receive and retain the very finest impressions of the Corps and will leave here with regret and with a wish and desire to return.

We are indeed as happy a crowd as will be found in a small post, and we flatter ourselves that we are as much on the job and as efficient Marines as you will find in any other post, small or large.

BROADCAST FOR THE
MARCH LEATHERNECK
SHOULD REACH EDITOR BY
FEBRUARY 8TH.

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL AIR STATION, PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

Maj. Charles A. Wynn is our commanding officer and the other officers are Capt. George Spotts, Capt. Clyde P. Matteson, Capt. Alfred Dickerson, Chief Pay Clerk Gouvernor Parrish and 1st Lt. Robert L. Griffin, Jr. QM-Sgt. William C. Jackson looks after our needs, PM-Sgt. Jack Weatherford assists the paymaster and 1st Sgt. Robert G. Crawford is our "Top."

On December 8, 1934, New Corry Field was officially dedicated in the presence of high ranking officers and civilian dignitaries and the Marines rendered honors while the flag was being raised. \$1,200,000 was spent in improving this field, erecting barracks, hangars, etc., and it is now one of the best as well as prettiest landing fields in the south.

Early Monday morning, December 10th, the Assistant Adjutant and Inspector paid us a visit and naturally we had to do our stuff. Heavy marching order on the field, blues, clothing on the bunk, etc., and now we can remain at ease for another year or so.

At the present time athletics at the barracks are more on the up-and-up. A bowling team represents the Marines in the city league and a basketball team is being formed which will also participate in the city league.

Sgt. Samuel T. Anthony is in charge of the military police assisted by Cpl. "Chief" Shoemaker and Cpl. Edwin E. Crusoe. They patrol the station on a motorcycle but soon expect to be mounted on horses with "Jassos" to round up cattle which stray on the station.

Simon Becker, ex-caterer of the Nicaraguan Guardia Officers' Mess, is our mess sergeant, and the only difference between here and the mess in Nicaragua is that we have no bar. Corporal Burg, who was steward of the post exchange for the past four years, has been discharged and is now working for one of the largest liquor distributors in the U. S. The best of luck, Burg. Private First Class Collins and Private Lilly were recently driving on a through street in Pensacola when one of the fair sex who evidently does not believe in signs crashed them midships, causing Lilly to lose several teeth, receive numerous contusions and gashes, also put an awful dent in the dashboard on which he struck his head.

We were recently honored with a visit from Joe Boswell of Brown Field who arrived on a Ford transport and stayed with us for several days.

The morale of the men at this post is second to none in the Corps. Duty is attractive, recreation facilities are of the best and everything possible is done for the welfare of the men. Our library is being continuously improved with the latest books, numerous magazines and newspapers are subscribed for, pool tables are available for use free of charge and plenty of easy chairs are to be found in the recreation room for those who care to relax. This is one of the best fishing areas in the world and men who care to indulge in this sport are furnished with the best of fishing tackle free of charge. During the period of April to October the Post Exchange awards prizes monthly for the largest fish of different species caught. An indoor range is available for the use of men who care to practice with the rifle and pistol and instruction is also given to the children of the naval and Marine personnel.

Through the courtesy of our commanding officer, the police of Pensacola are instructed weekly by Marines in the use of the revolver

and pistol and since this practice was originated, a noticeable improvement has been noted in their shooting. This naturally improves the good will between the police and Marines.

PORTSMOUTH POTSHOTS

In the line of basketball, the local Marines have been showing the other members of the Fifth Naval League that they are not to be sneezed at. At the end of the first round of play in the League we are tied for first place with the Naval Training Station and the Air Station, and we have high hopes of doing even better during the second round, which begins on January 7 with the Operating Base Marines, a team which we defeated to start the first round, as our initial opponents. So far, we have had only one set-back in League play, that being at the hands of the Air Station, who nosed us out by 4 points in a game that was close from start to finish. In our other games we defeated the Naval Operating Base Marines by a score of 30 to 16, the Naval Training Station by a score of 54 to 24, the U.S.S. *Ranger* by 35 to 9, and the U.S.S. *Farragut* by 38 to 11. The squad has been holding up well and we have every indication for success in winning the championship of the League. Goddard, Weimer, and Keen have been bearing the burden of our scoring, but the remainder of the men have not been far behind and have all played excellent ball in every game. Here's hoping that next month we have more victories to write up and no defeats.

Johnny Stein, of the local Barracks, has been gaining quite a name for himself as a fighter during the last year. His most recent bout was with Sam Fennaza of Baltimore, and was fought in Washington. Johnny had a little tough luck and dropped a close decision in this one, but he has won most of his other fights via the knockout route in the early rounds. The majority of his bouts have been in Richmond, but he hopes to get a return bout with Fennaza in Norfolk. If he does it will be a treat for the local Marines to have a chance to see him in action.

GREAT LAKES GOSSIP

By The Dopester

Happy New Year, fellow Marines, let's go to town on the news! Christmas day here at the Lakes will linger long in the memory of the fellows of this detachment. A happier bunch of Marines couldn't be found anywhere. The holiday dinner was a huge success, due to the clever hands and ideas of Chef Leatherman.

At the Christmas Eve party we were honored by the presence of Captain and Mrs. R. W. Luce and Mrs. J. B. Monahan, to whom we owe the success of the party. To Captain and Mrs. Luce "May we offer our many thanks for your kind tokens of friendship presented to the men of the detachment. It is our sincere hope that the coming year will bring you and yours continued happiness and success."

Now that the hilarious days have been spent, and having dug ourselves from the chaos caused by the holiday season, it's time we put our nose to the grindstone for another 365 days. Of course we can't expect Hutch to bear down right away, as he already shows signs of wear and tear.

Has anybody been listening to "Willie" Wytrykus lately? Well, if you haven't it's high time you trip over to number two squad room and listen to the wedding plans.

On the level, this is supposed to come off in June. What's wrong with the daily broadcast, Willie? We haven't heard from you since the time the crowd hissed and booed, when you tried to put over that medicine show act.

Some remarked that the man with the charming personality, bewitching smile, adorable locks, maintains the outside has a very bright future in store for him, if he can only rid himself of the ever tightening tenacles of the Corps. Almost eight years in. Hmmm, Hmmm, Hmmm, the same old story in the same old way, only by a different person.

From pole to pole the continent to continent, here's the latest dope: Brown and Long have decided to stop making the glasses show bottoms up—The first sergeant is determined to lose some of the excess baggage he is carrying around—Montgomery reports on return from furlough that he is going to do his best to wear out a couple of shovels this winter—Lempek is going out to make the dough, both the mixing and spending kind—Smith, Paul A., is going to extend—McQuern is going home instead of being enticed in those penny ante games. It takes too much explaining later on. "Well, patch mah britches," looks as if the U.S.S. *Nevada* detachment is moving here to the Lakes. The latest additions are Ptes. G. P. Carroll, Millican, and D. Gautsche, making a total of eight. Other additions: Sgt. John P. Koziol, from U.S.S. *Arkansas*; Sgt. Raymond A. Eumrich, from recruiting office, Chicago, Ill.; Cpl. Glen C. Colbert, from Marine Detachment, Century of Progress, Chicago; Pvt. William M. Kussman, Century of Progress, Chicago. "Congratulations, fellows, on your ability to pick a good post, and make yourselves right to home." Well, looks as if the time is about up, so until next time, take it easy.

MARINE BARRACKS, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Our small-bore rifle team has been going strong since its organization a few weeks ago under Sgt. E. M. Casey as team captain. Of the four matches fired to date,

three have been won by us, while the other resulted in a tie score. One of the scalps collected was that of the Piscataqua Rifle Club of Portsmouth which has been undefeated in these parts for three years. Those who have been firing on our team are Lt. Ralph Margeson, USMCR., Sgt. E. M. Casey, Corporals Robbins, Lamontagne, Pelletier; Private First Class Schmidt; Privates Bohle, Carnavich, Maleski, Barr and Pvt. William Meehan of the Reserve. Chief Pay Clerk C. A. Phillips is the team manager.

On Friday evening, December 7, the Marines gave their first dance of the season at Building 22 in the Navy Yard. About 200 couples attended and enjoyed themselves in bang-up style from 8:30 until after midnight. The chairmen of committees were Sgt. S. G. Kyle, Cpl. L. F. Barker, Cpl. G. J. Pelletier and Cpl. A. M. Dean. Pvt. J. B. Wisniewski did an especially fine piece of work in painting the scenery for the acts of entertainment that were put on during intermission.

As a feature, four he-Marines and four she-Marines stepped in graceful fashion an old Missouri square dance. The gals in their store clothes, after the number was finished had great difficulty in keeping at a respectable distance the avalanche of would-be admirers. Cpl. L. F. Barker called for the dance and the others who took part were Sgt. Kyle, Ptes. Murchison, Mahoney, Cavanaugh, Nestor, Durr and Brown.

Norma and Georgia Phillips, daughters of Chief Pay Clerk and Mrs. Phillips, acted and sang a skit "Hiking around Nicaragua." In their trail clothes, as Marines, loaded down with bandoleers of ammunition, corned bill and hard tack, they recalled to ex-Nicaraguans the good old days.

Major George H. Morse, Jr., is receiving congratulations upon his promotion. The gold leaf has not changed the major's way of doing business. Next morning, after his commission arrived, he reported on the construction job, with his hammer, ready to go to work as usual.

New Year's Day ushered in heavy wet snow. Several hours of it in fact. Then it froze into several inches of slick glare ice. The whole countryside, up hill and down valley, now is like an ice skating rink.



"AND THE NIGHT SHALL BE FILLED WITH MUSIC"

Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard

MORE PORTSMOUTH NEWS

The personnel of these Barracks were entertained on 15 December by a dance given in Building No. 31 in the Yard. The dance was arranged through the efforts of the Post Non-Commissioned Officers Committee, composed of Sgt. Maj. Charles White, QM-Sgt. Frank Manley, QM-Sgt. Edward Goessler, QM-Sgt. Albert Firth, PM-Sgt. Ray Maynard, 1st Sgt. Leslie Burrows, 1st Sgt. Edwin Gorman, 1st Sgt. Glenn Seider, Gy-Sgt. Eugene Martin, Staff Sgt. Warren Bates, Staff Sgt. Gabriel Rosback and Ph. Mate 1st Class John Rutter, together with members of the sub-committees, Sergeants John Bukowy and Charles Dettenbach, Corporals Anthony Galinis, Leonard Kachel, and Joseph Stefoneik, Privates First Class Clayton Sketoe, Raymond Livingston, Joe Stowe, Edward Rowan, and Edwin Smith, and Privates Abner Lewis, Everett Turner, Charles Erasmi, Allan Reynolds, Leo Pagonis, Leo Rich, and Joe Crouch, and the credit for an extremely enjoyable affair rests solely with these men. Music was furnished by Kirby Smith and his orchestra, and refreshments consisting of beer, sandwiches, and punch were served. Intermission was at 11 o'clock and the dance ended at 12, with a very enjoyable evening spent by all. Another dance is planned for 18 January and we can only hope that it will be equal to the one just past.

The USS *Henderson* dropped in from the Asiatics Christmas Eve and brought the post a large Christmas present in the form of about eighty short-timers. Most of these men have remained here for duty, while a few have been transferred to other posts on the East Coast.

We were greatly honored on Christmas Day by the arrival of Santa Claus, looking mysteriously like Corporal Galinis, who carried a large bag of toys and presents which were distributed among the children of the Marine personnel and a few of the children from Portsmouth, who were included in order that they might have their share of Christmas which otherwise might have been denied them. The presents were distributed in the Post Library, which was decorated to suit the occasion with holly and red and green stringers, at 11 o'clock Christmas morning, after which the Marines and their families were treated to a Christmas dinner

in the mess hall. Snappy menus with illustrations by one of the local Marines were supplied and the dinner more than exceeded the expectations of the hungry Leathernecks who had been looking forward to it since Thanksgiving.

We are sorry to report the change of station of Maj. A. E. Simon and 1st Lt. D. M. Weller, both of whom left us for their new stations on the 15th of December. Major Hoyt has been appointed Commanding Officer of the Sea School Detachment, vice Major Simon, and Lieutenant Cramer has been taking over the duties of Athletic Officer and Library Officer, left vacant by the departure of Lieutenant Weller. 1st Sgt. Leslie Burrows has also left us for the barracks at St. Julien's Creek, and will be greatly missed by the many friends he has left at this post.

Among our recent re-enlistments have been Sgt. John O'Connor and Corporals "Bucky" Harris, Eekie Reynolds and Henry MacNair, all of whom have shipped over for this post.

NAVAL HOSPITAL DETACHMENT, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

By Juan

1934 is gone—it is now a memory—it slips into the past and into the hands of historians. There were several things in it that surprised us. What will 1935 hold in store? Can we hope for an increase in pay, or more ratings, or even a larger and better Corps? O. K., let's.

The holidays have certainly been packed with excitement here at the Hospital—dances, parties, special shows, and even resolutions. And speaking of resolutions, the principal one is this: We, the sixteen Privates, two Privates First Class, and two Corporals, of this detachment, resolve that First Sergeant Livermore (our N.C.O.I.C.) learns to play ACY-DEUCY; That he has no more drill, no school, no field days, no E. P. D., in other words, no nuthin. However, the TOP has consented to start taking lessons from our champion ACY-DEUCY player, Pvt. Samuel Mae. We'll see that he does. As this goes to press, he hasn't won even one game from Vitopil, Young, Murphy, Griffith, Mitchell or even McCleery. Boys, is he easy?

Private Spindler is "vacationing" in Chicago at the present. Private Stillman, too, is gone. Both due back in a few days. Privates Moffett, Scanlon, Stevens and Johnson have just returned from leave.

Private First Class Waters is looking for an extra sea-bag. He gets paid off in a few more days—Luck to you, my friend. You will need it in North Carolina, especially since the A. B. C.'s have opened in Virginia.

Well, ye other Marines, hold everything till July 1st. Something might happen. Who knows?

Oh-h-h-h-h, there goes our master's voice, so till next month, Adios.

GAS OUT OF THE BAG MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL AIR STATION, LAKEHURST, NEW JERSEY

By S. Chesnin

Christmas was a success. Most of us enjoyed a furlough over Christmas or the New Year. Down at the fire house our gigolo, Rose, showed up with a beautiful shiner. Those that walks hain't paved in Lakehurst, Rose—but what about the mitts? Hansen, our number one music, set off for Vermont and a snowy Yuletide, but our agents report that he only penetrated as far north as Trenton. Probable Murray's Ford wasn't equipped with skis. Corporal Wood, now that the holidays and heavy chows are behind us, is back to his bacon and eggs and they aren't so bad, says he, if there were only more. That's why they put lights in hen coops. Santa Claus dropped a Packard in Glass' stocking, but he forgot the radiator and some other gadgets, so Murray's Ark of the Trenton road is doing double duty. But just ask a man who owns one. Well, as we said, Christmas was O. K.

Major F. G. Patchen is our Commanding Officer. Capt. W. W. Walker is Quartermaster, while First Lieutenant Greene and Second Lieutenant Carroll have recently joined.

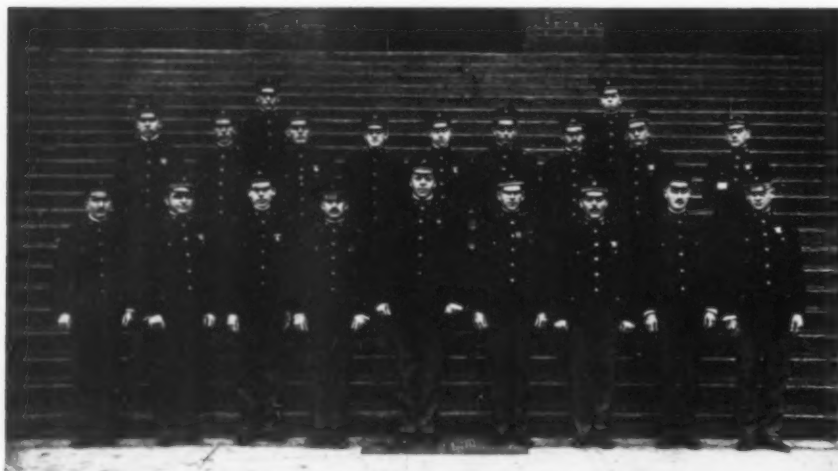
Our diplomatic corps suffered a cruel loss when Red Franks folded his tents and sneaked away to the F. M. F. Tom's River was filled with Broken Hearts and soft gushings, but into the break has stepped our small but mighty "Schnozzle" Hansen, the curly haired boy from Union City. "Them wimmen can be demanding," said Schnozzle, as he stole away the other night in blues to have his picture taken preparatory to taking over command. After distribution A to Z is over for the feminine fans Schnozzle may have one pictures left for this column.

Privates Thompson and Whitaker hiked out for Guantanamo Bay, accompanied by Penman, who was on his way to Coco Solo. Privates First Class Sauer, Myers and Oehala, and Privates Kucera and Gaither recently joined us from Quantico.

Griffin is calling for volunteers to guard Dynamite, who during this past week got into a terrific fight with a New Jersey rat a couple of feet underground and between Dynamite and Griffin, finally came out the winner.

Hamilton is still on furlough back in those West Virginia Hills, so that the old duet from the QM storeroom is temporarily stilled. Smith has to do all the growling and grunting himself with an occasional encore from Orr.

We are still chinning ourselves on the "K" 1 and the "ZMC" 2 and expect soon to have some more midnight dates with the Los Angeles. Now zero hour will



THE MARINE OFFICERS SCHOOL, NORFOLK, VA., 1912

Top row: Lieutenants Doxey and Gray. Center row: Lieutenants Martin, Jones, Shuler, Bryant, Hunter, Barry, Young, Brewster and Sinclair. Bottom row: Lieutenants Voeth, Brainerd, Wise, Captain Pickering, Captain Cutts, Lieutenants Tittoni, Waller, Harrington and Miller.

be—is always music for our ears, oh, yeh.
QM-Sergeant Greenberg has the heat and key and several other situations well in hand so he tells us and is attending all zero hour formations as Spring Training for his tennis game. For relaxation he listens to some of the Top's jokes.

IONA ISLAND

By Donald G. Forbes

Station I-O-N-A broadcasting on a frequency of once a month. We are about to give you the doings on this post for the last month of 1934.

The main event of the month was the Christmas holidays which were enjoyed by all. Many of the men spent the holidays on furlough. However none of the men remaining here were heard to complain, as the Mess Hall was prettily decorated with a large tree, and a Christmas dinner was served of which the men may be proud.

The hardest working man of the detachment throughout the holidays was none other than Private First Class Sweet, our efficient mail orderly.

The men on this station gratefully acknowledge the many Christmas and New Year cards received from friends and other posts the world over.

During the past month we have received Privates Mezarus, Rukat, and Wegley, recently of the F. M. F., Quantico, Va. We welcome these men and wish them a pleasant stay at this post.

Although we gained three men we also lost three, Corporal Robinson being transferred to Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Corporal McCabe to the west coast, and Private Napoli to Sea School, Norfolk, Va. May these men often think of Iona Island and remember the many friends they made while stationed here.

Mr. James Berry, our former barber and ex-Marine, may be seen proudly strutting about the station with his chest out. Yes, you were right in your guess. He is the proud father of a baby boy.

It is to be noticed that Private (Texas) Dowis makes numerous trips to the big city. I wonder if the tall buildings fascinate him or could it be that a girl is the cause of these many sleepless nights.

Private Bender, the big noise from the wilds of Brooklyn, is going collegiate and may be found diligently pursuing M. C. I. lessons in leisure moments which by the way are few and far between.

OVERHEARD IN THE SQUAD ROOM

Sergeant Burt—Now I'll tell one.

Corporal Oswald—Do as I say, not as I do.

Private Mezick—Now when I was in China.

Private Burkhardt—It wasn't like this in Dover.

Private Norris—Boy, have I a way with the women!

Private Sheppard—When I bark even a dog takes off.

Private Brown—Have you read my latest poem.

Private Faulkner—Down for double.

Private Charleston—Let's tap off two more and call it a night.

Private Hadala—Who is the best man in the barracks and why am I?

Private Hansen—Boy, when I make Pfc.!

Drummer Forbes—I will see you again next month.

HINGHAM SALVOS

The Hingham Marine Basketball team continues to accumulate wins in the Army and Navy Service League at the Y.M.C.A. in Charlestown, Mass., to date having all wins and no losses. We have also taken many outside independent teams, the latest being the Braintree Cubs whom we took to town to the tune of 48-38 in an exciting game.

We were glad to see our own "Happy" Whynaught during last month while he was on furlough from the F.M.F. at Quantico, Va. He left just as the snow began to fly around these parts.

We were sorry to see Pharmacist Mate First Class Warrell leave our midst via the transfer route to Boston. We hope Warrell likes his new post and duties at the Boston Navy Yard. He has been ably replaced by Pharmacist Mate First Class McFarland who seems to like his new position in our midst. Good luck to him.

Pvt. J. G. Jones has been transferred to the Marine Barracks up in Portsmouth, N. H. I don't see what he likes up in that annex, to the North Pole, but I hope he will see plenty of shooting as he ranks amongst the President's Hundred for the year 1934. Good luck, Jones.

Pvt. E. L. Robinson was paid off on the 4th of January. He says he wants to see what the outside looks like for a while. He will need all our good wishes and more. Good luck, kid.

Since the former Corporal Mucciaccio left these barracks to try his luck on the West Coast, his place has been taken by the Privates "Bird Seed" Eldridge and the one and only "Cowboy" Clark of the mounted patrol. These two debonair gentlemen have been the "It" of the crop. Sergeant Ziegler, lately from the Marine Detachment at Moscow, has lost no time in renewing acquaintances and making new ones since his return to these barracks. Sergeant Humza has not been very far behind Ziegler as he is to be seen hanging around the telephone booth about nine in the evening waiting for that call from way out in Wellesley.

Since the "Goose" came back from his ten day leave over the Xmas holidays, rumors have been running around the barracks that he is about to strut his stuff down the matrimonial aisle, but strange to say, the "Goose" wants to deny all such rumors. Who is right?

Corporal Conge and Private First Class Moon have been sporting puffed up and cut lips around the barracks lately. It would have been O.K. if they had them at separate times but when they have them together, it looks like dirty work at the cross roads.

I want to pass on a little credit on the way the Main Gate at this post has been handled lately due to the influx of guests on movie nights. Corporal Lendo, who is senior man at present, is ably assisted by Privates First Class Dube, Brady, Wallace, Manning, Papelegis, and Privates Lawson

and Wood. These men are the "Sheiks" of the post here which probably accounts for the manner in which they have performed their duties.

I haven't made any New Year resolutions as yet but I think I'll try to keep the outside world posted on doings in the post here every month if I can. See you next month.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Lewis E. Berry

Christmas has gone . . . 1934 is history and the dawning of a new year has spread its incandescence glow across the vast horizon. I venture to say, nevertheless, that this is one of the few discussions bordering on the topic that will fail to bore you with the walls of "why don't you resolve to do this and why don't you resolve to do that." All that is your business; what is said here is OUR business.

The majority of the command have been on furlough over the holidays, but they have drifted back to the "home range" again and in their wake have followed a horde of reinforcements. Don't go away because whenever we call the roll of the new fellows we have a great many things to talk about. Quartermaster Sergeant Chandler joined us from the Navy Yard here in Washington and from all points of the compass come Sergeant Madison, Corporals Byra, Grubbs, Kerns, Malloy and Taylor; Private First Class Lee and Privates Ruth, Revels, Kemp, Pharis, Phinney, Genoble and Wright. New additions to our Drum and Bugle Corps are Gialanella, who came to us as Trumpeter, and others of the same status in the persons of Klecko, Levy, Pugh, Scollin, Attaway, Cross, Evangelist and Sherry. Trumpeter Lowrance and Drummer Stevens are detached to this post for temporary duty from the Norfolk Navy Yard.

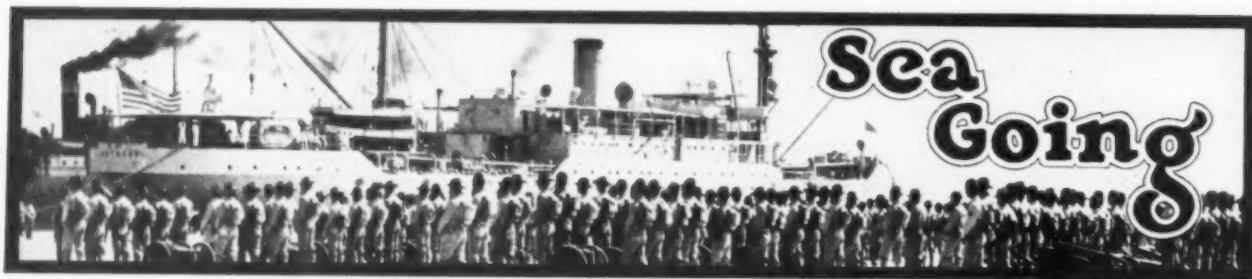
Foremost among those who left our ranks in the past weeks is Principal Musician John J. Miller of the U. S. Marine Band. Miller was retired at the end of thirty years' faithful service to his country. Best of luck to you, Old Timer, and may the years of your well-deserved rest be numerous and happy.

Sergeant Colley boarded the U. S. S. *Outaide* on December 4th and Corporal Grace followed him on December 20th. Adios! Two of the boys extended their enlistments for two years. Corporal Russell turned the trick for the second time and is still with us. Corporal Anderson stretched his and shipped out for the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Private Landry was transferred to the Guard Company at Marine Headquarters; Private True left us to join the Norfolk Navy Yard and Private Stamper hied himself to the Yard at "Philly."

Old Santa Claus promenaded the field in grand style and left behind him a bunch of "raiser uppers." Lt. George R. Weeks received his commission as First Lieutenant and 1st Sgt. Frank Verdier, who is attached to this Post and is on furlough in Santiago, Dominican Republic, made

(Continued on page 40)





LEXINGTON MINUTEMEN

By D. J. Green

The Minutemen have just returned from a most delightful stay in San Francisco, City of the Golden Gate. Approaching our anchorage in Frisco Bay we passed the Golden Gate Bridge and Alcatraz Island, the government's escape-proof prison which houses such notorious criminals as Al Capone. The nearly finished Oakland to Frisco Bridge, was also one of the sights we saw. This span will be the largest of its kind upon completion, a statement not hard to believe upon seeing the construction of it.

We are scheduled to leave soon for Bremerton, Washington, where the *Lexington* will go into the Navy Yard for repairs and the Minutemen will undergo the freezing test. We hope and expect to come through with all manner of success.

The personnel of late has been changing quite frequently. "Buck" Dobie, recon- teur extraordinary, has left our midst and with him, Dobbin, who had been quite an asset to the whaleboat crew. However, Dobbin's loss was not so keenly felt as was first thought, due to the fact that in his place we received Davenport, who was a whaleboat mainstay aboard the *Salt Lake City*. Arrival at Bremerton will cost us another, Thurmond, the Woman's Home Companion, whose loss will be compensated by the joining of "Casanova" Walshalski.

The commissioned ranks have experienced much inward turmoil of late. Lieutenants Brunelli and Hayes both made first lieutenant, on which promotion they are to be congratulated. No sooner had Lieutenant

Hayes received his promotion, he was ordered to Pensacola, Fla., for flight training. This detachment wishes him many "Happy Landings." Lieutenant McAfee, who relieved Lieutenant Hayes, joins with the best wishes of the detachment for his success while with us. We regret the loss of our commanding officer, Capt. William Ulrich, who was forced to enter the San Diego hospital due to illness. It is hoped that his recovery will be a speedy one. He was relieved by Captain Atkinson and it is hoped that his stay with us will be as pleasant to him as it will be to us.

S. L. C. NEWS

By Locke

Hello, fellows, this is station S. L. C., from the good ole "Queen of the Seas," the *Salt Lake City*, broadcasting the latest doings of its very efficient Marines. A lot of water has gone past our screws since the last writing. At that time we were way down in Cuba. We'll go on from that point.

On the day before the Fleet departed from Guantanamo, there was supposed to be held the Fall Series Whaleboat Races. They were postponed until the day of departure because of rain. Our crew had been vigorously training for several weeks and was in the best of trim. The day of the race dawned with the rain still pouring down, but about eight o'clock, the rain stopped and our crew left the ship in their boat, for the Marine race was scheduled as the first event. As our crew moved to the starting line, we found the following crew handling the oars. Sergeant Rogers was the coxswain and was the trainer, Corporal Reavis was selected as stroke oarsman because of past experience,

with Private First Class Bassett as the off stroke. Behind these men were Corporal Callaghan, Privates First Class Jones, Carlson, Ireland, Prinzen, and Privates Giambone, Geary, Schleiger, Cotton and Parkman. While on the ship two men were trained and ready to be used in any last moment emergency, Privates Keenan and Owens. Finally the starting gun boomed and they were off to a fine start. Then at the finish line we saw the S. L. C. boat out front by several boat-lengths. With the *Indianapolis* second, and the *Louisville* third. In winning this race, our crew won the Barnett and Dunlap race cups, the title of Scouting Force Champs and the right to race in the All-Navy races this year, which will be held soon now. And all hands firmly believe our crew can take this race also. We cannot fail to commend Private First Class Prinzen on his rowing, who went into the race on a moment's notice to replace Corporal Bright, who had an infected hand. The crew has been rewarded for their victory with SeaFor sweaters and the ship showed their appreciation by awarding them leather wallets.

A few hours later the ship was headed for Panama. We arrived there on the 25th of October and went through the Canal that night. After spending several days anchored off Balboa, where all hands had an opportunity to buy souvenirs and to see the sights, we got underway for the place that is now our official home port, San Pedro, and arrived here on the ninth of November, exactly seven months since our departure for the East Coast.

After several weeks of liberty and reviving old acquaintances, we went up to San Francisco for a visit of ten days or so and returned here on the 17th of December. Many of our fellows have had the opportunity to go home for the holidays and are beginning to return to duty at the present writing. We trust that they all enjoyed themselves. We that remained on board had a swell time entertaining the kiddies at our annual Kiddies' party.

On the 19th of November, we received news that our Commanding Officer, 1st Lt. E. A. Pollock, was promoted to the rank of Captain. Congratulations from all hands, sir. Second Lt. G. N. Carroll completed his tour of sea duty and was transferred to Lakehurst, N. J., on our arrival here. We wish him the best of luck in his new post of duty. He was relieved by 2nd Lt. Sidney S. Wade, who came to us from the *Pennsylvania*. May he enjoy his cruise with us.

On our arrival here we lost Corporal Bright, Private First Class Prinzen and Private von Hartmann, radiomen, via the transfer route. We were sorry to see these men go and wish them the best of luck at their new posts. And to take their places we have Privates Lewis, Lundwall and Jones; all hands welcome these men aboard. To fill existing vacancies, Privates Giamboni and Keenan have been promoted to the rank of Privates First Class. And as we sign off, we all wish all Stations and Posts the best of luck during this New Year.



U.S.S. Salt Lake City Marine Whaleboaters

IDAHO SPUDS

By G. C. H.

After recovering from the usual headaches and heartaches that follow the holidays the "Spud" detachment is again settling down to the old routine. It was a swell Christmas that we had, and that party sponsored by the ship's company was a most enjoyable affair. A successful one, too, the Santa Claus bringing much laughter.

The *Idaho* is again getting in shape for a return trip to Cuba where we expect to go through the usual drills in preparation for joining the Fleet. It is hoped that in another column we can give you some good reports on these drills.

Very regrettable, that Al Stinger has to be in the hospital. He may rest assured that we all look forward to his early return.

"Two-Gun" Grossman has at last received his long awaited appointment to the press shop. If he's as handy with the iron as he is with the rod we may expect some excellent service.

Transfers this month have taken from us Sgt. John O'Conner, Pvt. "Curly" Martin, and Bunner, all of whom we found it hard to part with. Duffy, especially, feels the loss of O'Conner and Martin. For replacements we welcome Privates Robinette, Shipley, Engemen, Murphey, and Spanitz. To those who have gone we extend our best wishes for a pleasant tour and the same to those who joined us.

U. S. S. ASHEVILLE TOPICS

By T. F. Rowan

On November 27, 1934, one of the best known ships in the Asiatic Fleet left Shanghai after acting as Station Ship for six weeks. Bound for Manila and Cavite, where she will undergo an overhaul, the *Asheville* will remain in the South for a few months. Sometime during the early part of March she will return to Shanghai for another assignment as Station Ship.

Commissioned July 6, 1920, the *Asheville* sailed for the Asiatics via the Suez Canal, patrolling the Coastal Ports in protection of American lives and property. For

seven years, until April, 1929, the "Ash-Can-Mar" sailed the China Seas, visiting all ports of call in which American Men-O-War pay their respects. On April 27, 1929, she turned her nose towards the States where upon arrival she was assigned to the Special Service Squadron. The *Asheville* then patrolled the tropical waters of South America for three years. Corinto, Bluefields, Puerto Cabezas, Prinzapalka, Rio Grande, Colon and Balboa all knew her well. During all this time Marines were stationed aboard.

Leaving San Diego on January 27, 1932, the *Asheville* put her bow towards the Far East for her second tour of Asiatic duty. Arriving in Shanghai in March while things were still in a troubled state of affairs she was ordered to Hsin-Ho, where with Tientsin and Peiping but a few hours away the "Griffins" were soon initiated into the Mysteries of the Orient by the Army men. Since the day the *Asheville* left Hsin-Ho until six weeks ago, when she was assigned to Shanghai, she has, with but one exception, never remained in a port any longer than five weeks. That exception, when serving as Station Ship at Nanking for two months during the summer of 1932.

It has been a long time since the *Asheville* has been represented in these columns. The writer thinks that Corporal Ogilvie was the last correspondent. That was almost a year ago and many things have happened since, many new faces are to be seen among the personnel.

Relieving 1st Lt. Samuel S. Ballentine in December, 1933, 1st Lt. Francis M. McAlister is now in command of the detachment. We expect Lieutenant McAlister to be with us until June, 1935, when he is scheduled to return to the States.

Our baseball, basketball and swimming teams are the pride of the detachment, although we have participated in many other activities. The quintet copped the Commander-in-Chief's trophy, repeating their performance of last year. The "Ash-Can" Gyrenes more than hold their own in all of the inter-division competitions, and in addition to the basketball trophy have in their possession the swimming trophy. And

I guess you'll be interested to know that the Engineers have yet to victimize the Marines under oars—are they howling!!! (I hope they read this!)

Have you heard that Charley "Swede" Horyna has agreed to stick it out for a few more China years? Fish heads and rice will fill his menu card if he subjects himself to this Oriental territory much longer. Among our newcomers is the honorable "Hair-Trigger" Harrison, late of the Fourth Marines. It is he who was accused of painting under his eyes with lamp black to offset the glare of the sun while on the range—shades of "A" Company.

Ernest Stevens, our "IT" boy, was recently seen wearing Private First Class chevrons on his sweat shirt while officiating as a Spud Cox'n. We sometimes ponder for a shadow of his next move, what with his having already crooned over radio station XQHA, Shanghai. Private Arnold, the "Stooge" to Private First Class Hatch's publication, "The Asheville Skyline," made a crack t'other day, that Private First Class Hamilton, our "Gyp Joint Artist," couldn't work without cutting his hands and that he hoped he would learn to use his head. There might be something in it—shadows of doubt. And Private First Class Hatch is rapidly becoming Walter Winchellized!

We had no idea that French was so gesticulating a language; however, since Private First Class Archibald Howard has repaired to the top side for his lessons we harbor some thoughts that it may be. He complains that lack of space hampers his movements—and he's no Joe E. Brown!

Shades of a stranger, a shaggy looking creature, invading our compartment. Allay all fears! It's none other than the "Tiger-Man," Corporal Bogan, returning from his rest cure in the sick bay. He staggers to his locker box, retrieving not his comb or shaving gear, but after rummaging about through sundry socks, scarfs, etc., he brings forth a picture . . . and back to bed. The picture must have served as a great tonic for "Pukow" was back to duty inside of two days. We are now wondering if there will be a patch in the rift between he and



MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. ASHEVILLE

Sitting—left to right: Cpl. T. F. Rowan, Pfc. S. Mallet, 1st Lt. Francis M. McAlister (Commanding Officer), 1st Sgt. W. H. Tobin, Cpl. J. W. Bogan, Cpl. C. Horyna. Standing—left to right: Pvt. I. L. Rowley, Pvt. R. D. Keig, Pfc. M. E. Mauck, Pfc. A. Howard, Pvt. S. Marvin, Pfc. L. Hopkins, Pvt. R. V. Grant, Pfc. L. L. Oberg, Pvt. J. B. McCarthy, Pfc. H. L. Hamilton, Pvt. J. B. Dingler, Pvt. L. F. Jackson, Pvt. F. W. Bergquist, Pfc. L. A. Lang, Pvt. J. A. Evans, Pvt. J. F. Rizer, Pvt. I. V. Daughtry, Pfc. E. Stevens, Pvt. K. A. Harrison, Pvt. H. V. Moorhouse, Pfc. B. H. Hatch, Pvt. O. L. Arnold.

his erstwhile—"Iceman" Jackson.

And now for our feature, our small arms expert, none other than "Hill Billy" Lang, sometimes known as "Sophie." Lang claims Wes' Vergenni as his 'ome, calling it "God's Own Chosen Kuntry"—we wonder why he left it then. However, Lang isn't quite so loquacious. Watch him strip a sub-Thompson or engage in a verbal feud with Rowan, Hatch or Bogan. No bloodshed—yet—but we expect things should he ever assemble that Tommy gun.

By the time this reaches the States there will have been a few changes in the detachment's personnel, as Corporal Rowan, Privates First Class Mauek and Oberg, Trumpeter Miller and Private Martin are scheduled to leave us at Cavite for further transfer to the States. These men have completed their duty in the Asiatics and have elected to return to the Land of the White Man.

Sea duty in the Orient isn't bad, sometimes not so good. An "Ash-Can" Marine has a chance to really see a large part of the Orient. We are now under way from Shanghai, having come from Peiping where we fired the range. On our last trip up-Coast we stopped at Tsingtao and Chefoo, both noted summer resorts. Our itinerary after overhaul calls for a visit to Hongkong, to Amoy, Swatow and Foochow, then to Shanghai.

Did I ever tell the ones about the "Trip to Boston" or "The Typhoon of '26." . . . Crrrrraaaahhh!!—G'bye.

WYOMING'S ROAMINGS

By "Cliff"

Well, fellows, the last time I wrote the old Christmas shopping season was at hand, and I'll bet that some of you were wondering where the next stamp was coming from or what the lady-love would like for Christmas. As for us we went right on preparing for the holidays as is done on every ship; trimming the tree and decorating the compartment as well as conditions would allow. As there was already enough work for the mess-cooks, Privates Pollack and Hower generously offered their assistance in feeding the fifteen kids that were the guests of the Marine Guard. And, boys, did those children pack away the chow. What they couldn't eat they took home in paper bags provided by the entertainment committee.

During the holidays, due to the absence of a few orderlies, our shining Private Reville was substituted, and suffered an attack of "buck fever" when making his first eight o'clock report. We are afraid that Pfc. "He Man" Kinney will become muscle-bound from lack of exercise (said qualms do not include his tongue)! As Christmas approached the work became very light and stayed that way until the first day of the new year. However, on the second of January the working parties re-

sumed their aforementioned pace, and caused a lot of prejudiced dissertations on the efficiency of the Navy by Privates Barlow and Sedberry. Sergeant Wulk was seriously injured in participating in a violent game of "Ping-Pong." Corporal Livingston batted a wild ball to his head. Several of the men have taken up the "brutal sport" due to the lack of athletic accommodations. They have even gone so far as to make a table top to fit a mess-table. Due to the ingenuity of one Private First Class Key, they now have a fast "board of athletics."

We are hoping that the near future will find us with an all-Marine race-boat crew. There is surely enough beef in the detachment, and let's hope that such winter exercise as just mentioned will improve their stroke.

Corporal Brandley asserts that enjoying the company of a female for an evening can certainly wreck fifty cents. Private Pollack saw a certain movie starring little Shirley Temple and for the last few days has been sitting around mooning and sighing with a peculiar light in his eyes that is hard to interpret. Private First Class Key is also an ardent fan of our little cinema sensation—aren't we all? Private Northrop has taken up the arts of wood-carving, leather-embossing, and pipe-smoking. Private First Class Barlow, the mess-cook's friend, continually returns for chow but puts out his pay buying "Artist's Models" and "Movie" magazines to make up for it. "Tubby" Borreson only gained ten pounds during half a month's duty as "spud-cox'n."

We leave "Philly" tomorrow to go to Norfolk, where we are due to take on a battalion of Gyrenes from the F. M. F., and by the time you read this we will be somewhere in the vicinity of Cuba.

The whole guard joins me in wishing you all a Happy New Year. You'll be hearin' from me, but that might not help things any.

CHESTER CHITCHAT

Holiday season and the new year brought the Marine Detachment of the U.S.S. *Chester*, cruiser, many packages, letters, cards and headaches.

The detachment had many men on leave, Pfc. P. R. Smith and Ben Davis making Mississippi and Louisiana, respectively. Privates Chapelle and Durham enjoyed Christmas with their parents in Washington and Oregon. Cpl. B. W. Sutton, leading Benedict of the detachment, saw much of Long Beach during his leave.

Short range battle practice with the 5-inch guns faced the outfit early in January. Captain Wachtler returned to the ship late in December after treatment on the U.S.S. *Relief* for an abdominal ailment. Second Lieutenant Bronson headed the detachment during his absence.

Intensive work on loading crews and pointers and trainers has progressed through the holidays. Gun captains are Sgt. F. G. Meeker, No. 3, and Sgt. W. R. Santmyre, No. 4. At the date of writing, sets of pointers and trainers had not been finally selected for short range.

Cpl. Dola Hughes suffered severe cuts about the face after his first aerial flight. He flew from the front seat of one car to the back seat of the one in front, via the windshield route, late New Year's Eve. On the U.S.S. *Relief* for treatment, he said that flying through the air was easy, but the landing was very bad.

Sergeant Schmitt and Corporal Small have purchased cars to speed up their shore-side activities. Corporal Robinson is wondering if the outside is too cold as the time approaches for him to ship over or to go out.

Private Miller came aboard to replace Scheirer of the radio gang, detached to San Diego. Private First Class Williams has a new wrist watch; the return address on the package was New York City. Pfc. O. O. Flurry holds down his pressing job and prepares to extend his sea duty. His buddy, Pfc. Alex Bates, will follow suit.

Pfc. Joe Mann counts his sea duty on fingers of one hand, five more months. Pfc. R. J. Thrower and Private Weiss were in close competition for a beach home during the holidays. Thrower decided to stay aboard and save his money.

The Branch twins played on the basketball squad, as did also Corporal Robinson. "Big" Branch holds down the galley job and a private first class stripe ably.

The *Chester* Marines were represented by Private First Class Brooks in the heavyweight wrestling division until his elimination in the cruiser preliminary competition. Private Skelton was a good contender for heavyweight boxing honors. He knocked out Sergeant Pevton of the U.S.S. *Indianapolis*, whom many Marines will remember as the Corps light-heavy champ of years back.

"Monk" Milkiewicz is a newcomer to the wrestling squad and is considered a promising heavyweight for next year's honors. He comes out of a half-nelson by merely straightening his neck.

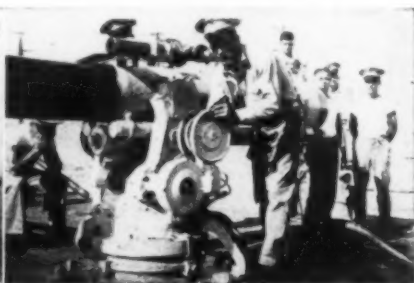
Private Haddon of the radio gang recently won specialist's pay. Private Reagan is suffering heartburn over the distance between Long Beach and Boston. Private Rodrigue states that investments in engagement rings are not always a financial success.

Privates Willis and Wooten are saving their money to buy a hamburger stand on the Long Beach Pike when their time is up. They claim that if they can get Private Anderson as a permanent cash customer, their financial success is certain.

THE MISSISSIPPI PIRATE

By Bill L. Parham

Dear readers, last month we were represented in our LEATHERNECK by a writer far better qualified to fulfil the reader's desires





MARINE DETACHMENT, U.S.S. MISSISSIPPI

Left to right, sitting: Drummer Holcombe, Private First Class Bond, Private Morgan, Private First Class Merryweather, Private Gettel, Private First Class Cain, Private Knight, Private McKnight, Private Kirkland, Private Black, Private First Class Speakman, Private Kershules. Second row: Corporal Kraynyk, Corporal Hales, Corporal Grant, Corporal Montgomery, Sergeant Johnstone, Sergeant Gurrath, 2nd Lt. D. W. Fuller, Capt. L. B. Reagan, 1st Sgt. H. O. Rasmussen, Gy-Sgt. John J. McKenna, Sergeant Pierce, Sergeant Cemeris, Corporal Via, Corporal Spahr, Corporal Doyle. Third Row: Private Sanders, Private Brown, Private Suggs, Private Cavender, Private First Class Marshburn, Private New, Private Runner, Private First Class Mann, Private Willour, Private Richardson, Private First Class Kinard, Private Ryckman, Private Epps, Private First Class Lingner, Private Shelley, Private Underwood. Fourth row: Private First Class Stuart, Private First Class Lewis, Pfc. W. E. Gandy, Private Hallman, Private First Class Cone, Private First Class Johnson, Private First Class Baker, Private First Class Gales, Private Luck, Private Dight, Private First Class Jordan, Private Lovett, Private Schmidt, Private Warner, Private First Class Sweeney. Fifth row: Private Daniels, Private First Class English, Private Carpenter, Pvt. M. P. Gandy, Private McNeill, Private Lippert, Private Ferguson, Private First Class Conlee, Private First Class Bradburn, Private Barnette, Private First Class Hicks, Private First Class Shanks, Private Hayden, Pfc. H. A. Baker, Private Markel.

than I. So, gentle friends be kind and considerate, and in return some very, very valuable information will be released. Was the expression "valuable" used? Deal! Deal!

Many changes have been made in the detachment. The old guard has gradually gone. We have quite a few unfamiliar faces and we take this opportunity to welcome them to our happy midst. Among replacements several black sheep are usually discovered. This guard has been lucky. A fine bunch of men for a good ship! First Lt. James O. Brauer was transferred aboard for duty several weeks ago. He is a fine fellow and has everyone for him, and we hope to have him with us for a long time.

The Pirate ship has been doing her share of cruising for the last six months. We have visited many new ports. Drank their beer, danced, under the tropic skies. Back into the States for Christmas! Fun and leave for everyone!

The ship spent a week at San Francisco during December. The first visit for quite a few of the men. The Golden Gate was inviting, the famed Barbary coast, and Chinatown, all offered a very interesting problem. The problem was solved to the satisfaction of everyone. Oh, yes! We wanted to go out to the island and offer Al Capone our condolences. However, we dropped the plan; we were told that the idea was not so hot!

We have a world of maneuvers coming up. Everyone is rooting for the ship to come through in fine form. We will!

Scandal? sure, by all means!

Pfc. Chester Shanks has a home (see the

writer for information concerning this home).

Pfc. H. V. Stuart has definitely given up the idea of crashing the movies.

Minute observations:

Private Daniels—"Gigolo."

Private Luck—"Strong heart."

Private First Class Speakman—"Tall, dark and?"

Private First Class Lingner—"Feminine."

Corporal Reid—"Orange blossoms in the spring."

Corporal Montgomery—"Cute" (consult Webster).

Sergeant Gurrath—"Forceful."

And, dear readers, thank you for your kind attention. Another program will be broadcast next time.

P. S.—In our last issue, it was stated that the writer of this missive had turned gladiator. I take this opportunity to announce my retirement from the squared circle. My gloves are hanging on the wall. Thank you very much.

NEW NOTES FROM THE HENDY MARU

By Kasavich and Bissonnette

(The Gold Dust Twins)

As it has been some time since any news of the good ship *Hendy Maru* appeared in these pages, we have been persuaded to enlighten our shipmates with a few well chosen items of interest.

The Marine Detachment, commanded by First Lieutenant Pyziek, consists of 21 members. 1st Sgt. Cecil R. Bates, recently of the 4th Marines, is the "Top-Soldier,"

ably assisted by Cpl. Don Rytter, who handles the company clerk duties. Sgt. "Big Mac" McKinstry holds down the fort as detachment police sergeant, also being responsible for the cleanliness of the troop class passenger's compartments. "Mac," as he is well known throughout the Corps, can certainly "pour it on 'em" when it comes to E. P. D., as testified by numerous well-meaning but slightly misinformed privates who have run afoul of him. The remainder of the detachment is made up of 6 privates first class and 11 privates, who stand the regulation telephone and Skipper's orderly watches. Duty on the whole is most agreeable.

The voyage thus far: Mare Island to Norfolk has been very quiet. Several notables are making the trip, among them being a Congressional party.

Short-timers comprise the majority of the 92 troops aboard, all anxious after cruises spent in China, the Philippines, Guam, etc., for the final day when they can either "ship-over" or take a run-out powder, and try to whip the depression.

"Jimmy" Jordan, First Sergeant par excellence, and sometimes known as the "Russian Ambassador" to Cavite, calls the daily muster list at Quarters, and handles the troops at formations, etc. His many friends throughout the Corps will be interested to know that his talk is still of Casanova's, Ludlow's, St. Georges, and Dreamland, not to mention many heart-rending sighs over the stately Nina, she of the golden locks and limbs of a follies dancer. Her Russian wiles have certainly left their stamp on our James. Yeah,

(Continued on page 38)

Miscellany

LIEUTENANT ABEL MAKING RECORD AT ARMY SCHOOL

Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois.—First Lt. A. D. Abel, U. S. Marine Corps, Aircraft One, Fleet Marine Force, Quantico, Virginia, is making an enviable record here at the Air Corps Technical School. In addition to very high in his student standing, Lieutenant Abel is making a flying record also. For the month of December he was second high in flying time on the station with forty-one hours and ten minutes. During this time he flew an open cockpit transport in zero weather to Atlanta, Georgia; Langley Field, Quantico, to Bolling Field, Pittsburgh, Selfridge Field and return here with six members of the Chanute Field basketball team as his passengers.

According to Lieutenant Abel's story, many adverse conditions were encountered. On a night flight from Fort Bragg to Langley, his radio cut out for a few minutes that seemed hours and he flew blind into Langley. On leaving Bolling Field on the return trip he encountered a snow storm over the mountains and staggered into Pittsburgh with only one gallon of gasoline left in the auxiliary tank after landing. He cut on his last supply of gasoline (18 gallons) just eighteen minutes before he sighted Pittsburgh. As the pilot sits outside in the type of plane he was flying, there was only the sign system of communication to his passengers and when the engine sputtered a little on shifting tanks, his passengers all threatened to jump.

Under the coaching of First Lieutenant Bisson of the Army and Lieutenant Abel, the basketball team won six of the seven games played on the flight and the game lost was protested as Fort Monroe is alleged to have played officers on a supposed to be enlisted team.

Lieutenant Abel is general handy man, having received a letter of commendation from Major Junius W. Jones, the Commanding Officer, for his work in handling the large visiting personnel here during the Army-Illinois football game last fall.

ALWAYS ABLE TO GET LT. ABEL

When there is a long cross country to be made on the week-end and the Army officers make excuses the Staff Sergeant in charge of the operations here says, "Call up that Marine Officer, Lieutenant Abel, we can always get him to go anywhere."

NEVILLE RETURNS TO LINE DUTY

By Willard M. Mills

Sgt. Thomas J. Neville, on January 1, 1935, returned to line duty after eight years of recruiting at Western Headquarters, Los Angeles. With one cruise yet to serve before retiring after thirty years of Leathernecking, he will report to the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, for duty, after a ninety-day furlough.

Transferred to the Western Division in October, 1926, Sergeant Neville has handled every end of recruiting duty from street recruiter to office clerk. He has served as truck driver, bill poster, sign painter, NCO-in-charge of sub-district recruiting stations, one-man reception committee and

telephone orderly. He handled the publicity, made contacts by letter, and in his spare time pored over volumes of training regulations in an effort to absorb the principles of warfare becoming the knowledge of a gunnery sergeant.

Off duty Sergeant Neville cared for his home and family in the Los Angeles suburb, Reseda. There he maintained a small rancho, tended his goats, rabbits, ducks and chickens.

In justice to his untiring efforts in behalf of the Corps it might be said that recruiting duty today is nothing like that of days gone by. The passing of street recruiting, instead of cutting down on the work, merely served to increase it. Offices pursue a newly adopted and commendable method of recruiting by radio broadcasts and contacts by letter, which with the influx of candidates for enlistment



Sgt. Thomas J. Neville

caused by the depression has served to keep a man busy throughout every day. To these additional tasks Sergeant Neville went about with his characteristic alacrity.

On leaving this district we all wished him every success in his bid for his desired rank and a happy final tour of duty.

YE OLDE CHATTER BOX Philadelphia, Pa.

Well, we're in the columns again, folks, just as we promised. We hope you all had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Strange as it may seem, mates, we do have several winter golf enthusiasts around these parts; namely, Corporal Adalac, Privates Preston, Hausman (or should I say Axle Hausman?) and Reeves. Of course, we are all cognizant of the fact that this is rather an inopportune time to be golfing—which is, by the way, done on the parade ground. Diligent practice is the se-

same to championships. Since a golf course is under construction in the Navy Yard—and it's sure going to be a honey, too!—we are, therefore, doing our summer practice now. Two hundred good Marine dollars have been appropriated from the Amusement Fund to help build these Golf Links. There, my fellow readers, you have the denouement of the winter golf mania in Philadelphia.

Marines here at these Barracks will be tennis minded next summer because \$850 is being spent right now to construct two tennis courts and a handball court.

Jiminy cats! What's this Marine Corps coming to? Now we have two well known members of the Clerical School chiseling in on the elite of Philadelphia. This should have been a case for the Navy Yard sleuth, Cpl. Harold Tupper; however, since the foregoing facts revealed themselves, I didn't deem it necessary to engage the services of "The Sleuth" to expound the circumstances. I'll tell you more about "The Sleuth" later. He's a most enigmatic and interesting chap.

The two socialites in question are none other than Pvt. Nat Dixon and Tom Preston. Private Dixon had seen an opera advertised, hence, he decided that he would like to attend one and get a taste of what it was like to mingle with the aristocrats.

But, alas! Again he was confronted by an ominous obstacle; one that is an intricate problem for us all to overcome—financial distress! A wild thought, however, afforded him much elation. Why not write the opera company, thought he to himself, and make them aware of his semipiternal interest in operas and of his desire to attend same, but due to his pecuniary deficiencies, he is not afforded the privilege. This he did, and shortly after he received a reply, instructing him to present the inclosed letter at the stage door and ask for the president. The boys adhered to instructions as set forth, and consequently, had the honor of witnessing an opera with the "upper crust" of Philadelphia. What a Marine won't do!

Here's some dope on "The Sleuth," mates. Yes, it's the ubiquitous Cpl. Harold K. Tupper. Whenever we hear someone ejaculate "lock all the doors and windows," Tupper is at work again prying into some mystery. Yes, he's a finger print student—and how! He already has the finger prints of practically every guy in camp. Corporal Tupper is the pay roll clerk in the First Sergeant's office, and every time people come into the office, they leave their finger prints somewhere. Sur-reptitiously then, Tupper sneaks up and gets a print of these finger tips. The latest scandal out now, is that Tupper is sending these finger prints to the boys' respective home towns and inquiring as to whether any of them are wanted for any misdemeanors. If they are, he exposes their identity and rendezvous, thereby exacting a reward. I think I'll have to stay on good terms with Tupper. His henchman is Cpl. Clyde Simms, the correspondence clerk in the Top's office. Tupper went into his work with such elan that he has Simms on the point where he wants to be a secret agent. I fear for Simms, though, because he is inclined to be an amorous chap. But that is another obstacle for us all to overcome. Simms is walking around in circles lately; I am afraid it is going to result in a conjugality before long. I feel for you, mate!

A new small bore range has been erected in the basement of Barracks No. 1. This range is now completed and ready for fir-

(Continued on page 38)

THE LEATHERNECK

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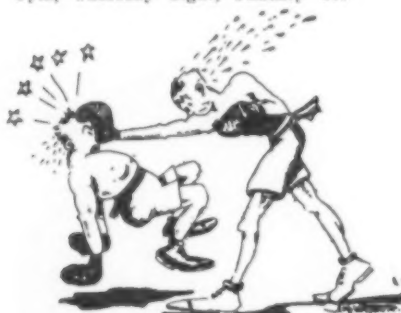
February, 1935

SPORTS

QUANTICO SMOKER PROVES REAL FIGHT CARD

BY CHARLES S. ADAMS, JR.

AFTER a slow start which saw the first round go to his opponent, Tpr. Luther N. Untz, Jr., 164, came back in the second round to apply a left-handed dose of sleeping tonic to the chin of Cpl. Paul J. Rupakus, 164, in their bout on the card of the Quantico Smoker held in the Post Gym, Thursday night, January 10.



Rupakus started fast after what looked like a decision in his favor. He ran his musically inclined opponent around the ring under a shower of rights and lefts to the face and body. In the second round Untz repeated Rupakus' opening round performance, only with better success. His left started working with telling effect, one of them clipping his victim over the right eye, sending him to a corner in that condition which leaves one lacking in the knowledge of what's going on about him. Referee Capt. L. L. Gover raised Tpr. Untz's arm as a signal of victory.

For his remarkable comeback and display of ability and sportsmanship Tpr. Untz received an award of fifteen dollars cash which had been announced as an extra award for the best exhibition on the card. The award was well received by the audience, a crowd which filled every available amount of space in the Gym.

In the six round final, Pvt. John W. Segars, veteran ringman, took only two minutes to finish Pvt. John W. Thomas, former Haitian champ. One of Segars' Dempsey-like one-two punches caught his opponent on the chin, sending him down for the count. Both fighters weighed 165.

Pvt. Eugene R. Harrington, of the Washington Barracks, took an easy decision over Pvt. John F. "Buster" Jones, in the six round semi-final. Harrington toyed with his opponent throughout the bout, leaving him roaming about the ring, yet unable at any time to put over a finishing punch. Jones' inability to keep his face covered gave Harrington's flying fists an

easy target, and there were plenty of 'em in the "black."

The card consisted of eight four-round bouts, each with two minute rounds, and the six-round finals, also with two minute rounds, forty-four rounds of boxing in all. The rabid fans were deprived of fifteen of these rounds due to knockouts—but what fan doesn't wish for a KO instead of a few rounds of idle leather pushing?

In the other bouts the fans were given action aplenty. Starting the card, Pvt. Harry Murphey and Pte. William B. Barnett, both at 145 pounds, fought to a draw, which decision didn't seem to agree with the opinion of the fans. Following the opener Pvt. B. L. Golden gained a verdict over Pvt. William D. Phipps. Golden tipped the scales at 147, Phipps 148. The next two bouts saw Pvt. Victor E. Burgess, Jr., 140, take the judges' decision over Pvt. Robert S. Belford, 140, and Pvt. Raymond F. Kennedy, 139, piled up enough points to get the hand over Tpr. James F. Funk.

Pvt. Charles A. McManus, 145, started the succession of short-lived encounters when he was pummeled into a state of unconsciousness by Pvt. Eric B. Ives, 145. Ives weathered a terrific shower of rights and lefts in the second, only to come back in the third and knock his opponent down twice, the bell saving McManus on his second trip to the canvas. When QM-Sgt. John S. Hale sounded the gong for the beginning of the fourth round McManus was unable to get to his feet. Ives was given a technical knockout. His left to the chin followed by a terrific right to McManus' kidneys, in the third, had foretold the outcome.

Pvt. Theodore Cottun, 170, then took up where Ives left off, leaving his opponent, Private Kaiser, 170, peacefully sleeping in a corner, evidently enjoying his close proximity to the resin.

Pvt. Wade B. Hatch, 188, after kissing the canvas three times in the opening round, was saved from further punishment at the hands of Pfc. Paul D. Eastley, 180, when Referee Gover stopped the bout. Another technical knockout.

The evening, from a boxing standpoint, was one of the best ever afforded Marine Corps fight fans. The twelve bouts saw five Kayoes, which is far above the average for most Corps Smokers. Under the direction of the Post Athletic Officer, Lt. Col. Maurice E. Shearer, the fighters were well matched and with a fifteen dollar bonus at stake, in addition to the regular awards, they all gave their best.

Judges for the fights were Lt. Col. Charles J. Miller, Maj. Roger W. Peard and Maj. Leroy P. Hunt. Capt. Lewis L. Gover, Capt. Ronald A. Boone and Capt. Max Smith shared the duty of being the third man in the ring. Each handled four bouts very commendably. The announcing was handled by Sgt. Joseph Walters.

Of the ten winners, five were from the F.M.F., two from Aviation, one from Marine Corps Schools, one from Service Detachment, and one from the Washington Barracks.

The Post Band, under the direction of Chief Marine Gunner Horace Talbot, played prior to the fight program.

SPORT SCRIBES FRONT AND CENTER

Send the news of your Detachment's athletic events to The Leatherneck.

If you contribute General Broadcast, please keep Sport Features separate. Help build up the Sports Section.

K. O. SEEGARS DISCHARGED FROM MARINE CORPS

By Phil Haensler

By the time that this article appears in print K. O. Seegars, one of the most prominent fistic luminaries the old Corps has ever possessed, will have his mail addressed as "Mr." instead of the customary "Private," for Johnnie has left the old Corps, for an even sterner battle with One-Round Outside, who has polished off many an experienced pug, and in less than one round! Seegars distinguished himself by his ring work in Florida, and at Fort Lauderdale and Miami had his work toasted by some of the Floridian sports columnists and if you don't think this is some feat, you're slightly woozy, old boy.

As a matter of record, K. O., as he is called by his friends, had no trouble with the battlers he faced in Florida, and even gained a verdict over Spiker "Whatta Man Webb," whose pan is enough to send children scurrying in the direction of their mother's apron strings.

Here's to you, K. O., may you continue on your winning ways, and add One Round Outside to the list of your victims who have tumbled in the dust of the squared circle. The entire First Battalion and then some will be pulling for you to come through, and every time you amble through the ropes, you'll have the boys on your side. Remember what this inspiration did to Gene Tunney that slightly moist night at Philadelphia!

THE LEATHERNECK

The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

ONCE A MARINE ALWAYS A MARINE

How often do we hear the word misused—Ex-Marine.

There are no ex-Marines. The very slogan of our Corps and League forbids it. From the day you take the oath of a recruit until Gabriel blows final "taps" you are a MARINE. It is in your blood and you could not cast it off if you would.

There may be ex-soldiers, ex-sailors and even ex-presidents; but first, last and always, Semper Fidelis, we serve—the Ex-Marine is a myth.

And while we are on the subject of loyalty, why is it that past national officers lose their interest in the League as soon as they go out of office? We hear their constant cry for cooperation while they strut in the limelight but when the other fellow needs some they fold up. Eleven years of contact at National, State and Divisional Conventions, as well as scores of visits to other detachments has given me an unusual opportunity to study and observe the variety of characters that comprise the League.

First of all, get me right. I have found the great majority of the members faithful workers who glory in the fact that they are Marines and who strive at all times to advance the interests of the Corps and League. This must be so or the League would not survive all these years. But no large group of men can be all perfect and naturally we have our comedians and tragedians as well as any other outfit, as witness:

The Strutter—He seldom attends meetings, never does his part in membership drives or other useful activities of the detachment which require work or sacrifice. But let there be a dinner, ball or any other gathering where he can "do his stuff" and watch him shine. His voice tops all others when the "Marine Hymn" is sung, although he may be a bit careless with the words, he makes a noisy pretense at giving a helping hand to those that do work and tries to create the impression among the guests that he is "the big shot."

The Publicity Hound—This pest generally gets his opening by volunteering to handle the press work for the detachment and uses it to sing his own praises. He specializes in the personal pronoun and can be found "front and center" in any group picture.

The Politician—Most detachments have one, but he is in his glory at a National Convention. He is in the League for what he can get and does not stay long. Always talks big money and makes rash promises of putting the League on the map in exchange for some high office.

The Chronic Objector—This bird can be counted on to put a damper on any meet-

ing. He questions the legality of any motion or suggestion, prolongs meaningless arguments and generally winds up by admitting he never read the by-laws.

And last of all, the Sore-Head—In the main, this individual is a wind-bag. He is a good sport when things go his way but whines and sulks when defeated for office and refuses to cooperate.

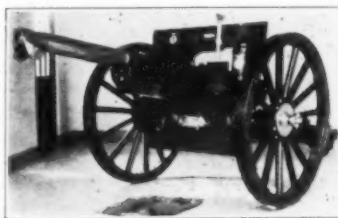
We admit the above is not a very cheerful message, but as most of the detachment chiefs of staff fell down on their assignments and failed to send in copy again this month, that happens to be our present mood. So, if you want a little sunshine spread through this column, come across.

FRANK X. LAMBERT,
Asst. National Chief of Staff.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Albany-Troy-Schenectady, N. Y.

Howdy, comrades. Last month I was among the missing due to a misunderstanding, but from now on I'll be with you until my term expires. Last meeting we were honored with a visit from our Past Commandant, Don Jacobs, now living in



New York City. Glad to see you, Don. Call again.

This detachment and the Department of New York were very fortunate in selling Governor Lerman the idea of proclaiming November 10 as Marine Day. Henceforth it will be known as such in this state. The bulk of the credit for this accomplishment goes to two of our charter members, Capt. Bert Fay, U.S.M.C.R., and good old hard-working Christ Cunningham, our Adjutant and Paymaster.

Lew Ballard, our wanderer, is back with us again. Lew, as some of you may know, hitchhiked to the National Convention at Denver. Where to now, Lew?

Our meetings of late have been exceptionally well attended, due, I believe, to our commandant's new ideas of a short business and a long social session. This change of procedure appears to have re-

vived the interest and increased the good-fellowship amongst the members which seemed to have been ebbing under the old routine. So now we are on the right road again, getting at least one new member every month and holding the pace to keep our standing as one of the biggest and best detachments in the League.

LEON E. (Music) WALKER,
Chief of Staff.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

The winter season to date has found the old T. R. Detachment running a series of beano parties, whist parties and housewarmings by which the outfit has profited to no small degree, both from a viewpoint of good-fellowship as well as finance. The second Tuesday of the month has usually found the local group of "Manning's Crazy Leathernecks" and their auxiliary occupied in games of beano and whist.

Sergeant and Mrs. Lawrence F. "Jim" Corbett, he of the hirsute adornment, were the hosts of both ours and the Cape Cod Detachment and auxiliaries. Any Marine who has served with Jim during his thirty-odd years of service, or who is connected with the League in these here parts will vouch for the fact that a good time is to be had where Jim is concerned.

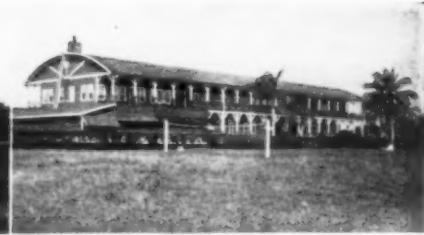
Another housewarming was held by Commandant and Mrs. William N. Anderson, at their new home in South Weymouth. After considerable cruising around the various groups finally located S. Weymouth and the Anderson homestead. (So, Weymouth is in back of a billboard in Quincy).

Among those present were Divisional Commandant and Mrs. Samuel L. Spottswood, National Adjutant John B. Hinckley, Jr., and Mrs. I mean Miss Smith of Dorchester; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rowlee, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Watts, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Norrish, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. George Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stanley and Mrs. Theresa Robinson, all of our detachment. Needless to say a good time was had by all. A successful whist party held recently by the Cape Cod Detachment was also well attended by our outfit.

LOUIS S. BERGSTROM,
Chief of Staff.

THE TWO JOHNS SPEAKING

It was noted in last month's issue of THE LEATHERNECK that several regular correspondents were absent and this, no doubt, was due to stress of making preparations for the holidays on the part of the several chiefs of staff. We sincerely trust



that this issue contains all our regulars, and also a few new ones. We again emphasize that all copy for *THE LEATHERNECK* must be sent to Frank X. Lambert, Assistant NCOS, 3671 Broadway, New York, N. Y., before the fifth of each month. Several sent their copy to our desk, and this necessitated our forwarding to proper office, and some month much-needed copy will be left out due to failure to arrive in time, as *only* the Assistant NCOS has authority to send copy to magazine.

Our appeal for invitations for our next National Convention does not receive the replies we had anticipated, and unless we want another last minute site picked out this year, the detachments had better send along their invitations. The holding of a National Convention is NOT the tough assignment that some detachments think, and the only tough part of this is *picking the proper location*. If you feel your city is a place where a large and representative body of Marines would assemble, then send along an invitation. Let this site and date be chosen in time so Marines can arrange their vacations so as to be with us.

Every month a bulletin is sent every detachment and if you don't hear it read, ask your detachment officers WHY. No need going to this expense unless bulletins are read, and we try to put important business in them. The League now has a supply department that functions promptly and prices are comparable with those of any veteran organization. Money can be saved all detachments on Colors, stationery, auto emblems, shoulder insignia, caps, and grave markers, so why not patronize your own supply department? Profits derived from these sales are used to help finance operation of the league. The Hudson-Mohawk detachment has gone to quite a bit of expense arranging for dies for a larger grave marker, and now is the time for detachments to arrange for procuring their markers, as orders must be filed in advance. Memorial Day will be too late.

Thanks are herewith extended all who remembered us with cards during the Holiday period, and all were very much appreciated. Our correspondence fell off the past month, but several new Marines joined our lists, and all Marines are invited to send us word anytime that National Headquarters may be of service to them. Several Vera Cruz medals were procured for Marines rating them, and we have been able to get a few discharges for Marines who had lost their originals. The National Headquarters of the U. S. Marine Corps gladly cooperate with this office, and the prompt attention given our appeals for service is herein acknowledged, and the thanks of the League are extended Lieut. Col. Joseph C. Fegan for his courteous assistance.

We suggest that the story by Oakland, Cal., detachment in this issue be read, and all interested in the several subjects treated are invited to drop John E. Brock, 570 24th Street, Oakland, Cal., a line for fur-

ther information. While all members should be trying to increase the membership for the League itself, the Devil Dogs would help in that line if membership in it were limited *ONLY* to those bringing one or more new members into the League. All work and no play makes anyone dull, but when we go to the other extreme and make it all play, our organization suffers. Let's have a playground, but let membership in this playground be dependent upon active service to the League, and bringing in new members is real he-man active service.

Dues are coming along in fine shape, but several detachments are not keeping step with the others, and unless dues are paid when due, subscriptions to *THE LEATHERNECK* stop. If you want your magazine regularly, see that your dues are paid promptly. The charter taxes are not receiving the attention they rate either, and every member should feel obligated to see that HIS detachment's are sent in on the first of each month.

Until March—Adios.

JOHN F. MANNING and
JOHN B. HINCKLEY, JR.

AKRON DETACHMENT

Akron, Ohio

Well, here's how to a new year, full of the best things for all members of the Marine Corps and the Marine Corps League, from the Akron Detachment.

Although we were absent from the monthly confab of the columns of *THE LEATHERNECK*, it was through no lack of activity, for, as you read this issue, this detachment will be lodged in its new clubrooms. Long the ambition of the men of this outfit, the clubrooms have at last become a reality, largely because every man and the ship's cook put their shoulders to the wheel and gave the push necessary to put it across; and we are rather proud of the fact. All members of both the active branch of the service and the League are invited to drop in on this detachment at the new home at 29½ S. Main Street at any time that they may honor our fair city with a visit. One of the first to drop in on us was Pvt. Frank Devine of Company "H," Second Battalion, Fifth Regiment, who paid us a visit during his holiday leave.

Present plans call for the Grand Opening of the club on Saturday the 19th, with a Fish Fry and entertainment of various sorts.

And now, because we must give all our time to putting on the finishing touches, we must run along and we'll have some interesting "dope" for you next month.

DON RENNIE,
Adjutant.

TUCSON DETACHMENT

Tucson, Ariz.

Greetings, Gyrenes. It's a bit late to say "Happy New Year," but here's hoping the year 1935 brings health and prosperity to all and gives us a larger and better Marine Corps League. The National

Officers are making every effort to put the League on a sound basis and this detachment wishes them every success. We will try to do our part. We are very glad to learn that *THE LEATHERNECK* will not be discontinued as our official publication. It is the outstanding service man's magazine and we wish to congratulate the Editor and his staff.

This Detachment put on its first dance December 29th at the Women's Club, Tucson. Dancing was enjoyed from 9 to 12 with refreshments and entertainment. Miss Margaret Priser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Priser, gave an exhibition of tap dancing. Can she pick 'em up and lay 'em down. The little girl certainly got a big hand. The fact that many of our guests asked about the next Marine dance indicates that this one was a success. The writer extends his appreciation for the work done by all hands and particularly to Burton Barnes of Philippine Island fame, Forrest Priser, Fred Woods and Robert Druba. They brought in the bacon.

Our increase in membership was slow in 1934 but a special effort is being made and we expect to get results in the early part of 1935. Corporal Carl Adams of the Marine Base, San Diego, Calif., was our guest at the dance and seemed to have the situation well in hand. Come to Tucson often, Carl.

We congratulate all the new detachments for getting started and hope to see more new ones. Let's make 1935 a record year.

E. D. COBB,
Commandant.

CAPE COD DETACHMENT

Quincy, Mass.

Cape Cod aims to keep up there with the best of them and let the world know we are still doing business. At the last meeting it was voted to hold future meetings for a while at different members' homes, with the idea that this will stimulate interest among the ladies and maybe start us up a valuable asset which we know is laying partly dormant at present. The idea is to organize an auxiliary which will hold meetings on the same night as the detachment. The next meeting is to be held at the home of Vice Commandant Eric Hedin, 148 Nilson Street, Brockton, on Thursday evening, January 10, 1935. Speaking from a well informed source, I claim that all who attend will be amply repaid for their time and trouble.

Paymaster Raymond Rowlee and his better half sponsored two whist parties during the past month and not even the elements could keep them from going over big, but did it rain? Wish they were quintuplets, so we would have that much more of a working crew.

There was talk at the last meeting of holding a series of socials, the proceeds to go into a building fund, the idea being to get a lot at some beach or lake and build a place where the Marines and their families can go and enjoy themselves.

General Smedley D. Butler was among:

us last week. Quite a delegation turned out to hear him and the reception committee from the Marine Corps League, headed by 1st Sgt. William Cavan, gave the General a hearty welcome. "Tippy" and his old commanding officer had quite a fau-
fest after the oration.

JAMES C. THOMAS,
Chief of Staff.

NEW YORK DETACHMENT No. 1

New York City

All hands are busy plugging for the success of our Eleventh Annual Dinner Dance to be held at the Knights of Columbus Club Hotel, 51st Street and Eighth Avenue on Saturday evening, February 16th, National Commandant John F. Manning and his adjutant, John Hinckley (The Two Johns), will be the guests of honor. Eastern Seaboard Divisional Commandant Al King and Phil Manning are expected from Hackensack, N. J.; New Jersey State Commandant George O'Brien from Jersey City, and Oliver Kelly, Commandant of Burwell H. Clarke Detachment of Newark, with their ladies fair. Chris Wilkinson, past vice commandant, and Mrs. Wilkinson will drive up from Washington, D. C. Chris has never missed one of our annual dinners and vows to keep his record intact. State Commandant George Kretschman is also expected from Elmira, N. Y.

Our detachment went on record at the December meeting as endorsing the recommendations of the Secretaries of War and the Navy, as well as the department heads and Congressional Committee, to increase the personnel and equipment of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Letters to that effect were sent to the sponsors as well as all members of Congress from Greater New York.

Our December meeting was somewhat disrupted by the visit of a Marine of the vintage of wooden ships and iron men, when a man was judged by the length of his handle-bar mustache and the amount of bad liquor he could consume. After reluctantly acceding to his demand to suspend parliamentary procedure while he bought drinks for the house, the meeting resumed peacefully when the genial souse consumed more than he could hold and fell asleep.

Joseph P. Vanslet, who has been active in the detachment for many years, was elected Second Vice Commandant to succeed Chris Wilkinson, another old-timer, who recently left to take up a permanent position in Washington, D. C. Louis Esposito was appointed Almoner by Commandant Lambert to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Vanslet.

Adjutant Harold L. Walk outlined a proposition through which we can finance the purchase of new Colors to replace the treasury. The idea will be taken up lost standard and have a neat surplus for after the dinner dance is out of the way.

CAPT. PAUL F. HOWARD,
Chief of Staff.

OAKLAND DETACHMENT

Oakland, Calif.

In spite of winter, the Oakland Detachment is in full bloom and as usual buzzing with the utmost of activity. That, our good comrades of the Far East and Middle West, means we are planning on one of the biggest years of the M. C. L. The Devil Dogs is no longer just hearsay; as a matter of fact we are now in the organizing stage, with three members already known as charter members. Strange to say the three are the ones who have been working on putting this over.

This playground unit will put on all of the initiatory work of new recruits for the Detachment. It will in no way hamper us but will serve to further promote the cause of the Oakland Detachment and the Marine Corps League. As we progress and perfect our plans, we have an idea that other Detachments will follow suit. Those not members will be known as DOG MEAT. The Devil Dogs pledge themselves to promote plenty of cheerful moments, and to prevent the invasion of Gloom and other hindrances.

On February 22 we will handle the erection of a flagpole and ceremonies, in the War Memorial Plaza, dedicated to the veterans of the World War by the City of Oakland. We consider this quite an honor. On December 27 we were hosts to Santy Claus and all the kiddies of members from this Detachment. Everybody was happy, presents, candy and entertainment climaxing the affair. December 31 we celebrated New Years, Turkey Buffet, dancing, refreshments, entertainment, noisemakers and other means of saying hello to the New Year.

The advocacy of a National Police Force is taking on plenty of interest. Membership is on the steady increase. Some of the live-wires see no reason why the National Convention should not be held here. It looks like we are going to make a strong bid for it. Perhaps there's a reason. Best of luck to our National Office and every detachment that has the stuff to keep on going places.

JOHN E. BROCK,
Chief of Staff.

JAMES E. OWENS DETACHMENT

Denver, Colo.

Our last regular meeting was held at the home of Marine Karl Lee. Every one seemed to be interested in getting right down to business, also to close the meeting immediately after business was completed. The meeting was of a lightening nature, and the cause for this naturally, was eats and drinks. The meeting was a success and so were the eats and refreshments. Our next meeting will be January 14th. The ladies are invited to attend this meeting with a cup, saucer, and all the sandwiches and cake they can bring, then the Marines will have the situation well in hand. By the way, how are the holiday spirits holding out?

Mr. and Mrs. Owens and daughter gave a New Year's watch party. Most of the members were present to enjoy the beer "and how." Mrs. Owens surprised the Leathernecks with a turkey dinner and all the trimmings, shortly after midnight. At that time the Detachment presented her with a bouquet of roses, which was a surprise also; that makes us even up.

ALPHONSO ENDRIZZI,
Chief of Staff.

HOMER A. HARKNESS DETACHMENT

Jersey City, N. J.

Yowsah . . . back to life and hoping that all ye little comrades had a wonderful holiday . . . whether it was vanilla or lemon extract or what have you, as Charlie Jaeger would say. Our Chief of Staff, Jack Nyire, has been ill and this Winchelling has been passed to yours truly . . . so here goes.

The Homer A. Harkness Detachment has been so busy running affairs and trying to accomplish good that the boys are on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Our genial

and capable Commandant Charles Patrick Angelo has the boys hopping and since he assumed command we have been getting great times as he had the happy forethought to appoint Bill Coughlin and Tom "Mazon" Botti as Entertainment Chairmen.

November . . . the ladies of the members gave a card party and dance for the gang and how they put it over has the town talking . . . they put some wood in the treasury and gave the boys a good idea of what a woman can do . . .

December 23 Thomas Koehka; our Mel-lonized paymaster, came down the chimney of our meeting hall at the Moose Club in Jersey City and greeted more than 100 children and friends of the members. This Christmas Party was a huge success . . . all the kiddies received a present and ice cream and cakes were served by our Mess Sergeant, Jimmy Milford. Charlie Gallagher sang the Seagram Crown song . . . and was he.

January is here and as you read this we will have finished our card party and dance sponsored by the men to be held at the Peoples Palace in good old Skeeter-town.

To show our appreciation to those who supported us in the past we have arranged with the *New York Times* to have their entire Minstrel Show conducted by the Entertainment Committee of that paper come to Jersey City and give a performance on February 7 in the Dickinson High School. Through the courtesy of Joe Collins, secretary to Mayor Frank Hague, the Board of Education has consented to the use of the school. The members will get tickets and distribute them free to all. If any of the boys can make it we will be glad to have them with us and they won't be sorry.

On February 18 last year one of the greatest Marines answered the Supreme Roll Call, Homer Harkness. Later the Potterton Choristers composed of school children between the ages of six and sixteen broadcasted a memorial service over radio station WHOM. Many a tear of love and affection was shed . . . and after a year the memories of Homer grow stronger and dearer . . . so Commandant Angelo upon recommendation of Past Commandant Jack Brennan will endeavor to have this program repeated on the anniversary of his demise . . . he appointed Jack chairman to consult Commissioner Arthur Potterton and arrange the memorial services . . . as the Commissioner was one of Homer's best friends, the matter will be arranged, we are sure.

In the near future, Charlie Angelo, our commandant, will contact Bert Eutemey, an undertaker of China, who lays them away for Chinatown, New York, and plans will be formed for a sight seeing tour of Chinatown . . . we will see the unusual things and not the ordinary tours one pays for . . . if the boys listening in care to attend just watch for the date.

Past Commandant Hugh Murtha was presented a cocktail set. Here's how . . . and in conclusion little Tiny Gallagher was a guest at our last meeting and throwing out his six years of manly chest sang the "Marine Hymn."

JACK BRENNAN.

CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARKE DETACHMENT Newark, N. J.

Now that the holidays have passed, this detachment settles down to a constructive program for the coming year. The first thing out of the bag is our annual Military

(Continued on page 37)

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

FIFTH BATTALION, F. M. C. R., TO RECEIVE COLORS

For the first time in history a Marine Reserve Battalion will receive official colors when at the Color Presentation Ball, to be held February 1, 1935, colors authorized by the Major General Commandant will be presented to the Fifth Marine Reserve Battalion, of Washington. It is an honor that is deeply appreciated by every officer and man of the organization and the ceremony of the presentation promises to be a brilliant success.

It is singular that the first endeavor of this nature by the newly organized Fifth should not only be of great social importance, but also outstanding insofar as it will add a new page to the already crowded Marine Corps history.

The early part of the evening will be given over to the color ceremony and the presentation of new company guidons. Following this will be dancing which will last from 10 to 1, with music to be furnished by a popular Washington orchestra. It is hoped that the Battalion will be honored with the presence of no few distinguished Marine Corps officers.

Arrangements are being made to hold the ball at either the Willard Hotel or the Washington Hotel. Members of the committee on arrangements includes Lieutenants O. L. Rogers, Chairman; L. Burrows, Treasurer; A. H. Marks, Publicity Director; J. A. Hennessy; R. R. Hill, R. H. Adams, Jr., A. G. Palmer; Gunnery Sergeants Lichtenberg and Dondero; Sergeants T. Smith, J. L. Johnson, and Corporal D. A. Bloom.

"C" CO., 19TH RESERVE MARINES DANCE

By The Reporter

And now we take you by remote control to the beautiful Casino of the Air Ballroom, located in the Hotel Montclair, New York City, where the Fifth Annual Dance of Company "C," First Provisional Battalion, 19th Reserve Marines, is in full swing.

The occasion is the high spot in the Marines' social life. Gayety, friendship, all together make it a gala evening, a military ball that is making Marine Corps Reserve history.

Represented are the Marine Corps, Army, Navy, National Guard, R. O. T. C., C. M. T. C. (possibly some NRA's and FERA's, etc., they being rather "underecover" we wouldn't recognize them), American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, all under one roof. A heterogeneous crowd . . . colorful . . . revelry and laughter ring out. Beautifully gowned young ladies . . . silk and cotton rubbing shoulders, Dunn and Bradstreet ratings forgotten for the evening. There is a lady in ermine . . . another in sable . . . another in calico. Color! All common clay for this occasion.

Gunnery Sergeant Loiso is all about, giving orders quietly . . . First Sergeant Dowling getting people seated in the banquet hall . . . Corporal Deacon handling his M. P.'s—Schroeder, Gilstorf, Papenmeyer, Yankowski and Keane . . . they're doing a swell job with that over-flow crowd.

Capt. Howard W. Houck, "C" Company commander, is all about . . . smiling . . .

greeting friends . . . he seems to know everybody.

The orchestra is now playing the "Marine Hymn"—everyone is dancing . . . singing this famous piece. WHAT A NIGHT!

And now to the strains of "Why Can't This Night Go On Forever," we leave this scene of joy and glee. Sad, but they can't last forever.

To the ladies' committee, composed of Mrs. H. W. Houck, Misses Eleanor Young, Margaret McDonald, Mildred White, much credit is due for their efforts which made our evening such a success.

The Marine Corps bronze plaque, offered for the best unit present, was presented to Company "B," commanded by 1st Lt. F. W. Lindlaw.

Organizations present were: 1st Prov. Battalion, commanded by Capt. J. J. Dolan; 1st Separate Battalion, commanded by Major George Bettex; Second Battalion, commanded by Major M. L. Krulewitch.

BUCKEYE NEWS

By Vic Taylor

With the New Year now on its way, Company "F," 2nd Battalion, 24th Reserve Marines of Toledo, Ohio, is anxiously looking forward to the time when we can move into the New Naval Armory; most necessary now, because the Armory building in which we were quartered was razed by fire on December 21, the right wing of the building in which Company "F" had its office supply and squad rooms being completely demolished.

Everyone considers it a stroke of good



Fifth Annual Military Ball Given by Company "C," 19th Reserve Marines, New York City

luck or sign for something or other, because the trophy rifle and cup which this company has won for the last five years at camp were saved from great damage as they had been kept in an outer room which was not touched so much by the fire. Temporary headquarters, it is expected, will be opened close by the Armory building until such time that we may move into our new home.

A few weeks ago, 1st Sgt. Louis N. Bertol, USMC, recently returned from some ten or thirteen years' service in Haiti, arrived in Toledo, and is now attached to 2nd Battalion, 24th Reserve Marines, as instructor. We are fortunate in that the 2nd Battalion headquarters being in Toledo will give us an opportunity to become better acquainted with the First Sergeant and to hear about some of his experiences.

For the past number of weeks those men enrolled in the NCO course have been attending an instruction period on Sunday afternoons, with First Sergeant Bertol as instructor and all feel that rapid progress is being made.

A few weeks ago 2nd Lt. Harold C. Gors, Company Officer, returned from a rather successful hunting trip, and the non-commissioned officers, their wives and friends were guests at a rabbit supper held in his home.

The following week-end we were at the residence of 1st Lt. Walter A. Churchill, Commanding Officer, where a most enjoyable party was staged.

By the time this column again breaks into print, it is our hope that we can report our occupancy of our new home and everything going smoothly as usual, with bigger and better prospects all around.

HQ. AND HQ. CO., 2ND BATTALION, 19TH RESERVE MARINES, NEWARK, N. J.

During the week beginning December 10 it was our privilege to meet General Williams, USMC, Officer in Charge, Marine Corps Reserve. Officers and men alike were enthused by General Williams and all are determined to make a much better showing at the next inspection.

Capt. Dean Kalbfleisch, USMC, never misses a night and we trust that when he is promoted to the rank of Major such will not take him away from us.

Major Krulwich is making the public utility companies in New York sit up and take notice and probably influence them to make New Year's resolutions to reduce rates.

Santa Claus has brought us a new C. O. in 1st Lt. C. B. Grace, formerly Company Officer in "G" Company. Lieutenant Barton has gone to Company "H" and is seeking recruits.

The epidemic of gripe which has been raging in these parts floored Sergeant Major Mattia for a couple of days, but he is back on the job none the worse for wear, whereas 1st Sgt. Richard Shaker, USMC, our faithful guide, is still suffering from the same malady. Many years in Haiti does not exactly fit a man to take up a residence in these parts at the beginning of the worst season. However, Sergeant Shaker will weather the storm and be fit as a fiddle by the time you read this article.

Supply Sergeant Friedman is the proud father of a son born on Thanksgiving. While we have not yet learned his legal name, to us he will forever be known as "Turk."

Companies "G" and "F" are resplendent in their new blue uniforms.

Company "F" had a beefsteak supper on December 22 and even a heavy rain could not dampen the affair. Lieutenant Davidson is sure keeping things going aboard the U.S.S. *Newton*.

Captain Mason has left us for Regimental Service Company and Lt. T. P. Barton has come to us from Headquarters, 2nd Battalion, to try to fill his shoes. Captain Mason has been with us a long time and we will miss him. However, business comes first and the Reserve must be content. We shall carry on to make "H" always the company he would want it to be. We trust he will drop in often to say hello. Lieutenant Barton is of the 1917 Marines and anxious to gather Marines who live within easy distance of Newark into the company. The holidays have meant lots of work as well as lots of turkey and mince pie and now we are setting out to make 1935 Company "H's" best year.

Brig. Gen. Richard P. Williams, USMC, Officer in Charge, Marine Corps Reserve, inspected us on December 13. He found us somewhat depleted but we assure you that next time he will find 32 men tried and true ready for inspection. It is a pleasure to be visited by General Williams and we hope that he may visit us often.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 35)

Ball, which is always a big event in Newark. The committee expects to have arrangements completed this coming month and we will announce the time and place in the next issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*.

We see by *THE LEATHERNECK* that the Passaic County Detachment is forming a drum and bugle corps. Go to it, boys, if you need any help just call on us and we will be only too glad to aid you, if we can.

The members of our drum and bugle corps are strutting around with their chests out. The corps entered a competition in which a total of twenty-six corps participated and tied for third place with a V. F. W. corps. We have sixteen instruments and the V. F. W. corps had thirty-two, so perhaps they are justified just a little in sticking out their chests. The corps received 87.50 per cent out of a possible 100 per cent. The prize of \$50.00 was divided evenly between the two corps.

The detachment at this time would like to extend best wishes to Anthony Gialanella, our former Sergeant at Arms, who "shipped over" in the Marine Corps last month. Let's hear from you, "Tony," a lot of us would like to be back there with you, "but no can do," says the "Missus." Frank L. Serpico, our tireless Sr. V. Comm., has done gone and got himself another Armored Car, and whenever you go to his house you find him out in the garage getting it in shape to follow her sister, a picture of which you may see in the next issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*.

OLIVER KELLY,
Commandant.

LEAGUE NEWS BRIEFS

We hereby acknowledge receipt of Christmas cards and reciprocate with sincere wishes for a Happy New Year to the following Marines.

Bill Sutton, Thomas H. Rogerson, Simpson-Hogatt Detachment, Bill Thorn, Joe Vanslet, Capt. Paul Howard, Chris Cunningham, Earnest V. Porter, Harry Burgess, Capt. Ken Collings and Oliver Kelly.

Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, Mass., has adopted a neat business size card for extending invitations to attend their semi-monthly meetings.

We call your special attention to the paragraph in the National Commandant's Bulletin No. 5 requesting revised data to complete an authentic League roster.

As the four infant detachments we praised so highly last month failed to report progress for this issue, we take it for granted the youngsters have not yet learned to talk.

Through the efforts of the Marine Corps League, inspired by Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, Governor Lehmann has proclaimed November 10th, the Marine Corps' Birthday, "Marine Day," requesting observance of such throughout New York State.

E. D. Cobb, Commandant, Tucson Detachment: Thanks for the article. Appreciate your cooperation. But you have not yet told me what you shot up in the mountains. Wish you the same.

National Commandant Manning has apparently recovered from his injuries suffered in the auto smash-up and has resumed pumping the old Underwood. Johnny Hinkley also must have recovered as I read that he attended the Boston party with "the girl friend."

Looks as if Hudson-Mohawk is moving along faster than ever. Dan Conway, Chris Cunningham and Leon Walker form a working combination that is hard to beat—or even tie.

How about bids for the National Convention this year?

Don Rennie, Adjutant, Akron Detachment: Thanks for your kind offer to help. Don't forget to send along a good story about the opening of your clubhouse.

Capt. Kenneth B. Collings, Past State Commandant of New Jersey, is in the West Indies working on his forthcoming novel, "Wings But No Angel," which will be published in April. His five-part serial, "I Flew For The Hell Of It," will start in the April or May issue of *Liberty Magazine*.

We again appeal to Detachment Commandants to consider your National Headquarters when purchasing supplies. They



can furnish stationery, medal ribbons, medals, shoulder insignias and various other things much more reasonable than outside concerns. So why not patronize your own outfit and have the League benefit therefrom?

Jack Brennan: Your annual Memorial Broadcast for Homer Harkness is a noble thought. Will certainly tune in and bow in reverence.

Continue to page my State Commandant and Buddy, George Kretschmann, without result. Since the Elmira bunch were entertained at that wild party in Ithaca, have heard from neither detachment. Wonder what brand of liquor they consumed? Must be powerful stuff.

And the Hackensack Detachment also "went dead." What's the matter, Al and Phil? Did I do you wrong?

Outside of Oakland, the Golden West keeps off the record. Maybe the other detachments slipped into the Pacific, or were buried in the Rose Bowl landslide.

And so to bed.

YE OLDE CHATTER BOX

(Continued from page 39)

ing and it is believed to be the finest of its kind in the entire Marine Corps.

What a break! What a break! Fifteen Marines from the Barracks and Schools Detachments were detailed to the Army-Navy football game, December 1st, to keep unauthorized persons from venturing within the side lines during the game. This detail was received with dissension—much! Boy! our avidity for this detail couldn't have been emulated. A guy gets a break like that only once in a lifetime.

In addition to those fifteen lucky ones, Gunnery Sergeant McCoy and Privates L. J. Smith and Ross, served commendably as orderlies to Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Henry L. Roosevelt, Rear Admiral Watts and other dignitaries during the big game.

As a prelude to the game, the Army and Navy marched around the field to add a little color to the atmosphere. The boys looked well enough, I'll concede that, but it came nowhere near as spectacular as the exhibition which was put on by the Quantico Marines in 1931, when the Quantico Marine football team played the American Legion here. If they thought that Army-Navy exhibition was nice, can you conceive of how awe-inspired they would be if they were to see about 1,800 Marines, with their colorful uniforms, marching around the field with the grace and precision which is becoming of them. The crowd looked on dolefully though as they watched the midshipmen and cadets march around the field in a downpour of rain. It sure was a good day for ducks. However, they did exceedingly well under the circumstances, even though they did leave about a thousand or so pairs of rubbers in the mud on the field.

We Marines also had to weather the downpour as there was no shelter available on the side lines. The skipper in charge of the detail, Capt. Ralph C. Alburger, stayed right with his boys from beginning to end. Then to top it all, the Captain arranged for a most delectable chow for us. Our heartfelt thanks to you, Captain!

The Marine Guard of the Cruiser *Min-*

neapolis, under Captain Larson, joins us in the regular weekly parades on the barracks parade ground. Lieutenant Wieseman, his junior officer, is always on hand, too.

Our light-heavyweight pugilist, Pvt. Freddy Abinet, is faring quite well in his pugilistic endeavors. Last month he got the nod over a young negro scrapper in Atlantic City. He and his retinue will take off again this month for the Shores, where Freddy is to scrap another colored boy of no little repute. Freddy always makes a good showing—he can give and

receive 6th, judging by the number of Marine Officers present.

Lieutenant Coleman made a hurried plane trip to Quantico and return last week as the guest of Captain Becker.

Major Cunningham has been on leave during the past month and is supposed to be inspecting his foreign lands in Florida.

Blue dress caps have been a part of the uniform of the well dressed Marine since the sixth of December.

The annual pageant of officers heading for the dispensary for their physical examinations is under way. Here's hoping that they all pass with flying colors and no defects noted.

The Elliott Trophy Cup, won by shooting members from this post during the current year, has been received and polished, and installed in the Commanding Officer's Office.

The Marine Reserves under Major Harrison and Lieutenant Litzenberg are carrying on in splendid style.

Lieutenant Colonel McClellan, our Executive Officer, attended the December meeting of the Naval Officers' Reserve Association, as a guest. Admiral Watts, Captain Foote of the Navy, and other distinguished guests also were present.

So much for the scandal sheet this time, mates. We'll be back again next month with more dope.



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FRENCH INSTRUCTOR

The Marine Corps Institute is in urgent need of the services of a man competent to instruct and grade French language lessons. If possible it is desired to obtain a man whose mother tongue is French, and, in addition, has a comprehensive knowledge of French grammar and idioms. Any man desiring this duty should submit an application to the Major General Commandant, via official channels, setting forth his educational qualifications. The application in English must be accompanied by a French translation in the applicant's own handwriting.

SEA-GOING

(Continued from page 29)

there must be something in this "lure" of the Orient business at that.

Gunnery Sergeants Blakley, Gourley, Petrone, Neel and "Tippy" Cain compose the list of staff N. C. O.'s, while Sergeant Kromp, Corporals Blessing, Dahl, Grubbs and Freedman are the remaining non-coms on the detail.

Most of the gang are booked for Portsmouth, Va., temporarily, while some few are traveling under special orders. "Top" Jordan, to Washington Navy Yard, John Blakley to Quantico, and Jim Gourley to Quantico for retirement on 20. Corporal Grubbs, Pfc. "Red" Lee are headed for Parris Island and Washington, respectively, while Private First Class Schutte is detailed to the Marine Corps Schools in Quantico. Smoky Joe Smulka, formerly of the World's Championship "Low-down Polo" team of the famed company "E" in Shanghai, is talking about a cruise on the outside, but he can't convince us! They all come back for more. "China Boy" Gregory, he of the winning smile, says he's headed back for Shanghai on his next cruise.

take. Here's luck to you this time, Freddy, old boy!

The Post Exchange, under the direction of Colonel Manwaring, our Commanding Officer, and the Exchange Council, directed that flowers be placed by the side of every bed patient of the Corps in the Hospital here.

The poor children of Philadelphia were remembered by the Philadelphia Marines. Fifty of Philadelphia's unfortunate kiddies, selected by Mother Moore, were guests of the Marine Barracks on Christmas Day.

Congratulations are in order for Capt. W. W. Orr on his promotion to that rank.

We have the pleasure of falling out as honor guards for many distinguished callers. Among them during the recent past were Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt and the French Consul.

Lieutenant Colonel Biddle, VMCR, has made several visits to the barracks for the purpose of instructing the student Marine officers of the Basic School in the snappy handling of the bayonet and other weapons.

The Commandant of the Yard holds a reception on the first Thursday of each month. It looked as if the whole Marine Corps turned out for the first one on De-

Transport life, while never especially enticing, has been fairly comfortable, and the old familiar call of "you can't stand here Marine" is seldom heard. Perhaps because all the men have at least a cruise in and know the score and how to avoid getting in the way of busy sailors.

The present schedule tentatively brings us to Norfolk on the 26th of December, but it is generally believed that we will be in by the 21st. All hands are hoping that the latter will be true, for Christmas leave would be mighty handy now.

Well, gang, so far no complaints; everything is ding-ho, and we wish the *Hendy Maru* gang a pleasant cruise back to the Orient next March.

THE NEVADA SAGE BRUSH

By "Skid" Goodrich

Saturday afternoon the U.S.S. *Nevada* had just dropped anchor in the San Francisco Bay and the scene in the Marine Compartments was that of intensified preparations to get ashore.

"You'll have to whip that regalia into shape *my fastido* if you're contemplating on making this first liberty boat," Cpl. "Chesty" Stewart informed his friend of the same horsepower.

Cpl. "Don Francisco" Travis looked askance over his shoulder. "Who, me? I'm in no hurry. I never lost anything in this burg," he responded, and continued brushing his blouse.

"No-o?" "Smoky" Murrell knowingly interrogated while in the hurried procedure of stretching a white cap cover over its frame.

"No!" Travis emphatically contended.

"Then why are perfumes flowing so freely from your glistening locks?" "Troubadour" McMillen wanted to know as he deftly dabbed some polish on his shoes.

"Don't get the idea it's for the benefit of some skirt. I'm washed up with women. I'm going over on business," Travis asserted.

"Senor Don" Noble finished his wardrobe, closed his locker, turned to look at Travis and chanted, "Oh, I don't know, it may be so, but it sounds so —."

"Get your liberty checks if you're gonna get 'em, and no spike trousers go over the side," Sgt. "El Torro" Vanscooter imperatively announced.

"Stone" Borring rushed up calling out, "Gimme mine, gimme mine. Hot patootie, I just made it—maybe! Hey! Hold that boat! Thank you, sir," he panted as he walked down the gangway and into the motor-launch where twenty-five or thirty other pleasure seeking Marines were waiting to be carried to the beach.

"Now that he's here whata ya say let's get going, coxswain," impatient "Button Smasher" Watson suggested.

They got going.

When they had disembarked at the dock, Cpl. "Crescendo" Ziems said, "Well, I'm following my nose until something turns up. Who's going along?"

Most all of them went along until they arrived at the Ferry Building. There some

of them boarded street cars, some hired taxis, some bought ferry tickets, and some started walking up either side of Market St.

"Well, Ziems, which way is that schnozzle of yours pointing?" "Goodtime" Cerone asked, as he turned and looked for Ziems among the few that remained standing in front of the Ferry Building.

"I'll bet a fin it's already pointing toward the windshield from the rear seat of a cab," "No Change" Benuska ventured.

"Yeow, but it'll be willing to turn to get him to the address of a certain party of the opposite sex," "Reb" Bulluck spoke up.

"Now that that's all settled I think I'll go attend to my business and get back to the ship," Travis decided.

"Let's step across the street and have a drink first," Murrell suggested.

"Nope, I'm on the water wagon," Travis explained.

"You've certainly seen the light in a big way, haven't you?" Cerone asked.

"Ah, one glass of beer never hurt anyone. Come on," Murrell said and started across the street.

"Well—if you insist, I'll have just one and no more," Travis gave in (reluctantly?).

Monday morning at breakfast.

"Have some hot-cakes or cereal or just what do you want, Travis?" Sgt. "Personality Perfecto" Tidyman asked.

"Nothing, thanks. Just this cup of coffee. I'm not hungry this morning," Travis explained.

"What's the matter? Did the bee business get you down over the week-end?" Stewart asked.

"Bee business?" Travis was snowed.

"Sure, that business you called up about in the place where we were first drinking beer, Saturday."

"Called up?" Travis was still snowed.

"Yeow, but you forgot to close the door to the booth," Murrell supplied.

"Booth? Oh, telephone booth," Travis was beginning to comprehend.

"That's right. And your every other word was 'honey'," Cerone supplied further.

"Why you eavesdropping—!!!" Travis comprehended.

Honeymoons are episodes that must receive every consideration. That is perhaps why Tidyman was explaining to Travis how wonderful one could be, camping here and there up through the Redwoods. But what does Tidyman know about honeymoons? He has never indulged in that sort of astrology. However, according to Sgt. "Jeevy" Ward, Tidyman evidently knows his stuff about that particular phase of matrimonial matters. Now—"Jeevy" gets a letter addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Ward. Just who is this joke on anyhow? I'm going (yes going) screwy trying to get it straightened out. To top it all off "Senor Don" Noble, of all people (you know, one of those find 'em and leave 'em guys), was caught, open handed, in the act of prying a wedding ring. How people do change. And then there are rumors that



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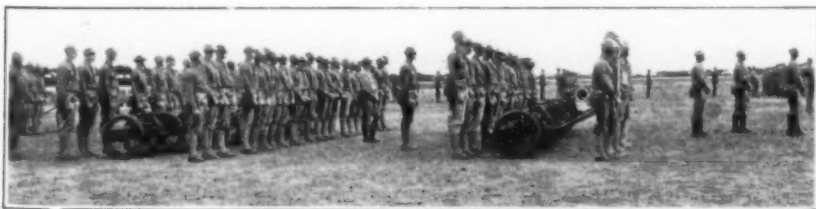
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the arrow found its mark in the heart of ubiquitous "Playboy" Oliver. I wonder! Is it possible that I—maybe I am the goat. If Joe was only here. But—

We lost from the detachment a few weeks ago an old friend of long and good standing. All that could be said good about him during the time he was with us would not be enough. He was a soldier—a neat one, and a man in every respect. He was liked by the entire detachment and will be liked by his new buddies, because he is just that sort of a guy. To you, Corporal Joe "Palooka" Palencar, we, the Marines of the old Neva, wish to say hello and hope you are getting along swell where you are.

Speaking of people leaving us, you should have seen Floyd E. "Cactus" Ritchie take off when he learned he was being transferred to San Diego to be discharged by the special order route. For fourteen years he served his country faithfully and then suddenly decided, "The World Owes Me a Living." From all reports his hours spent at a certain bar numbered to the extent of his identity often being mistaken for that of the cocktail mixer. His popularity mounted and the clamor for him was so great he was, on his honor, compelled to accept the position. He maintains that if the cocktails suddenly go sour he is yet capable of grabbing more handfuls of box ears than the average youngster. So long and good luck, "Cactus."

"King Kong" Hudson and "Waffle Iron" Coughenor insist that drinks are being made stronger "these days." They can't drink more than three or four gallons of the stuff now before they experience an infinitesimal perception of being slightly lighter than air. Although non-plussed, they do not allow the eccentric situation to get the best of them. They merely attach themselves to parachutes and order, "two more gallons, please." (You big bad mans!!)

First Lieutenant McPherson, who was formerly serving aboard the U.S.S. *Saratoga*, has efficiently grasped the reins guiding our Marine Guard. He brought aboard with him a good reputation and is now daily demonstrating how he gained it. He seems to be able to give a fellow a helping hand without desiring to take any credit for doing so. As instructor of N. C. O. school he has succeeded in arousing quiet, orderly discussions that are interesting as well as beneficial. Along with other jobs he has successfully supervised the upkeep and maintenance of the Marine's broadside battery. If we suit him as well as he suits us, everything should be "jake." We will try to do that.

GUAM

(Continued from page 19)

after a mad dash down the home stretch, has finally started for the U. S. and the final effort.

Above that wail of the *Henderson* one could hear that of Guam's, when some heard that our ex-warden of the Civil Jail, Corporal Johnson, was to return to

the States. Johnson leaves behind an enviable record, that of having spent his entire thirty months here without doing a bit of work. Knutti made a bid for Johnny's record and we dare say that he may have succeeded had not his laundry woman caught him in a weak moment. Sergeant Howell, the outside overseer (who said plumber?) is also taking the States route. Sumay's loss is the State's gain, or vice versa. Others leaving are Gardner, Kirschke, McCollough, Deckard, Watkins and Corporal Haslock, the latter two for hospitalization. Pvt. Ross Armstrong is also bidding us farewell, under unfortunate circumstances, which, we hope, will turn out much better than he dares hope. Luck to you, Ross!

The CinC of the Asiatic Fleet arrived aboard the *Augusta* recently and we were inspected by Colonel Farquharson, Fleet Marine Officer, who was assisted by First Lieutenant Puller. Both expressed themselves as being well pleased. A dance was held for the crew of the *Augusta* and it was a success from all angles.

The 159th Anniversary of the Marine Corps was celebrated in great style out here. We played host to all of Guam, and from what we hear there was none that complained from the festivities. We had a buffet supper, military ball, free beer, chow and everything, all of which lasted until about 1:30 a.m. Major Voeth and the committees deserve much credit for the way they handled matters. It is believed that through their efforts the 10th of November, 1934, will be long remembered by all who observed it in Guam.

Noted in passing: Where did Corporal Bishop get those eighty bucks for that health trip? . . . Abernathy and Gladchenko are bound for the land of Lotus and Cherry Blossom. . . Bridges, Bost and Sharpe have the boys in a thrifty mood after their tales of a visit to the Land of the Rising Sun. . . Mapleson is taking voice lessons without the encouragement of Winn. . . Elliott started a riot when he consented to take McClain's guard for the dance. Slipping, Chink? . . . The MG school is going great. . . VonBerg is taking over the PE for awhile. . . Nemeth is taking up the xylophone. . . the MB is getting to be an ex-patrolman's hangout, until the *Chaumont* arrives. . . Nemeth didn't scare so well so Hinman is back from the hospital a sadder but wiser pug. . . Eight new GE refrigerators have been installed in the Officers' quarters. . . The *Chaumont* carried Winn, Brenna, Mullins, Reed, Coffman and Brown back to the States. . . The *Chaumont* personnel was tendered a swell time here, which greatly served to break the monotony of that long China trip.

The Marines played the *Chaumont* crew a jam up game of baseball which was won when Baird slammed a double to score Hamblin for the winning tally. Mr. Klingenhagen stole a base but couldn't account for such action.

Dr. McMillan and Lieutenant Hudson recently challenged all comers in a tennis match. Captain Lewis and Boatswain Parson accepted and won doubles and singles in straight sets.

DETACHMENTS

(Continued from page 25)

Sergeant Major. And our good friend, Sgt. A. A. Cranston, moved up to "Gunnie." Among the musics . . . Corporal Weaver made Trumpeter Sergeant; Papalia went to Drum Corporal and was transferred to the Navy Yard at Philadelphia; Wydiek got Drum Corporal and Gialanella pulled down one stripe as Drummer First Class. The following Privates made ratings as Drummer: Chick, Klingman, Long, Lynn, Murphy, Palmer, Simpson, Stauner and Westlake. In the Marine Band Wiltzouwer was promoted to Principal Musician; Ragazzino to Musician First Class; Bachman to Musician Second Class and Schoepper to Third Class.

Some people live and learn, but there are those who just won't take a tip. Mama, here's that man again and he's still talking about BRIDGE! The story might better be told by merely answering the question that was asked the other night when the results of one of the "card combats" was announced. Some lady from a nearby table piped up with, "Oh, dear! Have those Marines won again?" The answer is, "Yes, they have won again and again and again." Please, people, quit tendering those trophies to the not so tender mercies of our Bridge Team. "Sammie" Groves has his room full of silver cups already and I heard Astleford and Lobley conspiring to hire a smelter and turn them back into ore. Groves' room is the trophy case and each cup that adorns the "mantelpiece" has its own individual history. I dedicated the major portion of this column to a prolonged discussion of the bridge victories last month and I thought that by doing so I would "squeal" the massacre. I even went so far as to advise the "socialites" to get wise to themselves and offer no more cups. I presume, however, that they anticipated a "let-up" on the part of the Leathernecks and deemed it wise to continue the practice. They "let-up" all right—depending entirely upon your definition of the phrase. The results (and this will soon grow monotonous) were: Lobley and Groves went out and brought back two cups. Ross and Fox went out and brought back two cups. Ditto for Groves and Astleford and the same for Astleford and a girl friend and likewise for Private First Class Davis and his friend, and again for Groves and McElroy, only the two latter teams won pins instead of cups. Adding this and that to them and those—the Marines have won a total of sixteen cups and nine pins. And, the team of four that has been participating in the Federal Bridge League finished in eighth place at the close of the first half. That may not sound so good to you but you must consider the fact that twenty-two teams of Washington's foremost bridge players are in there battling for supremacy. Before this has gone to press the second half of the tournament will be under way and there is little doubt in the minds of our team's admirers that the boys will push through to a garrison finish.

The bowling teams have been somewhat less active during the past month due to



the holidays. In the Herald Government League, however, we find Gunnery Sergeants Ahern and Roennigke, Staff Sergeant McElroy and Frank "The Barber" Benedetto on the list of qualified entries for the finals of the *Evening Star* Bowling Tournament. These four men were among the four hundred that made the "riffle" out of sixteen hundred entered in the preliminaries. The finals are in the initial stages at present and each one of the Marine members has his eye on the first prize of fifty dollars and the gold medal. But for all of the enthusiasm, the team still maintains top place in the League.

In the Navy League, the boys have slipped back one place, going from eighth position to ninth. The teams entered in this alliance gave a script dance on Friday night, December 28th, at the Arcadia Ball Room.

Our shooting gallery has been thrown open to those interested in partaking of a dash of indoor range activities. To instigate added attention in the proceedings, teams have been organized in the Barracks Detachment and in the Institute. The first encounter between the two factions was fought on the 50 foot line and the result was a decided victory for the Barracks; they having piled up a majority of fifty-four points. "Top" Sergeant Christian, Sergeants Skrowronek and Thompson and Corporal Orr are the constituents of the winning team while Gunnery Sergeant Kapanke, Sergeant Currin and Privates First Class Piscacek and Hangar represent the M. C. I.

December was a gala period around the old compound. The mess hall gleamed and sparkled in holiday attire—holly, Christmas tree 'n everything. A beautifully decorated tree reposed majestically in the center of the parade ground and shed its multi-colored hues all the night through. Two snows, one the early part of the month and the other on New Year's Eve, completed the festive scene, and the grand Christmas dinner, not to mention the dance for enlisted men, on December 29th, furnished all the Yuletide entertainment.

Once again we dispense with details and start our merry double-time along the Arcade with Walchell Winter:

PASSING IN REVIEW: (Or "Social Register.") May we pause in the otherwise tranquil observations to prod a cyclone into activity? Well and good, for we feel that the following announcement will result in some such similar occurrence. Rather than bear the brunt of the onslaught, however, I beg to inform the involved person that the names of the proper "scandal mongers" will be disclosed upon demand and force. Here's the spread: I wonder how many of you noticed that Sergeant Fike was not present the other day when his name was called at chow formation? Now, from all appearances, he should have been there for I could see the Lieutenant brandishing a diploma about in his hands—a diploma that was to be presented to the Sergeant in question had he been present. From my position (well forward) in the line, I could hear any number of aimless queries as to what course Fike had completed. Taking the liberty of investigating the matter I found the answer and I am prepared to inform all and sundry that: "Be it known to those to whom these presents, that 'His Nibs,' the Honorable Sergeant Paul Egbert Fike, has satisfactorily completed a course in COOKERY in the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Inc."—Oh! Eggie!



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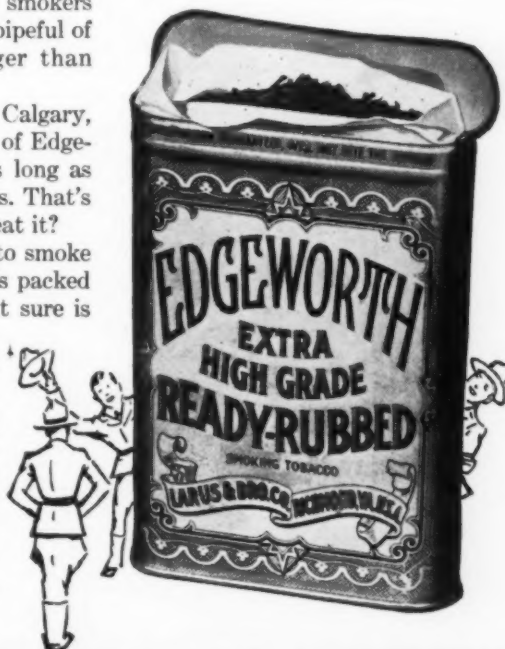
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My nominations for the two real "swell" fellows of this Post (and I'm sure that many will agree with me) are Master Technical Sergeant Milan and Corporal Frisch. When you need something or want something that comes in their line, those fellows are right there every time—and they're always congenial about helping you, too.

Has anyone seen Moeger dashing about in the newest of the additions to his wardrobe? It's a "tux" this time—studs, patent leather shoes and all. I don't know whether or not it's the fairer sex that he's catering to, but I do know that he was observed entering one of the elite "spots" in the city and calling for a demi-tasse. Which all goes to show that the old Corps is going "social." I might add that the remainder of the sergeants who eat at the chow table with "Ferdie" will be doing him a grave injustice if they are heard to call for the "Raneid Oil." It may be a cup of coffee to you but it's demi-tasse to him.

Cpl. "Chie" Sale gets the tin medal this month. Here is the story that he submitted for our approval. "Chie" is the instructor of Trigonometry in the Industrial School and he says that the following letter came in the other day from one of his students. The issue of controversy is in regard to the Trigonometric Table that is furnished with the course. The student (of foreign ancestry) writes: "Gentleman: I get from you the lessons which I ordir but why for goodness sake you doan sind me no tabel. I loose great

much time because wats the use a lessons when she doan got no tabel. Sure thank you doan treat me rite. She got no tabel so vat the heck i goan to did with it. Doan sent to me the tabel putty quick i sen he back the lessons and i goan ordir some lessons from nodder school wat you call she? Academic? Good by, yours truley, Antonio Dupre.—P. S. Since i rite i fine durned tabel in envelop. zeuse pliz."

"The evil that men do lives after them . . ."—with apologies to Shakespeare. (He said that, didn't he? If he didn't it's the first thing I've heard of that he didn't say.) Anyway, our feature of the month deals with an exception to that rule. We turn back the pages of time to February, 1932, where in the current issue of THE LEATHERNECK of that date we find the news of the M. C. I. Toward the end of the article we find a feature dedicated to the presumption that the ancient Egyptians had a Marine Corps. We turn back the calendar further than that—back to the dawning of 1931 and in an issue of "The Storm" we find that same story in its original version. It had been reprinted in THE LEATHERNECK because it was too good to let die. It is repeated again for that same reason . . . "The good that men do lives after them . . ." The originator of our narrative wondered what inspections would have been like had the Egyptian Corps really existed. The answer: Friends, I present, for your enjoyment, a return engagement of our own First Sergeant Don M. Hyde's immortal masterpiece, "The Lost Book of Marius." LIGHTS . . . ACTION . . . CAMERA!

"And so it happened that on the sixth day a messenger from the Patriarch arrived in great haste and spake, saying, 'Stand by! for lo, the Patriarch will pass through the Temple between the tenth and eleventh hours.' Whereupon there was great tumult in the Temple, and some did take brooms, while others took swabs, that everything might be made ready.

"And one of the multitude in searching for his swab did find that it was not where he had left it. Whereupon he was greatly wroth and spake in a loud voice, saying, 'Who the Sheol didn't take my swab?'

"And one did answer, saying, 'Lo, I didn't see one from the ninth section of the Temple take thy swab.'

"And he who had lost his swab did go forth into the ninth section of the Temple, whereupon he found one of the multitude plying his swab upon the deck. And he did speak, saying, 'Whyfor hast thou swiped my swab?' And the other did answer him, saying, 'Thou art full of prunes, for lo, this swab belongeth here!' Whereupon the other became again greatly wroth and fell upon him and did return with the swab to his own place.

"And lo, between the tenth and eleventh hours trumpets were sounded and the headman spake in a loud voice, saying, 'Stand by, for it would seem that the Patriarch cometh.' And the Patriarch did enter into the Temple, both he and those that were with him. The One bearing a trumpet did go ahead and sound his trumpet even as the Patriarch came near. And lo, the multitude did tremble with fear at his approach for no man knew where his wrath might fall. And one spake in a low voice, saying, 'Last week he did look for cobwebs and this week he may raise Sheol regarding bunk tags.' And the headman did look down upon the speaker and spake, saying, 'Pipe down!'

"As the Patriarch did move through the Temple he spake to some of the multi-

THE LEATHERNECK

tude, saying, 'Thou needest a haircut,' and 'Thou has not shined thy sandals.' And he did turn to one that was with him and spake, saying, 'Sergeant Major, take their names.' Whereupon he did even as the Patriarch commanded.

"And as the Patriarch moved through the Temple, lo, the trumpets were again sounded. Whereupon the multitude was exceedingly glad and some spake, saying, 'Jehovah be praised for we have got by another.' And some of the multitude did go ashore and some did sleep; each according to his habit. Selah!"

And SELAH! it is . . . until we meet again!

THE RECEIVING SHIP AT NEW YORK

By the Ole Maestro

Once again I dust off the good old Underwood and endeavor in my most humble manner to report the doings and carryings of this detachment . . . Hear, hear, Maestro! . . . The story of the month, of course, has to do with one B. B. . . and it seems that he went cruising to and fro amongst the litterati, etc., down in the village one nite, and during the course of the evening consumed many whiskey sours. . . The following morning he was a member of the Guard . . . but having no "watch" until 4 o'clock that afternoon, he hid himself off to his bunk to get in a little slight time . . . and to try to forget the million little imps that were hammering away at the back of his head, which was very annoying to say the least . . . But alas, the poor lad was not to sleep long! When the word was passed "for all hands to lay in the 'Rec' for school," some moron slammed his locker door and awakened our hero, who upon seeing everyone else going into the 'Rec' promptly rolled off his bunk, and being very much in a fog, followed suit. The school was on combat principles, or something else equally as uninteresting . . . and our poor chap was having a tough time keeping awake . . . but he managed to keep his eyes open until the school was finished . . . and then some ingrate broke the news to him that he could have been sleeping all the time, as he wasn't supposed to attend school! . . . Poor boy . . . He's never been the same since! . . . And did he fall for that "Lilian" gag! . . . Heh, heh! . . . And if Doggy Wilson ever finds out who the gagster (?) is that sent him all the way from the dormitory to the first deck on a spurious phone call . . . there'll be a murder, but no mystery.

That book called "Strange Women" (tho not recommended by F. H. R.), made quite a sensation in the detachment . . . and at three cents a day! . . . And if the life of a Marine was only as pictured by most fiction writers! . . . What a life! . . . Picture of the month: Melinkovitch doing his specialty (?) dance in the middle of the quarters, to the tune of "Looie Schardt's incongruous music," with gestures! . . . Recommended to late sleepers: the hamburgers at "The Rec" . . . very tender indeed! . . . And the pool is jawbone! (advertisement) . . . And now thru the courtesy of Alkasaltza . . . Bing Colbert will sing "She was just a sailor's sweetheart, but she likes the Marines on pay-day!" . . . Or he'll sing anything else . . . try and stop him! . . . Add picture of the month: McIntosh & The Weed stepping out on liberty . . . derby and spats! . . . And do the gals get a break! . . . But without his "stash," the Weed is like a fish out of water.

The Brig has a basketball team once more . . . and as of yore, would call the season very successful if they beat the Bar-

acks . . . and they stand a good chance to do that little thing . . . and to also beat a lot of other teams . . . so how about a little encouragement from the balcony? . . . But not like McCandless! . . . He attends all the games . . . but he has a game of his own in the balcony with four or five tender "chickens" . . . It's mutiny . . . that's what it is—and it's also very dangerous! . . . Bill Houghton also has a game he plays with Tony . . . but so far he hasn't won a decision! . . . And is that sidewalk hard! . . . Now that the Lang has had his tonsils lifted he expects to give Bing Colbert some competition in the crooning field . . . but he doesn't know if it will be bass or soprano! . . . Dear . . . dear! . . . (Joke) . . . Delk the Barber (Butcher to you!) is thinking seriously of moving his barber shop to West Haven . . . and the cutest little blonde is the cause of it all! . . . (For verification get a hair-cut—you probably need it anyway!) . . . And is that rumor about transferring all long-timers to Quantico causing a lot of home owners and ranchers to get grey headed overnight! . . . Extra! Extra! . . . Tammany Jones pays his dues!

Private McAllister will now give a lecture on the N. R. A., and all hands will make a low vibrating sound with their lips that is universally excepted as the razzberry! . . . Adios to Lonnie Adams, who leaves us for the cold outside soon . . . Recommended to diversion seekers: Looie Schardt singing "The Red Light Saloon" . . . with gestures! And maybe the ones that didn't know our dog, "Pal," don't miss him, but I know all the plank-owners miss him coming around and waking all the sleepers for chow . . . Adios, Pal! . . . (Aside to Ducky Hartman in Pearl Harbor) . . . How about laying off the Aqua Velva long enough to drop a guy a line? . . . And now I must buzz off . . . so until next month I say: Piffit to you!

THE FIDDLING MAN

(Continued from page 5)

did the trapping and cut the wood. Any man who would tote a fiddle around on his back—

Corporal Blake traveled fast, and it was afternoon of the second day when he came to the dense spruce forest that shut in Black Bear Lake. Here something happened to change his plans somewhat. He met an Indian he knew—an Indian who, for two or three good reasons that stuck in the back of his head, dared not lie to him; and this tribesman, coming straight from the Thoreau cabin, told him that Jan was not at home, but had gone on a three-day trip to see the French Missioner who lived on one of the lower Wholadna waterways.

Blake was keen on stratagem. With him, man hunting was like a game of chess; and after he had questioned the Indian for a quarter of an hour he saw his opportunity. Pastamoo, the Cree, was made a part of his Majesty's service on the spot, with promise of torture and speedy execution if he proved himself a traitor.

Blake turned over to him his dogs and sledge, his provisions, and his tent, and commanded him to camp in the heart of a cedar swamp a few miles back, with the information that he would return for his outfit at some time in the indefinite future. He might be gone a day or a week. When he had seen Pastamoo off, he continued his journey toward the cabin, in the hope that Jan Thoreau's wife was either an Indian or a fool. He was too old a hand at his game to be taken in

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by the story that had been told to the Cree.

Jan had not gone to the French Missioner's. A murderer's trail would not be given away like that. Of course the wife knew. And Corporal Blake desired no better string to a criminal than the faith of a wife. Wives were easy if handled right, and they had put the finishing touch to more than one of his great successes.

At the edge of the lake he fell back on his old trick—hunger, exhaustion, a sprained leg. It was not more than a quarter of a mile across the snow-covered ice of the lake to the thin spiral of smoke that he saw rising above the thick balsams on the island. Five times in that distance he fell upon his face; he crawled like a man about to die.

He performed an arduous task, a devilish task, and when at last he reached the balsams he cursed his luck until he was red in the face. No one had seen him. That quarter-mile of labor was lost, its finesse a failure. But he kept up the play, and staggered weakly through the sheltering balsams to the cabin. His artifice had no shame, even when played on women; and he fell heavily against the door, beat upon it with his fist; and slipped down into the snow, where he lay with his head bowed, as if his last strength was gone.

He heard movement inside, quick steps—and then the door opened. He did not look up for a moment. That would have been crude. When he did raise his head, it was very slowly, with a look of anguish on his face. And then—he stared. His body all at once grew tense, and the counterfeit pain in his eyes died out like a flash in this most astounding moment of his life. Man of iron though he was, steeled to the core against the weaknesses of sudden emotions, it was impossible for him to restrain the gasp of amazement that rose to his lips.

In that stifled cry Jan Thoreau's wife heard the supplication of a dying man. She did not catch, back of it, the note of a startled beast. She was herself startled, frightened for a moment by the unexpectedness of it all.

And Blake stared. This—the fiddler's wife! She was clutching in her hand a brush with which she had been arranging her hair. The hair, jet black, was wonderful. Her eyes were still more wonderful. She was not an Indian—not a half-breed—and beautiful. The loveliest face he had ever visioned, sleeping or awake, was looking down at him.

With a second gasp, he remembered himself, and his body sagged, and the amazed stare went out of his eyes as he allowed his head to fall a little. In this movement his cap fell off. In another moment she was at his side, kneeling in the snow and bending over him.

"You are hurt, m'sieu!"

Her hair fell upon him, smothering his neck and shoulders. The perfume of it was like the delicate scent of a rare flower in his nostrils. A strange thrill swept through him. He did not try to analyze it in those few astonishing moments. It was beyond his comprehension, even had he tried. He was ignorant of the finer fundamentals of life, and of the great truth that the case-hardened nature of the man, like the body of an athlete, crumbles fastest under sudden and unexpected change and strain.

He regained his feet slowly and stupidly,

assisted by Marie. They climbed the one step to the door. As he sank back heavily on the cot, in the room they entered, a thick tress of her hair fell softly upon his face. He closed his eyes for a space. When he opened them, Marie was bending over the stove.

And she was Thoreau's wife! The instant he had looked up into her face, he had forgotten the fiddler; but he remembered him now as he watched the woman, who stood with her back toward him. She was as slim as a reed. Her hair fell to her hips. He drew a deep breath. Unconsciously he clenched his hands. *She—the fiddler's wife!* The thought repeated itself again and again. Jan Thoreau, murderer, and this woman—his wife!

She returned in a moment with hot tea, and he drank with subtle hypocrisy from the cup she held to his lips.

"Sprained my leg," he said then, remembering his old part, and replying to the questioning anxiety in her eyes. "Dogs ran away and left me, and I got here just by chance. A little more and—"

He smiled grimly, and as he sank back he gave a sharp cry. He had practiced that cry in more than one cabin, and along with it a convulsion of his features to emphasize the impression he labored to make.

"I'm afraid—I'll be a trouble to you," he apologized. "It's not broken; but it's bad, and I won't be able to move soon. Is Jan at home?"

"No, m'sieu; he is away."

"Away," repeated Blake disappointedly. "Perhaps sometime he has told you about me," he added with sudden hopefulness. "I am John Duval."

"M'sieu—Duval!"

Marie's eyes, looking down at him, became all at once great pools of glowing light. Her lips parted. She leaned toward him, her slim hands clasped suddenly to her breast.

"M'sieu Duval—who nursed him through the smallpox?" she cried, her voice trembling. "M'sieu Duval—who saved my Jan's life!"

Blake had looked up his facts at headquarters. He knew what Duval, the Barren Land trapper, had once upon a time done for Jan.

"Yes; I am John Duval," he said. "And so—you see—I am sorry that Jan is away."

"But he is coming back soon—in a few days," exclaimed Marie. "You shall stay, m'sieu! You will wait for him! Yes?"

"This leg—" began Blake. He cut himself short with a grimace. "Yes, I'll stay. I guess I'll have to."

Marie had changed at the mention of Duval's name. With the glow in her eyes had come a flush to her cheeks, and Blake could see the strange little quiver in her throat as she looked at him. But she did not see Blake so much as what lay beyond him—Duval's lonely cabin away up on the edge of the Great Barren, the hours of darkness and agony through which Jan had passed, and the magnificent comradeship of this man who had now dragged himself to their own cabin, half dead.

Many times Jan had told her the story of that terrible winter when Duval had nursed him like a woman, and had almost given up his life as a sacrifice. And this—this—was Duval! She bent over him again as he lay on the cot, her eyes shining like stars in the growing dusk. In that dusk she was unconscious of the fact that his fingers had found a long tress of her hair

and were clutching it passionately. Remembering Duval as Jan had enshrined him in her heart, she said:

"I have prayed many times that the great God might thank you, m'sieu."

He raised a hand. For an instant it touched her soft, warm cheek and caressed her hair. Marie did not shrink—yes, that would have been an insult. Even Jan would have said that. For was not this Duval, to whom she owed all the happiness in her life—Duval, more than brother to Jan Thoreau, her husband?

"And you—are Marie?" said Blake.

"Yes, m'sieu, I am Marie."

A joyous note trembled in her voice as she drew back from the cot. He could hear her swiftly braiding her hair before she struck a match to light the oil lamp hanging from the ceiling. After that, through partly closed eyes, he watched her as she prepared their supper. Occasionally, when she turned toward him as if to speak, he feigned a desire to sleep. It was a catlike watchfulness, filled with his old cunning. In his face there was no sign to betray its hideous significance. Outwardly he had regained his ironlike impassiveness; but in his body and his brain every nerve fiber was consumed by a monstrous desire—a desire for this woman, the murderer's wife. It was as strange and as sudden as the death that had come to Francois Breault. The moment he had looked up into her face in the doorway, it had overwhelmed him. And now even the sound of her footsteps on the floor filled him with an exquisite exultation. It was more than exultation. It was a feeling of possession.

In the hollow of his hand he—Blake, the man-hunter—held the fate of this woman. She was the Fiddler's wife—and the Fiddler was a murderer.

Marie heard the sudden deep breath that forced itself from his lips, a gasp that would have been a cry of triumph if he had given it voice.

"You are in pain, m'sieu," she exclaimed, turning toward him quickly.

"A little," he said, smiling at her. "Will you help me to sit up, Marie?"

He saw ahead of him another and more thrilling game than the man-hunt now. And Marie, unsuspecting, put her arms about the shoulders of the Pharisee and helped him to rise. They ate their supper with a narrow table between them. If there had been a doubt in Blake's mind before that, the half hour in which she sat facing him dispelled it utterly. At first the amazing beauty of Thoreau's wife had impinged itself upon his senses with something of a shock. But he was cool now. He was again master of his old cunning. Pitilessly and without conscience, he was marshaling the crafty forces of his brute nature for this new and more thrilling fight—the fight for a woman.

That in representing the law he was pledged to virtue as well as order had never entered into his code of life. To him the law was force—power. It had exalted him. It had forged an iron mask over the face of his savagery. And it was the savage that was dominant in him now. He saw in Marie's dark eyes a great love—love for a murderer.

It was not his thought that he might alienate that. For that look, turned upon himself, he would have sacrificed his whole world as it had previously existed. He was scheming beyond that impossibility, measuring her even as he called himself Duval, counting—not his chances of suc-

cess, but the length of time it would take him to succeed.

He had never failed. A man had never beaten him. A woman had never tricked him. And he granted no possibility of failure now. But—how? That was the question that writhed and twisted itself in his brain even as he smiled at her over the table and told her of the black days of Jan's sickness upon the edge of the Barren.

And then it came to him—all at once. Marie did not see. She did not feel. She had no suspicion of this loyal friend of her husband's.

Blake's heart pounded triumphant. He hobbled back to the cot, leaning on Marie's slim shoulder; and as he hobbled he told her how he had helped Jan into his cabin in just the same way, and how at the end Jan had collapsed—just as he collapsed when he came to the cot. He pulled Marie down with him—accidentally. His lips touched her head. He laughed.

For a few moments he was like a drunken man in his new joy. Willingly he would have gambled his life on his chance of winning. But confidence displaced none of his cunning. He rubbed his hands and said:

"Gawd, but won't it be a surprise for Jan? I told him that some day I'd come. I told him!"

It would be a tremendous joke—this surprise he had in store for Jan. He chuckled over it again and again as Marie went about her work; and Marie's face flushed and her eyes were bright and she laughed softly at this great love which Duval betrayed for her husband. No; even the loss of his dogs and his outfit couldn't spoil this pleasure! Why should it? He could get other dogs and another outfit—but it had been three years since he had seen Jan Thoreau! When Marie had finished her work he put his hand suddenly to his eyes and said:

"Peste! but last night's storm must have hurt my eyes. The light blinds them, *ma cheri*. Will you put it out, and sit down near me, so that I can see you as you talk, and tell me all that has happened to Jan Thoreau since that winter three years ago?"

She put out the light, and threw open the door of the box-stove. In the dim firelight she sat on a stool beside Blake's cot. Her faith in him was like that of a child. She was twenty-two. Blake was fifteen years older. She felt the immense superiority of his age.

This man, you must understand, had been more than a brother to Jan. He had been a father. He had risked his life. He had saved him from death. And Marie, as she sat at his side, did not think of him as a young man—thirty-seven. She talked to him as she might have talked to an elder brother of Jan's, and with something like the same reverence in her voice.

It was unfortunate—for her—that Jan had loved Duval, and that he had never tired of telling her about him. And now, when Blake's caution warned him to lie no more about the days of plague in Duval's cabin, she told him—as he had asked her—about herself and Jan; how they had lived during the last three years, the important things that had happened to them, and what they were looking forward to.

He caught the low note of happiness that ran through her voice; and with a laugh, a laugh that sounded real and wholesome, he put out his hand in the darkness—for the fire had burned itself

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low—and stroked her hair. She did not shrink from the caress. He was happy because they were happy. That was her thought! And Blake did not go too far.

She went on, telling Jan's life away, betraying him in her happiness, crucifying him in her faith. Blake knew that she was telling the truth. She did not know that Jan had killed Francois Breault, and she believed that he would surely return—in three days. And the way he had left her that morning! Yes, she confided even that to this big brother of Jan, her cheeks flushing hotly in the darkness—how he had hated to go, and held her a long time in his arms before he tore himself away.

Had he taken his fiddle along with him? Yes—always that. Next to herself he loved his violin. Oo—oo—no, no—she was not jealous of the violin! Blake laughed—such a big, healthy, happy laugh, with an odd tremble in it. He stroked her hair again, and his fingers lay for an instant against her warm cheek.

And then, quite casually, he played his second big card.

"A man was found dead on the trail yesterday," he said. "Some one killed him. He had a bullet through his lung. He was the mail-runner, Francois Breault."

It was then, when he said that Breault had been murdered, that Blake's hand touched Marie's cheek and fell to her shoulder. It was too dark in the cabin to see. But under his hand he felt her grow suddenly rigid, and for a moment or two she seemed to stop breathing. In the gloom Blake's lips were smiling. He had struck, and he needed no light to see the effect.

"Francois—Breault!" he heard her breathe at last, as if she was fighting to keep something from choking her. "Francois Breault—dead—killed by someone—"

She rose slowly. His eyes followed her, a shadow in the gloom as she moved toward the stove. He heard her strike a match, and when she turned toward him again in the light of the oil-lamp, her face was pale and her eyes were big and staring. He swung himself to the edge of the cot, his pulse beating with the savage thrill of the inquisitor. Yet he knew that it was not quite time for him to disclose himself—not quite. He did not dread the moment when he would rise and tell her that he was not injured, and that he was not M'sieu Duval but Corporal Blake of the Royal Mounted Police. He was eager for that moment. But he waited—discreetly. When the trap was sprung there would be no escape.

"You are sure—it was Francois Breault?" she said at last.

He nodded.

"Yes, the mail-runner. You knew him?"

She had moved to the table, and her hand was gripping the edge of it. For a space she did not answer him, but seemed to be looking somewhere through the cabin walls—a long way off. Ferret-like, he was watching her, and saw his opportunity. How splendidly fate was playing his way!

He rose to his feet and hobbled painfully to her, a splendid hypocrite, a mag-

nificent dissembler. He seized her hand and held it in both his own. It was small and safe, but strangely cold.

"Ma cheri—my dear child—what makes you look like that? What has the death of Francois Breault to do with you—you and Jan?"

It was the voice of a friend, a brother, low, sympathetic, filled just enough with anxiety. Only last winter, in just that way, it had won the confidence and roused the hope of Pierrot's wife, over on the Athabasca. In the summer that followed they hanged Pierrot. Gently Blake spoke the words again. Marie's lips trembled. Her great eyes were looking at him—straight into his soul, it seemed.

"You may tell me, ma cheri," he encouraged, barely above a whisper. "I am Duval. And Jan—I love Jan."

He drew her back toward the cot, dragging his limb painfully, and seated her again upon the stool. He sat beside her, still holding her hand, patting it encouragingly. The color was coming back into Marie's cheeks. Her lips were growing full and red again, and suddenly she gave a trembling little laugh as she looked up into Blake's face. His presence began to dispel the terror that had possessed her all at once.

"Tell me, Marie."

He saw the shudder that passed through her slim shoulders.

"They had a fight—here—in this cabin—three days ago," she confessed. "It must have been—the day—he was killed."

Blake knew the wild thought that was in her heart as she watched him. The muscles of his jaws tightened. His shoulders grew tense. He looked over her head as if he, too, saw something beyond the cabin walls. It was Marie's hand that gripped his now, and her voice, panting almost, was filled with an agonized protest.

"No, no, no—it was not Jan," she moaned. "It was not Jan who killed him!"

"Hush!" said Blake.

He looked about him as if there was a chance that somebody might hear the fatal words she had spoken. It was a splendid bit of acting, almost unconscious, and tremendously effective. The expression in his face stabbed her to her heart like a cold knife. Convulsively her fingers clutched more tightly at his hands. He might as well have spoken the words: "It was Jan, then, who killed Francois Breault!"

Instead of that he said:

"You must tell me everything Marie. How did it happen? Why did they fight? And why has Jan gone away so soon after the killing? For Jan's sake, you must tell me—everything."

He waited. It seemed to him that he could hear the fighting struggle in Marie's breast. Then she began, brokenly, a little at a time, now and then barely whispering the story. It was a woman's story, and she told it like a woman, from the beginning. Perhaps at one time the rivalry between Jan Thoreau and Francois Breault, and their struggle for her love, had made her heart beat faster and her cheeks flush warm with a woman's pride of conquest, even though she had loved one and hated the other. None of that pride was in her voice now, except when she spoke of Jan.

"Yes—like that—children together—we grew up," she confided. "It was down at Wollaston Post, in the heart of the big forests, and when I was a baby it was Jan who carried me about on his shoulders. Oui, even then he played the violin.

I loved it. I loved Jan—always. Later, when I was seventeen, Francois Breault came."

She was trembling.

"Jan has told me a little about those days," lied Blake. "Tell me the rest, Marie."

"I—I knew I was going to be Jan's wife," she went on, the hands she had withdrawn from his twisting nervously in her lap. "We both knew. And yet—he had not spoken—he had not been definite. Oo—oo, do you understand, M'sieu Duval? It was my fault at the beginning! Francois Breault loved me. And so—I played with him—only a little, m'sieu—to frighten Jan into the thought that he might lose me. I did not know what I was doing. No—no; I didn't understand."

"Jan and I were married, and on the day Jan saw the missioner—a week before we were made man and wife—Francois Breault came in from the trail to see me, and I confessed to him, and asked his forgiveness. We were alone. And he—Francois Breault—was like a madman."

She was panting. Her hands were clenched. "If Jan hadn't heard my cries, and come just in time—" she breathed. Her blazing eyes looked up into Blake's face. He understood, and nodded.

"And it was like that—again—three days ago," she continued. "I hadn't seen Breault in two years—two years ago down at Wollaston Post. And he was mad. Yes, he must have been mad when he came three days ago. I don't know that he came so much for me as it was to kill Jan. He said it was Jan. Ugh, and it was here—in the cabin—that they fought!"

"And Jan—punished him," said Blake in a low voice.

Again the convulsive shudder swept through Marie's shoulders.

"It was strange—what happened, m'sieu. I was going to shoot. Yes, I would have shot him when the chance came. But all at once Francois Breault sprang back to the door, and he cried: 'Jan Thoreau, I am mad—mad! Great God, what have I done!' Yes, he said that, m'sieu, those very words—and then he was gone."

"And that same day—a little later—Jan went away from the cabin, and was gone a long time," whispered Blake. "Was it not so, Marie?"

"Yes; he went to his trap-line, m'sieu."

For the first time Blake made a movement. He took her face boldly between his two hands, and turned it so that her staring eyes were looking straight into his own. Every fiber in his body was trembling with the thrill of his monstrous triumph.

"My dear little girl, I must tell you the truth," he said. "Your husband, Jan, did not go to his trap-line three days ago. He followed Francois Breault, and killed him. And I am not John Duval. I am Corporal Blake of the Mounted Police, and I have come to get Jan, that he may be hanged by the neck until he is dead for his crime. I came for that. But I have changed my mind. I have seen you, and for you I would give even a murderer his life. Do you understand? For you—you—"

And then came the grand finale, just as he had planned it. His words had stupefied her. She made no movement, no sound—only her great eyes seemed alive. And suddenly he swept her into his arms with the wild passion of a beast. How long she lay against his breast, his arms crushing her, his hot lips on her face, she did not know.

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The world had grown suddenly dark. But in that darkness she heard his voice; and what it was saying aroused her at last from the deadliness of her stupor. She strained against him, and with a wild cry broke from his arms, and staggered across the cabin floor to the door of her bedroom. Blake did not pursue her. He let the darkness of that room shut her in. He had told her—and she understood.

He shrugged his shoulders as he rose to his feet. Quite calmly, in spite of the wild rush of blood through his body, he went to the cabin door, opened it, and looked out into the night. It was full of stars, and quiet.

It was quiet in that inner room, too—so quiet that one might fancy he could hear the beating of a heart. Marie had flung herself in the farthest corner, beyond the bed. And there her hand had touched something. It was cold—the chill of steel. She could almost have screamed, in the mighty reaction that swept through her like an electric shock. But her lips were dumb and her hand clutched tighter at the cold thing.

She drew it toward her inch by inch, and leveled it across the bed. It was Jan's goose-gun, loaded with buck-shot. There was a metallic click as she drew the hammer back. In the doorway, looking at the stars, Blake did not hear.

Marie waited. She was not reasoning things now, except that in the outer room there was a serpent that she must kill. She would kill him as he came between her and the light; then she would follow over Jan's trail, overtake him somewhere, and they would flee together. Of that much she thought ahead. But chiefly her mind, her eyes, her brain, her whole being, were concentrated on the twelve-inch opening between the bedroom door and the outer room. The serpent would soon appear there. And then—

She heard the cabin door close, and Blake's footsteps approaching. Her body did not tremble now. Her forefinger was steady on the trigger. She held her breath—and waited. Blake came to the deadline and stopped. She could see one arm and a part of his shoulder. But that was not enough. Another half step—six inches—four even, and she would fire. Her heart pounded like a tiny hammer in her breast.

And then the very life in her body seemed to stand still. The cabin door had opened suddenly, and someone had entered. In that moment she would have fired, for she knew that it must be Jan who had returned. But Blake had moved. And now, with her fingers on the trigger, she heard his cry of amazement:

"Sergeant Fitzgerald!"

"Yes. Put up your gun, Corporal. Have you got Jan Thoreau?"

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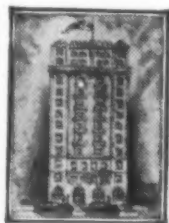
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"He—is gone."
"That is lucky for us." It was the stranger's voice, filled with a great relief. "I have traveled fast to overtake you. Matno, the half-breed, was stabbed in a quarrel soon after you left; and before he died he confessed to killing Breault. The evidence is conclusive. Ugh, but this fire is good! Anybody at home?"
"Yes," said Blake slowly. "Mrs. Thoreau—is—at home."

WITH THE MARINES IN 1902

(Continued from page 3)

board is very low we were practically under water most of the time. With the roaring of the wind and thunder of the sea crashing on deck, we all thought our time had come. The waves were rolling mountain high—great walls of water would tower above the ship and then come crashing down like thunder, carrying away everything that was not riveted down.

Twenty-two boats and three steam launches were swept off the boat deck like matchwood. The two life boats that hung in davits over the side were carried away with the first heavy sea that hit us. It was not just spray that was coming aboard, but was solid green seas of water—tons of it. After every wave we expected that the old ship would never come up; however, the *Oregon* would shake it off after each terrific onslaught and right herself once more. About this time they discovered that the water was getting high in the hold and also in the fire room. The pumps were not making much headway in keeping the water down so for forty-eight hours the whole crew bailed water with buckets and in that manner we managed to keep the water below the danger point.

All the lower booms and stanchions, also the pitch and oakum in the deck seams, as well as the heavy battleship linoleum on the gun deck and berth deck, were all washed away.

The damage to the ship was very great. The paint was washed off the sides and her guns were all rusted. In fact we resembled a tramp more than a first class battleship.

Eventually the wind died down, the sea grew calmer and we steamed ahead. Pretty soon Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, loomed up off the starboard side, so in due time we dropped anchor inside the breakwater in Yokohama harbor and the next day was Christmas day.

We were not allowed to tarry long, but were ordered to Uruga, Japan, for repairs. We proceeded a few miles down the coast to Uruga and went into dry dock.

Christmas morning we were safe and sound, looking forward to eight bells noon, when the bosun's mate piped us to dinner. Both the cooks and the officers in charge did themselves proud and we had a most wonderful dinner, consisting of chicken, roast pork, green vegetables, pie, cake, nuts and candy. We agreed unanimously that it was the best dinner we ever ate; perhaps it just seemed that way after the nightmare of storm and peril we had so recently passed through. To cap it off, the whole ship's crew under the command of the

chaplain, went on a hike a few miles down the beach. It was the spot where Commodore Perry landed many years ago and his mission was to open up trade with Japan, which was successfully accomplished, as America and Japan have traded together since that day to the mutual benefit of both countries. A great monument stands on that lonesome spot to commemorate that event which is an interesting fact in itself.

So tired but happy, we returned to the ship and were all thankful for this great Christmas day, when just a few days before we despaired of ever seeing land again.

But as the old saying goes: "It is always darkest just before dawn, and things are never as bad as they seem to be."

I believe that the Christmas day of 1902 was one of the most memorable and enjoyable days of my life on account of the events which immediately preceded it.

I submit this as one of many experiences in the United States Marine Corps.

QUANTICO NEWS

(Continued from page 16)

years, we naturally have had a pretty regular grind, but at the present time we compare favorably with the other companies who have had a deal more training. The company has done its share of Guard and Police duty to say nothing to the numerous times we have stormed the local metropolis in combat drill. Routine drill periods these days are nicely spiced with one hour of physical drill under arms, under the direction of Gunnery-Sergeant Buckley. The Gunny doesn't seem to work up a sweat, the rest of the company can be heard yelling for popsicles. Who is the Sergeant who gets sensitive about his rank when his arms get tired? It will not be amiss at this writing, our first as I told you before, to mention our excellent Battalion Commander whose smartness is a marked addition in any parade. Capt. Delmar Byfield, who administers an exceptionally good Battalion Mess, apparently believes in that Napoleonic adage that, "An army moves on its stomach," as there has been no cause for complaint. Another item worthy of mention is the athletic period each afternoon, sponsored by the Battalion Commander. It lends much to the morale of the organization that would otherwise be lacking.

It seems to be a foregone conclusion that we will leave for the land of the dusky maidens around the 18th of January and as the two Governors did not say, "We will see you all in Culebra or points west." Famous last words—Deal me out.

MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

I would like to introduce to the readers of *THE LEATHERNECK* the following live wires of our little circuit court of injustice:

Judge: Staff Sergeant Deason—always as sober as a judge except on holidays, week-ends and a few nights in between.

Prosecuting Attorney: Collins—the eloquent, his oratorical ability is only exceeded by the potency of his habitual silence.

THE LEATHERNECK

Defense Counsel: "Pretty Boy" Weir—no, no one is looking for him unless—well, a picture of a certain Lassie occupies a prominent position on his desk and she seems to be continually looking for someone.

Reporter: Kelley, The Mick; Dale Smith thinks that reporter minus the "re" would more accurately describe the Mick's real profession.

Detective: "Little" Smith—it was he who found the light in the dark room of the photographic section and he is also credited with discovering the "type lice" in the galleys of the print shop.

Witnesses: (for and against), "Suitcase" Simpson—just a traveling man, the Quartermaster Department is still worrying about his next pair of tailor-to-measure shoes. Bean, yes, he's from Boston though the way that he jumps around down at the Reproduction Department one might think Mexico was his home town. Last but not the least to drag his long, gaunt frame into this "battery" of witnesses is Bingham, and just as his name suggests, Bingham binged 'em with an old muzzle loader from behind trees and rocks up in "them thar hills" of old Tennessee; he likes his corn in two forms—the little brown jug and an old corn-cob pipe.

Our Jury Box:

Macdonald—a schoolmaster, when he looks down at you through those metal-rimmed spectacles, you can even see the pupils in his eyes.

Rice, the philosopher, his motto is: "Never run when you can walk, never walk when you can sit down, never sit down when you can sleep, in fact, hurry only when the last note of the bugle sounds for mess."

Groff, a banker, he smokes bankable cigars and keeps the Detachment Office accounts, but we cannot account for all of those trips to Philadelphia, unless—it's on account of a girl.

"Big" Sprague, the lion tamer, we don't know whether he tames those Maryland Lambs with a whip and gun or cowers them with his, chief-messman growls.

"Little" Sprague, the blacksmith, has been taking one of those muscle building courses—you know—one of those go from me, come to me, stretching affairs, now he is almost as big as "Big" Sprague.

Swisher, a movie actor and project man; he projects the slides on the School's silver screen.

Watkins, a Texas ranger, handles all the big and little guns down in the armory. Sometimes he misses his mathematical figures by a small fraction but his romantic figures seem to come to him naturally.

Johnston, a stock-broker, he gambols here and he gambols there, his jolly, laughing voice is always "sounding off" somewhere.

Jones, a sailor, plays a merry sailor song all day long on the keys of the monotype machine.

Krauss, the Iron Duke, wears a moustache and spinach is his favorite fruit.

Stacy, the Orator; some day he hopes to compete with the pipe organ in tones of Pop-eye base.

Walker, the Poet—as Walker walks to work he warbles wordy quirks.

Miscellaneous: Dale Smith, a bell boy—he even wears bel-bottom trousers.

Note: So far, we have tried only one case—a case of beer—it turned out pretty bad for the defendant. We are in hopes that Staff Sergeant Merl Smith will exceed the speed limit in that new racer of his (an Austin) and we are still wonder-

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ing how he can stow away a "Lincoln" styled frame (fence rail pattern) within the confines of a small packing box.

With the compliments of Mr. Tyerman, our new Chief Marine Gunner, we now turn over our entire court for your judgment—Court is adjourned.

F. M. F. DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

By J. A. Nagy

The newly organized Fleet Marine Force Drum and Bugle Corps, in charge of Cpl. James T. Tichneck, is composed of twenty-four of the most progressive musics transferred from the Music School, Parris Island, recently. In saying progressive it is meant that they attended the School the shortest length of time and advanced farthest.

The roster at this time includes Douglass C. J. Riddle, Merrill E. McLane, William H. Patton, Wesley O. Williams, James C. Rough, Warlick L. Sumner, Carl J. Slotterback, Thomas M. Koneman, Francis J. White, Webster Smith, Benjamin J. Pharis, Harold E. Hughes, Robert J. Walker, John L. Self, B. C. Robinson, Homer Shreves, Jr., Vincent Roselli, Jr., Joseph H. Trotta, Yale Hoffman, Robert P. Parrish, John W. Kirk, Kenneth L. Lankow, Earl L. Ryan, and Joseph A. Nagy.

Our main object seems to be that of absorbing the rudiments of music, from which we hope to make one of the best Corps in the Marine Corps. We begin at nine each morning and continue until recall each day. Practice makes perfect, it has been said, so we look forward to some success.

We were caught in a cold spell some few weeks ago which we thought would be with us for awhile. During this period of snow and wind our Dutelman, Carl Slotterback, decided to test out the ground as a landing spot. He well knows its qualities now, having had it bounce up and hit him in the you know where. Howzit feel, Dutchie?

Merrill E. McLane is the oft recipient of the well known Bronx cheer because of his advice against writing letters. Our walking dictionary is Webster himself, Webster Smith. He talks like an unabridged edition. He's never been embarrassed to the point of having been asked to explain what he's talking about. Just a hint! "Hinky," who claims to know no little about Zoology, is all alone in his interest of said study. If you ask us he is the only one who can find words to fit his description.

Our Berthol Robinson is our offer for a perpetual motion machine. His jaws never cease to utter forth some brand of wordage. Methinks he even talks to himself in his sleep. No, I'll not stay awake to check up on it, although Homer Shreves, returning from his searches of the fairer sex might throw some light on this.

If anyone wants to know the dynamite contents of Earl Ryan's left we refer them to Hoffman. He was on the receiving end of one of 'em.

And while John L. Self exposes himself to further notes and bars we leave you until another edition.



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SENIORITY LIST OF GUNNERY SERGEANTS

No.	Name	Date of Warrant
1.	Porter, Allen J.	Nov. 6, 1917
2.	Dexter, Thomas H.	Dec. 12, 1917
3.	Satterfield, James H.	Feb. 9, 1918
4.	Kennedy, William A.	May 18, 1918
5.	Henson, Lester V.	Sept. 11, 1918
6.	Flynn, William E.	Oct. 1, 1918
7.	Miller, Lewis	Nov. 9, 1918
8.	Reynolds, Jesse L.	Dec. 30, 1918
9.	Hopp, Gordon	Aug. 1, 1919
10.	Connolly, George B.	Feb. 24, 1920
11.	Petrone, Frank	March 16, 1920
12.	Peters, Leo	May 22, 1920
13.	Hicks, Carl	June 23, 1920
14.	Keller, Herman O. A.	June 22, 1920
15.	Hoban, Thomas J.	Sept. 14, 1920
16.	Almquist, Albert H.	Oct. 1, 1920
17.	Finn, Michael T.	Jan. 27, 1921
18.	Gustafson, John A.	April 11, 1922
19.	Braden, Peter M.	June 16, 1922
20.	McDonald, Donald	June 30, 1922
21.	Saunders, Joseph A.	June 30, 1922
22.	Brooks, George C.	June 2, 1923
23.	Kernell, Gustav	June 12, 1923
24.	Brown, Lawrence E.	Aug. 2, 1923
25.	Hughes, Charles B.	Nov. 15, 1923
26.	Jagiello, Anthony	Feb. 6, 1924
27.	Miller, John C.	Feb. 12, 1924
28.	Cole, George F.	Feb. 15, 1924
29.	Walshe, Hylton S.	Feb. 25, 1924
30.	Woyshner, Paul	April 24, 1924
31.	Olmsted, James N.	June 15, 1924
32.	Ryckman, Willis L.	Sept. 16, 1924
33.	Young, Frank M.	Nov. 19, 1924
34.	Greenwood, William A.	Dec. 4, 1924
35.	Buckley, Joseph E.	Dec. 24, 1924
36.	Gire, Ellis J.	Jan. 1, 1925
37.	Bailey, Henry M.	Jan. 14, 1925
38.	Kaminski, Edward J.	Feb. 2, 1925
39.	Coleman, Jesse W.	March 15, 1925
40.	Lee, William A.	April 1, 1925
41.	Seufert, Henry A.	June 23, 1925
42.	Odien, Philip T.	Oct. 7, 1925
43.	Blakley, John	Oct. 12, 1925
44.	Salguero, Manuel M.	Dec. 11, 1925
45.	Skoda, Stephen	Feb. 19, 1926
46.	Ahern, John J.	March 23, 1926
47.	McKenna, John J.	May 17, 1926
48.	Logue, Joseph W.	June 5, 1926
49.	Cruikshank, David E.	June 26, 1926
50.	Carleton, John A.	July 15, 1927
51.	Gusack, Joseph F.	Aug. 4, 1927
52.	Durr, Bernard J.	Aug. 11, 1927
53.	Jennings, Leo M.	Sept. 20, 1927
54.	Inglee, Charles W.	Oct. 21, 1927
55.	Davis, Roger W.	Dec. 1, 1927
56.	Jones, Thomas J.	Dec. 23, 1927
57.	Roennigke, Theodore L.	Feb. 13, 1928
58.	Jefferson, William E.	March 29, 1928
59.	Blalock, James G.	April 19, 1928
60.	Gilstrap, Orval C.	April 19, 1928
61.	Linder, Orval	April 20, 1928
62.	Murawski, John	June 6, 1928
63.	Zsiga, Stephen J.	June 27, 1928
64.	Hamas, John	July 10, 1928
65.	Hiensch, Charles D.	July 30, 1928
66.	Carroll, Martin	Aug. 18, 1928
67.	Parrett, George C.	Aug. 18, 1928
68.	Bredeloft, Albert	Nov. 14, 1928
69.	Anderson, Adolph	Nov. 21, 1928
70.	Anderson, Emory L.	Dec. 5, 1928
71.	Higuera, Philip R.	Dec. 8, 1928
72.	Nelson, Carl A.	Feb. 21, 1929
73.	Jackson, Leonard H.	March 1, 1929
74.	Kuhn, John F.	March 16, 1929
75.	Rossich, Louis	April 1, 1929
76.	Wolfgang, Henry F.	April 18, 1929
77.	Haubensack, George F.	April 24, 1929
78.	Cook, John B.	May 1, 1929
79.	Hensley, Lewis V.	May 1, 1929
80.	Mandel, Abraham C.	May 23, 1929
81.	Nowack, George J.	Aug. 3, 1929
82.	Anderson, Walter E.	Sept. 1, 1929
83.	Casper, Earl	Sept. 27, 1929
84.	Stutz, Robert	Oct. 8, 1929
85.	Watts, Raymond C.	Oct. 19, 1929
86.	McCoy, Robert F.	Nov. 6, 1929
87.	Cagle, Carl J.	Nov. 12, 1929
88.	Vannice, Elmer L.	Nov. 29, 1929
89.	Deckard, Lloyd C.	Jan. 25, 1930
90.	Martinez, Carlos	May 1, 1930
91.	Tucker, James R.	May 1, 1930
92.	Anderson, George	May 3, 1930
93.	Marcott, Albert F.	May 3, 1930
94.	Thomason, Basil O.	May 3, 1930

95.	Draheim, Albert E.	May 6, 1930
96.	Bochke, Stephen	May 7, 1930
97.	Jagosz, Stanley	May 7, 1930
98.	Wood, Robert C.	May 8, 1930
99.	Pulver, William F.	July 1, 1930
100.	Stone, Walter J.	July 1, 1930
101.	Withers, Sam W.	Aug. 5, 1930
102.	Hill, Johnson B.	Aug. 21, 1930
103.	Gayer, Harry	Aug. 25, 1930
104.	Davis, Chester A.	Sept. 1, 1930
105.	Kapanke, William H.	Sept. 12, 1930
106.	Gray, Barzillai M.	Nov. 3, 1930
107.	Stepka, Joseph F.	Feb. 1, 1931
108.	O'Neal, Lawrence E.	March 16, 1931
109.	Marlin, Eugene M.	April 6, 1931
110.	Pesch, Dominick	May 12, 1931
111.	Lowery, Thomas O.	May 20, 1931
112.	Weston, Harry	July 7, 1931
113.	Bell, Edward R.	Aug. 11, 1931
114.	Off, Abraham	Aug. 25, 1931
115.	Jennings, Robert L.	Nov. 11, 1931
116.	Fowel, Roy M.	Nov. 20, 1931
117.	Gardner, George E.	Dec. 1, 1931
118.	Maddox, Ernest V.	Dec. 16, 1931
119.	Smith, John F.	Dec. 29, 1931
120.	Harter, Ora C.	Jan. 20, 1932
121.	Davis, Henry G.	Jan. 23, 1932
122.	Tietz Joseph R.	Jan. 28, 1932
123.	Holworth, Walter	Feb. 1, 1932
124.	Greear, William B., Jr.	April 23, 1932
125.	Kohns, Rudolph	May 18, 1932
126.	Drury, Everett J.	June 2, 1932
127.	Raines, Carl	June 29, 1932
128.	Kane, James A.	July 7, 1932
129.	Rentfrow, Frank H.	Aug. 17, 1932
130.	Fullerton, Chester P.	Aug. 22, 1932
131.	Diamond, Leland	Sept. 15, 1932
132.	Tokay, Frank	Oct. 14, 1932
133.	Klappholz, Henry E.	Oct. 17, 1932
134.	Ward, John E.	Nov. 2, 1932
135.	Groves, Samuel	Nov. 9, 1932
136.	Gilson, Allen J.	March 9, 1933
137.	Cain, Carl F.	March 11, 1933
138.	Russell, John W.	March 11, 1933
139.	Lo Giudice, Angelo J.	March 12, 1933
140.	Stagg, Hannon W.	March 14, 1933
141.	Courtney, James	March 28, 1933
142.	Johnson, John G.	April 3, 1933
143.	Lewis, John	April 3, 1933
144.	James, Charlie A.	April 6, 1933
145.	O'Connor, Other	April 26, 1933
146.	Wolf, Anton F.	June 15, 1933
147.	Harris, Byron	July 19, 1934
148.	Ludke, Leonard	July 19, 1934
149.	Steinhardt, Arthur H.	July 19, 1934
150.	Roberts, Sterling P.	July 20, 1934
151.	Anderson, John	July 21, 1934
152.	Anderson Allan C.	July 23, 1934
153.	Rausch, John J.	July 23, 1934
154.	McHugh, John	July 24, 1934
155.	Pembroke, Truman A.	July 27, 1934
156.	Tunick, Louis	July 30, 1934
157.	Daulton, Carl W.	Aug. 1, 1934
158.	Moeger, Robert J.	Aug. 7, 1934
159.	Harris, James A.	Aug. 17, 1934
160.	Beall, Olin L.	Aug. 30, 1934
161.	Spart, Gust	Sept. 1, 1934
162.	Jackson, Charles R.	Oct. 17, 1934
163.	Neel, Raymond F.	Oct. 18, 1934
164.	Patterson Sidney O.	Oct. 20, 1934
165.	Diamond, Harvey I.	Oct. 30, 1934
166.	Courter, Joseph A., Sr.	Dec. 1, 1934
167.	Strong, Lyle	Dec. 21, 1934
168.	Kafka, Bernard T.	Dec. 27, 1934
169.	Novotny, Frank	Jan. 4, 1935
170.	Cranston Anstey A.	Jan. 8, 1935

Aviation

1.	Budrow, Joseph H.	July 1, 1920
2.	Berry, Bert R.	Jan. 1, 1921
3.	Smith, Ike S.	Aug. 15, 1921
4.	Harbin, Daniel H.	Sept. 24, 1921
5.	Mettetal, Eugene	June 12, 1923
6.	Sears, Anthony J.	June 18, 1923
7.	Tucker, Arville C.	July 1, 1923
8.	Harkey, Herbert J.	Dec. 3, 1923
9.	Jensen, Hilmer A.	Dec. 4, 1923
10.	Leeper, Raymond H.	Jan. 26, 1924
11.	Paszkwicz, Andrew J.	Feb. 12, 1924
12.	Blanks, Hugh A.	July 1, 1924
13.	Markle, William R.	Jan. 1, 1925
14.	Kildow, Hopwood C.	Feb. 2, 1925
15.	Hill, James F.	Aug. 10, 1925
16.	Davey, Stanley G.	Sept. 16, 1925
17.	Royalty, Ollie S.	Jan. 1, 1926
18.	Godbee, Powell W.	Jan. 20, 1926
19.	May, Russell D.	April 8, 1926
20.	Wilson, James C.	April 8, 1926
21.	Smith, George H.	Feb. 3, 1927
22.	Wilson, William F.	Jan. 1, 1928
23.	Sessions, Cleve	July 23, 1928
24.	Hendershot, Albert W.	Aug. 15, 1928
25.	Scoffield, Walter E.	Aug. 16, 1928
26.	Papen, Herman A.	Sept. 11, 1928
27.	Towles, Jesse C.	Jan. 1, 1929
28.	Zamberlan, Antonio P.	Jan. 3, 1929
29.	Lewis, William C.	Jan. 14, 1929
30.	Hauschel, Joseph	Jan. 19, 1929
31.	O'Connor, Frederick	Jan. 21, 1929
32.	Steele, Dugald L.	Jan. 21, 1929
33.	Sullivan, Frank J.	Feb. 1, 1929
34.	Mahon, Cecil	March 1, 1929
35.	Anderson, Adolph J.	Aug. 6, 1929
36.	Norris, Luther G.	Sept. 5, 1929
37.	Dunn, Edward L.	Dec. 1, 1929
38.	Bradley, James J.	Dec. 18, 1929
39.	Abrahams, Ensie G.	Feb. 11, 1930
40.	Cox, Max	Feb. 11, 1930
41.	Paul, Dominick R.	March 11, 1930
42.	Campbell, Donald R.	July 1, 1930
43.	Fitzsimmons, Eugene J.	July 1, 1930
44.	Gerey, John	July 1, 1930
45.	Jahant, George A.	July 1, 1930
46.	Johnson, Melville T.	July 1, 1930
47.	Reynolds, Thomas W.	July 1, 1930
48.	Rodgers, Hubert M.	July 1, 1930
49.	Rowland, William K.	July 1, 1930
50.	White, Willie A.	July 1, 1930
51.	Williams, Neal G.	July 1, 1930
52.	Winchester, Nero M.	July 1, 1930
53.	Smith, Lloyd E.	July 22, 1930
54.	Lillie, Robert E. A.	Dec. 15, 1930
55.	Burns, Robert V.	March 13, 1931
56.	Carter, John S.	March 13, 1931
57.	Cole, Carlton G.	March 13, 1931
58.	Cooper, Herbert	March 13, 1931
59.	Kaltenback, Raymond W.	March 13, 1931
60.	Maddy, Leo S.	March 13, 1931
61.	Paisley, Perry E.	March 14, 1931
62.	Knopf, Oscar A.	March 14, 1931
63.	Hans, Albert L.	March 14, 1931
64.	Cordell, Ivy R.	May 26, 1931
65.	Cole, George	June 4, 1931
66.	Collier, Zadik	June 4, 1931
67.	Egonut, John J. Jr.	June 4, 1931
68.	Wart, Marcel J.	June 9, 1931
69.	Woodsey, Kenneth A.	June 9, 1931
70.	Adams, Leo W.	July 13, 1931
71.	Holmes, Darryl B.	Feb. 23, 1932
72.	Trevelyan, Ray A.	Feb. 23, 1932
73.	Darner, Lawrence R.	April 1, 1932
74.	Wester, William C.	April 10, 1932
75.	Peters, Emil S.	July 20, 1934
76.	Cooper, Charles P.	July 25, 1934
77.	Owens, Quitman M.	July 25, 1934
78.	Schwab, John C.	July 25, 1934
79.	Eakes, John T., Jr.	July 27, 1934
80.	Beauchamp, Frank J.	Nov. 14, 1934
81.	Critz, Thomas E.	Nov. 19, 1934
82.	Word, William E.	Dec. 24, 1934

Signal Men

1.	Reed, Richard S.	April 1, 1929
2.	Lynch, Merle M.	Aug. 20, 1930
3.	Roberson, Burleigh W.	Feb. 17, 1931
4.	Dupuy, Joseph T.	Feb. 25, 1931
5.	Drummond, James P.	Jan. 16, 1932
6.	Steinhauser, Fredrick M.	May 4, 1932
7.	Pederson, John	May 9, 1932
8.	Stillwell, Rex R.	March 14, 1933
9.	Burgess, Richard	July 19, 1934
10.	Cannon, George W.	July 20, 1934
11.	Bowman, Lucian J.	July 21, 1934
12.	Lewis, Joseph H.	Dec. 12, 1934



THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on November 30	17,210
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —November 30	1,177
Separations during December	4
Appointments during December	1,173
Total Strength on December 31	16,033
ENLISTED —Total Strength on November 30	318
Separations during December	15,715
Joinings during December	269
Total Strength on December 31	15,984
Total Strength Marine Corps December 31	17,157



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.
 Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougall, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.
 Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, The Adjutant and Inspector.
 Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
 Brig. Gen. George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougall.
 Col. Robert L. Denig.
 Lt. Col. Raphael Griffin.
 Maj. Louis E. Woods.
 Capt. Will H. Lee.
 1st Lt. Walker A. Reeves.

Officers last to make numbers in the grades indicated:

Brig. Gen. Richard P. Williams.
 Col. Robert L. Denig.
 Lt. Col. Raphael Griffin.
 Maj. Donald J. Kendall.
 Capt. Lawrence R. Kline.
 1st Lt. James H. Brower.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

DECEMBER 7, 1934.
 Maj. Bert A. Bone, on completion of the course, relieved temporary duty at the Field Service School, Raritan Arsenal, Metuchen, N. J., and detached Depot of Supplies, Phila., Pa., to duty in the Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Dept., Wash., D. C.

Capt. William J. Whaling, on completion of the course, relieved temporary duty at the Field Service School, Raritan Arsenal, Metuchen, N. J., and detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Depot of Supplies, Phila., Pa.
 Capt. Chesley G. Stevens, detached MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force, to report not later than 15 Dec.

MarGur Tom Woody, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force, to report not later than 15 Dec.

DECEMBER 8, 1934.
 Capt. Lemuel A. Haslup, on 2 Jan., detached MB, NYd, Wash., D. C., to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

1st Lt. Jaime Sabater, transferred with Marine Detachment from USS, "Jacob Jones" to USS, "Claxton."

1st Lt. David M. Shoup, assigned to duty with MD, AL, Peiping, China.

2nd Lt. Russell Lloyd, orders to MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., modified to MB, NYd, Wash., D. C.

MarGur Jack A. Church detached Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Anacostia, D. C.

ChfPayCk William B. Denison, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to report not later than 15 Dec.

The following named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, subject to confirmation on 6 Dec., to rank from the dates set opposite their names:

TO MAJOR:
 William K. MacNulty, 29 May—No. 69.
 William H. Harrison, 1 Oct.
 George H. Morse, Jr., 25 Nov.

TO CAPTAIN:
 Stanley E. Ridderhof, 29 May—No. 3.

(Continued on page 52)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

DECEMBER 3 1934.
 Sgt. William D. Mears—USS, "Pensacola" to Quantico.

DECEMBER 4, 1934.
 Cpl. Chester M. Fuller—P. I. to San Diego.

DECEMBER 5, 1934.
 MT-Sgt. Lawrence S. Dyer—Quantico to Hdqs. Marine Corps.
 Staff Sgt. Richard A. Hardisty—Quantico to FMF.

DECEMBER 7, 1934.
 Cpl. Thomas J. McCabe—Iona Island to Mare Island.

1st Sgt. Warren F. Lear—Cavite to East Coast, U. S.

DECEMBER 8, 1934.
 Cpl. Harry S. Muir—WC to Philadelphia.

DECEMBER 10, 1934.
 Sgt. John Schrenk—FMF to MB, Quantico.

Sgt. Maj. Cecil M. Dietz—Quantico to FMF.

Sgt. Maj. William H. Carroll—FMF to Quantico.

DECEMBER 11, 1934.
 MT-Sgt. William M. Bird—Aviation, Quantico to Aviation, San Diego.

Cpl. Edward H. Kerns—Newport to MCI.
 Cpl. Butler Metzger—Guantanamo to Coco Solo.

Sgt. Samuel L. Slocum—New York to Portsmouth, N. H.

Cpl. Dora G. Alexander—New York to Portsmouth, N. H.

Sgt. Maj. William W. Harrmann—Quantico to NBG.

DECEMBER 12, 1934.
 Cpl. Arlo F. Hansen—USS, "West Virginia" to San Diego.

Cpl. Victor Anderson—MB, Washington to Philadelphia.

DECEMBER 13, 1934.
 Sgt. Emile A. Charpentier—P. I. to Quantico.

DECEMBER 14, 1934.
 1st Sgt. Malcolm C. Black—USS, "Arkansas" to Mare Island.

1st Sgt. Jack Davis—1st Bn., USMCR, N. Y., to USS, "Arkansas."

Cpl. Earl I. Gaddis—Quantico to Navy Bldg. Guard.

Cpl. Bernard E. Johnson—Mare Island to P. I.

Cpl. Joseph E. Palencar—USS, "Nevada" to Philadelphia.

Cpl. William R. Lindley—FMF to MB, Quantico.

DECEMBER 15, 1934.
 Cpl. William F. Gillen—Quantico to P. I.

Cpl. H. L. Franklin—N. Y. to MB, Washington.

Cpl. F. B. Taylor—N. Y. to MB, Washington.

Sgt. Leroy Harman—N. Y. to FMF.

Sgt. John W. Webber—N. Y. to FMF.

Cpl. Robert A. Engesser—N. Y. to FMF.

Cpl. Claud J. McAlpin—N. Y. to FMF.

Sgt. Maj. Roman Szumigalski—4th Regt. to Quantico.

DECEMBER 17, 1934.
 Sgt. John W. Webber—FMF to 1st Sig. Co. Quantico by S/R.

Sgt. John S. Reamy—Nav. Comm. to FMF.

Cpl. Albert Krueger—Chelsea to FMF, Quantico.

(Continued on page 52)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

KEMP, Otto, Jr., 11-30-34, at Pittsburgh for MB, Washington.

BYRA, Bazyl, 11-30-34, at MB, Boston for MB, Washington.

FLOREA, Hiram H., 11-30-34, at MB, Washington for Marine Band, Washington.

JACOBY, Henry A., 12-1-34, at Portsmouth, Va., for MB, Mare Island.

PERLY, John L., 11-27-34, at Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

YOUNG, Albert, 12-1-34, at Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

COOK, Arthur H., 12-2-34, at Quantico for FMF, Quantico.

LOFTIN, William W., 12-1-34, at Quantico for FMF, Quantico.

McELROY, Halbert A., 12-4-34, at MB, Washington for MB, Washington.

McNAIR, Henry L., 12-3-34, at MB, Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

MARTIN, Francis J., 12-3-34, at MB, Dover for MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

MURRELL, Emerson R., 11-27-34, at MCB, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

PHARIS, William H., 11-28-34, at Mare Island for MB, Washington.

WARD, John J., 12-1-34, at Portsmouth, N. H., for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

CAGLE, Vernal, 12-5-34, at Washington for Hdqs. Marine Corps.

BAIRD, Martin E., 12-1-34, at Pensacola, for MB, Pensacola, Fla.

DICKEY, Irving E., 12-5-34, at Boston for MB, Boston, Mass.

HUDSON, Floyd D., 12-5-34, at Washington for Rectg. Sta., Washington.

WARD, Hubert N., 12-6-34, at Washington for Hdqs. Marine Corps.

BLUEMKE, George L., 12-5-34, at MB, Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.

CONNER, Carl C., 12-5-34, at MB, Quantico for RRD, Quantico, Va.

DELAUNE, Thomas J., 12-4-34, at New Orleans for MB, Parris Island.

DUNPHY, Lewis A., 11-23-34, at NAD, Oahu, T. H., for NAD, Oahu, T. H.

FALKEN, Nathan, 11-4-34, at Peiping for AL, Peiping, China.

FOSTER, Claude O., 11-1-34, at Peiping for AL, Peiping, China.

JUNE, Truman L., 11-8-34, at Peiping for AL, Peiping, China.

SWANK, Clarence E., 11-30-34, at Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

WRIGHT, John C., 12-6-34, at Quantico for MB, Quantico, Va.

COOPER, John F., 12-7-34, at Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

FRIEDMAN, Isreal, 12-7-34, at New York for MB, Philadelphia.

GIALANELLA, Anthony, Jr., 12-7-34, at New York for MB, Washington.

SKELLEY, Edward J., 12-7-34, at Quantico for MB, Quantico.

CRABTREE, James M., 12-6-34, at New Orleans for MB, Parris Island.

KERBLESKI, Bernard J., 12-3-34, at Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.

NEW, Doyle A., 12-3-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

DIETRICH, Harry E., 12-1-34, at Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

HENDERSON, Harry McC., 12-8-34, at Quantico for FMF, Quantico.

HUFF, Melvin T., 12-1-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

(Continued on page 53)

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 51)

Cpl. Monroe W. Robinson—Iona Island to Portsmouth, N. H.
Cpl. Dora G. Alexander—Orders to Portsmouth, N. H., from N. Y., revoked.
DECEMBER 18, 1934.
1st Sgt. John F. Fitzgerald-Brown—FMF to MB, Quantico.
Drum Cpl. Nick W. Papaila—MB, Washington to Philadelphia.
DECEMBER 20, 1934.
Cpl. William R. Rhodes—NP, Mare Island to AC-2, FMF.
Cpl. Jackson L. Gerner—1st Sig. Co. to 2nd Sig. Co.
Cpl. William C. Moore—1st Sig. Co. to 2nd Sig. Co.
Cpl. Randolph M. June—1st Sig. Co. to 2nd Sig. Co.
Cpl. Eugene C. Jones—P. I. to 2nd Sig. Co.
Cpl. John W. Matchett—P. I. to 2nd Sig. Co.
Sgt. Stanley A. Kretlow—Dept. of Pacific to 2nd Sig. Co.
Sgt. Boyd L. Loftland—Dept. of Pacific to 2nd Sig. Co.
1st Sgt. Lloyd M. Marshall—FMF, San Diego to USS, "Argonne."
DECEMBER 21, 1934.
Cpl. Eldon D. Brodnex—NYd, D. C., to Hdqs.
Sgt. Emile A. Charpentier—Quantico to FMF.
DECEMBER 24, 1934.
Cpl. Peter Popoff—Quantico to NYd, D. C.
Gy-Sgt. Raymond F. Neel—Norfolk to USS, "Trenton."
Gy-Sgt. Lewis Miller—Quantico to NPd, Portsmouth.
DECEMBER 26, 1934.
Cpl. Dora G. Alexander—N. Y. to Great Lakes.
QM-Sgt. Paul G. Chandler—NYd, D. C., to MB, D. C.
QM-Sgt. James H. McDonald—Quantico to NYd, D. C.
Cpl. Henry H. Anglin—Pensacola to AC-1, FMF, Quantico.
QM-Sgt. Francis M. Jackson—MB, Wash., to Quantico.
DECEMBER 27, 1934.
Cpl. James P. Donovan—Sunnyvale to Quantico.
DECEMBER 28, 1934.
Cpl. Richard D. Crump—1st Sig. Co. to FMF.
Cpl. Alex D. Morgan—1st Sig. Co. to FMF.
Cpl. Howard G. Koster—N. Y. to Guantanamo.
Sgt. Estus Blount—Boston to FMF, Quantico.
DECEMBER 31, 1934.
Sgt. James C. Rimes—Optical School to FMF, Quantico.
JANUARY 2, 1935.
Cpl. Wade H. Gullledge—Pearl Harbor to Charleston, S. C.
Cpl. Fitzhugh L. Childress—FMF, Quantico to P. I.
JANUARY 3, 1935.
Cpl. Winfrey A. Brasher—Quantico to Shanghai.
Staff Sgt. Marcus J. Coutts—West Coast to Quantico.
JANUARY 4, 1935.
Sgt. Estus Blount—Auth. 30 days delay Boston to Quantico, FMF.
JANUARY 5, 1935.
Staff Sgt. Hubert H. Dunlap—Norfolk to Quantico.
Sgt. William E. Connolly—Dover to Norfolk.
Cpl. Harlan Austill—Charleston, S. C., to Coco Solo.
JANUARY 7, 1935.
Sgt. John O'Conner—Norfolk to FMF, Quantico.
Cpl. Robert G. Straine—FMF, Quantico to FMF, San Diego.
Sgt. Ernest E. Fritts—Norfolk to Asiatic.
Cpl. Victor H. Barry—Norfolk to New York.
Cpl. Ernest Jones—WC to P. I.
JANUARY 8, 1935.
Gy-Sgt. John Murawski—FMF to P. I.
Cpl. Earl D. McConaughy—FMF, San Diego, to MCB, San Diego.
Cpl. Albert S. Hammack—FMF, San Diego, to MCB, San Diego.
1st Sgt. Lee Moberly—USS, "Portland" to San Diego.

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 51)

TO FIRST LIEUTENANT:
Wilson T. Dodge, 29 May—No. 18.
Richard J. McPherson, 29 May—No. 54.
James R. Hester, 29 May—No. 57.
DECEMBER 11, 1934.
Maj. Ray A. Robinson, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster.
Maj. Joseph G. Ward, detailed as an Assistant Paymaster.
Capt. Max Cox, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
Capt. Francis Kane, about 20 Dec. detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 2 Jan., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.
1st Lt. Wayne H. Adams promoted first lieutenant, subject to confirmation, on 8 Dec., to rank from 4 June.
The following named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, subject to confirmation, on 8 Dec. to rank from 29 May:

Capt. Franklin G. Cowie	No. 14
Capt. Cornelius J. Eldridge	45
1st Lt. John V. Rosewaine	22
1st Lt. Hewin O. Hammond	23
1st Lt. William F. Coleman	30
1st Lt. Joseph H. Berry	46
1st Lt. John F. Stamm	65
1st Lt. Russell Lloyd	104

DECEMBER 18, 1934.
Capt. Benjamin W. Atkinson, detached NCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS.

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"Lexington," to report not later than 2 Jan.
Capt. Paul R. Cowley detached MD, NS, Guam, to Hdqs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., via the USS, "Chaumont" scheduled to sail from Guam on or about 9 Jan.
Capt. William M. Marshall, detached MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I., to Dept. of the Pacific via first available conveyance.
Capt. William Ulrich, detached MD, USS, "Lexington," to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.
1st Lt. Philip L. Thwing, orders to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., modified to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty on the Staff of the Marine Corps Schools.
DECEMBER 21, 1934.
Capt. John T. Selden, on reporting of his relief about 12 Jan. detached MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to Hdqs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.
1st Lt. Kenneth H. Cornell, detached Dept. of the Pacific to Hdqs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.
The following named officers have been promoted first lieutenants, subject to confirmation, with rank from the date set opposite their names:

Harold R. Lee, 29 May—No. 4.
Harry S. Leon, 4 June—No. 6.
Edward H. Forney, Jr., 4 June—No. 12.
William K. Pottinger, 4 June—No. 23.

DECEMBER 22, 1934.
No changes were announced.

DECEMBER 24, 1934.
No changes were announced.

DECEMBER 26, 1934.
Lt. Col. John B. Seabee, assigned to duty with the Fourth Marines, Shanghai, China.
Capt. John W. Cunningham, about 2 January detached MB, NAD, Fort Mifflin, Pa., to MB, Guam, via the USS, "Henderson" sailing from NOB, Norfolk, Va., on or about 1 March. Authorized to delay en route NOB, Norfolk, Va., until 28 February.
1st Lt. Thomas G. McFarland, orders to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., modified to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va. Authorized to delay one month in reporting.
ChfQmClk John Strong, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., ordered to his home, and retired on 1 April.

DECEMBER 27, 1934.
Capt. John F. Talbot, detached MB, NAD, Oahu, T. H., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

1st Lt. James P. Berkeley, assigned to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty with the Sixth Marines, Fleet Marine Force. Authorized to delay sixty days in reporting.
1st Lt. Robert L. Skidmore, assigned to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty with the Sixth Marines, Fleet Marine Force. Authorized to delay sixty days in reporting.
1st Lt. Robert J. Straub, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB, NAD, Oahu, T. H.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated, subject to confirmation, on 24 December, with rank from the dates set opposite their names:

Lt. Col. Ralph J. Mitchell, 29 May	No. 35
Maj. James E. Betts, 29 May	6
1st Lt. Robert B. Luckey, 1 May	1
1st Lt. Richard P. Ross, Jr., 29 May	1
1st Lt. Otho C. Ledbetter, 29 May	39
1st Lt. Joseph P. McCaffery, 29 May	52
1st Lt. John B. Hill, 29 May	56
1st Lt. Frank M. Reinecke, 29 May	90
1st Lt. John M. Davis, 29 May	91

DECEMBER 31, 1934.
Maj. James E. Betts, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force, modified to MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to report not later than 11 Jan.

Maj. Clyde H. Metcalf, on 2 Jan. detached MB, NYd, Wash., D. C., to Hdqs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Capt. Raymond T. Presnell, detached Hdqs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., ordered to his home, and retired on 1 April.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated subject to confirmation, on 27 Dec. with rank from the dates shown opposite their names:

Major Dean Kalbfleisch, 29 May—No. 2.
Capt. Charles W. Pohl, 29 May—No. 2.
1st Lt. Luther S. Moore, 4 June—No. 5.

JANUARY 3, 1935.
1st Lt. Luther S. Moore, orders to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., modified. Assigned to duty at NAS, Pensacola, Fla. Delay reporting until 5 Feb.

1st Lt. Nicholas J. Fusel, orders to Dept. of the Pacific modified. On arrival San Francisco, Calif., via USS, "Chaumont" 30 Jan., ordered to duty at NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 8 Feb.

2nd Lt. James B. Lake, Jr., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla. Delay reporting until 5 Feb.

2nd Lt. Robert R. Porter, about 30 Jan. detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 5 Feb.

JANUARY 5, 1935.
Capt. Hamilton M. H. Fleming, orders detaching this officer from MB, Wash., D. C., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., modified —on detachment MB, Wash., D. C., ordered duty MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Capt. John T. Selden, detailed Assistant Paymaster, effective 15 January, 1935.

Capt. Norman M. Shaw, detached MB, Wash., D. C., ordered to his home, and retired on 1 March 1935.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated, subject to confirmation on 2 Jan., 1935, with rank from the dates shown opposite their names:

Lt. Col. Raphael Griffin, 1 Jan., 1935	No.
Maj. William T. Evans, 1 Jan., 1935	1
Maj. Benjamin W. Gally, 1 Jan., 1935	2
Capt. Will H. Lee, 1 Jan., 1935	4
Capt. Evans F. Carlson, 1 Jan., 1935	1
Capt. John W. Laske, 1 Jan., 1935	2
Capt. Monroe S. Swanson, 1 Jan., 1935	3
1st Lt. William I. Phipps, 29 May, 1934	29

JANUARY 8, 1935.
Maj. Gen. John T. Myers, detached from duty as Commanding General, Dept. of the

Pacific, and retired as of 1 February, 1935.
Capt. Floyd W. Bennet, on or about 20 Jan. detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., for duty as PQM, sailing from San Francisco, Calif., 15 Feb. Authorized delay enroute to San Francisco until 14 Feb. Detailed AQM, effective 1 Feb.

Capt. Frederick C. Biebusch, when directed by CO, USS, "West Virginia," about 15 Feb. detached MD, of that ship and ordered to Dept. of the Pacific.

Capt. John A. Bemis, on 15 Jan. detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty with Battery E, 10th Marines, FMF. Authorized delay 10 days enroute San Diego.

1st Lt. Samuel B. Griffith, 2nd, on 15 Jan. detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty with Battery E, 10th Marines, FMF. Authorized delay 10 days enroute San Diego.

1st Lt. Robert E. Hill, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va. JANUARY 5, 1935.

Maj. Louis M. Bourne, died at Naval Hospital, Wash., D. C., 7 Jan.

Maj. John E. Norris, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., ordered to his home, and retired as of 1 May.

Capt. Clate C. Snyder, on arrival San Francisco, Calif., from Asiatic Station, ordered to duty MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay one month enroute.

1st Lt. Edward J. Dillon, on arrival San Francisco from Asiatic Station, ordered to duty 2nd Bn., 6th Marines, FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay 10 days enroute.

1st Lt. Donovan D. Sult, on arrival San Francisco from Asiatic Station, ordered to duty Battery E, 10th Marines, FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay one month enroute.

On arrival San Francisco from Asiatic Station, following-named officers ordered to duty 2nd Bn., 6th Marines, FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego Calif. with one month delay enroute:

1st Lt. Raymond A. Anderson.
1st Lt. Edmund B. Games.
1st Lt. Clarence J. O'Donnell.
1st Lt. Robert L. McKee.
1st Lt. Marvin V. Yandle.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 51)

PASKIEWICZ, Andrew J., 12-8-34, at Quantico for MB, Quantico.

REID, George "W" Jr., 12-1-34, at San Diego for MB, NAS, San Diego.

SILVERNAIL, Levi B., Sr., 12-9-34, at Philadelphia for DoFS, Philadelphia.

SONCARTY, Frank O., 12-7-34, at Chicago for MB, Quantico.

BUSS, Lawrence H., 12-9-34, at Quantico for MCS, Det., Quantico.

CERMAK, Frank J., 12-10-34, at Dover for MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

MOORE, Robert DeW., 12-11-34, at New York for MB, New York, N. Y.

BOUTWELL, Albert F., 12-6-34, at Pensacola for MB, Pensacola, Fla.

BROOKS, Harry LeR., 12-11-34, at MB, Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.

KLEIN, Ben, 12-9-34, at MB, Quantico for MB, Quantico.

MASSEY, Maurice, 12-11-34, at Charleston, S. C., for MB, Charleston, S. C.

THOMAS, William C., 12-2-34, at Hawthorne for MB, Hawthorne, Nev.

ROUSA, Carmelo, 12-11-34, at MB, Dover for MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

MCCARTNEY, Thomas E., 12-13-34, at Pittsburgh for MB, Quantico.

LOCK, Frederick A., 12-7-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

KLEPONIS, Vincent, 12-6-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

McCLOUD, Millard A., 12-8-34, at Mare Island for PSNYd, Bremerton.

McKENZIE, Paul, 12-13-34, at Quantico for MCS, Quantico.

OSTROM, Avard W., 12-6-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

PANTIER, Elmer T., 12-13-34, at MB, New York for MB, New York, N. Y.

RANDLE, Jesse L., 12-14-34, at Quantico for Sig. Co., Quantico.

TRACY, Wayborn L., 11-21-34, at Peiping for MD, AL, Peiping, China.

LANCOUR, Lawrence, 12-13-34, at Chicago for MB, Quantico.

STRANGE, Forest, 12-14-34, at Savannah for MB, Parris Island.

MORGAN, George C., 12-8-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

PARKER, Howard H., 12-8-34, at San Diego for AC No. 2, FMF, San Diego.

SHEFF, Clarence W., 12-11-34, at Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.

BERNSTEIN, Harry V., 12-10-34, at San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

BOCHKE, Stephen, 12-10-34, at San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

CARLSEN, Reider, 11-18-34, at Shanghai for Shanghai, China.

CASTELL, Hiram M., 12-10-34, at San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

Cox, Lester D., 11-15-34, at Peiping for Peiping, China.

EGONUT, John J. Jr., 12-11-34, at San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

HARRIS, Robert F., 12-11-34, USS, "Tennessee" for USS, "Tennessee."

LOWE, Raymond F., 12-14-34, at Norfolk for MB, Norfolk, Va.

ROEHRIG, Archibald, 12-7-34, at Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

WILSON, William T., 12-26-34, at Lakehurst for MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

WELLMAN, Wilfred L., 12-28-34, at Washington for Hdqs. Marine Corps.

BROWN, James M., 12-26-34, at Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.

TEER, Marvin A., 12-15-34, at MCB, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

CARTER, John S., 12-26-34, at MB, Quantico for AC No. 1, FMF, Quantico.

Paskiewicz, Chester J., 12-24-34, at MB, Quantico for AC No. 1, FMF, Quantico.

KIMBROUGH, William McK., 12-22-34, at San Francisco for MB, Mare Island.

OUTLAND, Leslie, 12-20-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

PARSON, Harry, 12-21-34, at Seattle for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.

PLISCO, William W., 12-21-34, at Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.

TERRELL, James C., 12-22-34, at San Francisco for MB, Mare Island.

GALINSKY, Stephen, 12-23-34, at Quantico for FMF, Quantico.

GILLETTE, Jasper J., 12-20-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

GOODE, Morris F., 12-22-34, at Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

HUGHES, Emmett P., 12-4-34, at Cavite for MB, Cavite, P. I.

McKINNEY, Richard E., 12-16-34, at Pearl Harbor for MB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

McNITT, John H., 12-23-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

WIELELE, Glenn A., 12-3-34, at Cavite for MB, Cavite, P. I.

WILSON, James L., 11-22-34, at Shanghai for 4th Marine, Shanghai, China.

BRUNO, George J., 12-31-34, at NYd, Washington for NYd, Washington.

COLL, Leslie S., 12-5-34, at Shanghai for 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

HARKEY, Herbert J., 12-17-34, at NAS, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

LeNOIR, Marlon R., 12-28-34, at Mare Island for MCB, San Diego.

MIZE, Raymond G., 1-2-35, at Boston for MB, Boston, Mass.

AMMONDS, Charles J., 1-2-35, at MB, Quantico for Bks. Det., Quantico.

CRAFT, 12-30-34, at MB, Quantico for Ser. Det., Quantico.

GUZIK, William, 1-3-35, at Boston for MB, NYd, Washington.

HARRIS, James S., 1-3-35, at Portsmouth for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

HAXTON, John H., 1-2-35, at Portsmouth for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

HEUSEL, Warren C., 1-4-35, at New York for Cavite via Hampton Roads.

BOUGH, Harold C., 1-2-35, at New Orleans for NAS, Pensacola.

McGRAW, Bruce A., 1-4-35, at Quantico for Ser. Det., Quantico.

HENSON, Raymond E., 1-4-35, at Chicago for MB, Quantico.

JONTZ, Jack R., 1-3-35, at Macon for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

CONYERS, Wayne E., 1-3-35, at San Francisco for Office, AA, I, San Francisco.

BLOUNT, Estus, 1-5-35, MB, Boston for FMF, Quantico.

BRIGHT, James H., 12-28-34, at MCB, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

LINDLEY, William R., 1-5-35, at Quantico for Ser. Det., Quantico.

NEWLAND, Joseph A., 1-5-35, at Charleston, S. C., for MB, Charleston, S. C.

SMITH, Roland F., 12-29-34, at Bremerton for PSNYd, Bremerton, Wash.

THOMPSON, Patrick H., 1-7-35, at Washington for MB, Washington.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave Manila 2 January; arrive Guam 8 January, leave 9 January; arrive Honolulu 19 January, leave 22 January; arrive San Francisco 30 January, leave 12 February; arrive San Pedro 14 February, leave 15 February; arrive San Diego 16 February, leave 18 February; arrive Canal Zone 27 February, leave 2 March; arrive Guantanamo 5 March, leave 5 March; arrive Norfolk (overhaul) 10 March.

HENDERSON—Under overhaul at Navy Yard, Norfolk. Will sail for West Coast about 1 March. Definite date to be set later.

NITRO—Leave Puget Sound 4 January; arrive Mare Island 7 January, leave 10 January; arrive Pearl Harbor 17 January, leave 21 January; arrive Guam 3 February, leave 4 February; arrive Cavite 9 February, leave 23 February; arrive Guam 28 February, leave 28 February; arrive Pearl Harbor 11 March, leave 13 March; arrive Puget Sound 21 March, leave 26 March; arrive Mare Island 29 March, leave 3 April; arrive San Pedro 5 April, leave 5 April; arrive San Diego 6 April, leave 9 April; arrive Balboa—Colon 19 April, leave 20 April; arrive Norfolk 27 April.

RAMAPO—Leave San Diego 5 January;



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land for MB, Mare Island.

VASTINE, Vallen W., 12-15-34, at MB, Dover for MB, RS, NYd, Philadelphia.

WALKER, Neil B., 12-12-34, at San Francisco for DoFS, San Francisco.

McWILLIAMS, James H., 12-11-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

CORCORAN, George H., 11-26-34, at Shanghai for Shanghai, China.

MARCOS, Enrique, 12-17-34, at Portsmouth, N. H., for MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

TRIAYWICK, Wayne, 12-16-34, at Quantico for PSN, Quantico.

LEFEVER, Hubert DeW., 12-19-34, at St. Juliens Creek for St. Juliens Creek.

MUSSELMAN, Daniel H., 12-18-34, at MB, Quantico for MB, Quantico, Va.

MILLER, John A., 12-20-34, at Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.

ROBINSON, Hillery L., 12-20-34, at MB, Norfolk for MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

BRADLEY, William C., 12-20-34, at Chicago for MB, Quantico, Va.

WANNER, Loren S., 12-20-34, at Chicago for MB, Quantico.

BLACKFORD, William C., 12-21-34, at Quantico for AC No. 1, FMF, Quantico.

BOOKER, Leonard A., 12-14-34, at Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

DOGGETT, Loy L., 12-22-34, at Charleston, S. C., for MB, Charleston.

HYDRICK, Lawrence J., 12-21-34, at Quantico for 1st Sig. Co., Quantico.

KING, Harry A., 12-17-34, at Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

STEELE, John W., 12-17-34, at Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

CAIN, Ambrose J., 12-17-34, at Seattle for 25th Reserve, Chicago.

HENRY, Clarence W., 12-20-34, at Mare Island for MCB, San Diego.

HISLOP, George W., 11-23-34, at Peiping for Peiping, China.

HOFFMAN, Nicholas, Jr., 12-18-34, at Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.


JARRETT, Elmer P., 12-18-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

McVITTIE, Ernest C., 12-18-34, at Keyport for MB, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

MILLER, John, 12-20-34, at Hawthorne for MB, Mare Island.

REYNOLDS, Eckie E., 12-23-34, at Portsmouth, Va. for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

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arrive San Pedro 5 January, leave 7 January; arrive Guam 30 January, leave 31 January; arrive Manila 7 February, leave 23 February; arrive San Pedro 25 March.
SALINAS—Leave Norfolk 4 January; arrive Beaumont 12 January, leave 14 January; arrive Pensacola 16 January, leave 17 January; arrive Key West 19 January, leave 21 January; arrive Beaumont 25 January, leave 26 January; arrive Norfolk 3 February, leave 18 February; arrive Beaumont 26 February, leave 27 February; arrive Norfolk 7 March.
SIRIUS—Leave N. O. B. Norfolk 28 January; arrive Guantanamo 2 February, leave 2 February; arrive Canal Zone 5 February, leave 9 February; arrive Mare Island 23 February, leave 7 March; arrive Puget Sound 11 March.
VEGA—Leave Norfolk 8 January; arrive Philadelphia 9 January, leave 22 January; arrive New York 23 January, leave 29 January; arrive Boston 21 January, leave 6 February; arrive New York 8 February, leave 13 February; arrive Philadelphia 15 February, leave 20 February; arrive Norfolk 21 February, leave 6 March; arrive Guantanamo 11 March, leave 11 March; arrive Canal Zone 15 March, leave 19 March; arrive San Diego 31 March, leave 4 April; arrive San Pedro 4 April, leave 5 April; arrive San Francisco 7 April.

DEATHS

Enlisted Men

BAYNE, Charles William, Private, died December 16, 1934, at Quantico, Va., of injuries received in an automobile accident. Next of kin: Mr. William E. Bayne, father, 32 Third Avenue, Greenfield, S. C.
KROLL, Claude George, Private, died December 22, 1934, in an automobile accident about 30 miles south of Petersburg, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. Geraldine Truitt, mother, Route No. 8, Box No. 149, Salem, Ore.
OVERMAN, Andrew William, Private, died December 25, 1934, in an automobile accident near Newbern, N. C. Next of kin: John W. Overman, father, 222 Rhem Avenue, Newbern, N. C.
REED, Parley "H," Private First Class, died December 26, 1934, of an accidental gunshot wound near Brookhaven, Miss. Next of kin: Henry W. Reed, father, RFD No. 3, Brookhaven, Miss.
STEPHENSON, Clyde, Private, died December 19, 1934, at Pearl Harbor, T. H., as the result of a fall into a drydock. Next of kin: Guy Stephenson, father, Route No. 4, Fulton, Missouri.
WILLIAMS, Carl Garnett, Private, died December 24, 1934, in an automobile accident near Adrian, Ga. Next of kin: John R. Williams, father, RFD No. 2, Adrian, Ga.

RUTTERBUSH, Herbert Henry, Gunnery Sergeant, Class II (b), F. M. C. R., inactive, died October 11, 1934, at Tawas City, Mich., of arteriosclerosis. Next of kin: Mrs. Nancy V. Rutterbush, wife, Tawas City, Mich.
MURPHREE, George Martin, Quartermaster Sergeant, retired, died December 25, 1934, at Susana Hospital, Agana, Guam, of thrombosis. Next of kin: Mrs. Carmen Leon Guerrero Murphree, wife, Agana, Guam.

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EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN JANUARY 1, 1935

During the month of December, 1934, the Marine Corps Institute experienced the greatest activity it has had for any month since March, 1931. A total of 3,600 lesson papers were received and activity was 4 per cent greater than for the month of November, 1934, and showed an increase of 12.3 per cent over the month of December, 1933. A total of 548 new students were enrolled during this month.
The Major General Commandant has authorized the Marine Corps Institute to permit any student, honorably discharged from the active service, who enlists in Class VI, Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve, to complete any course in which such student was enrolled prior to his discharge from the active service. It is believed that this fact will be of interest to many men due for discharge, and it is suggested that it be brought to their attention when the other advantages of the Marine Corps Reserve are explained to them.

U. S. Marine Corps Institute Activity

Total number students enrolled December 31, 1934	4,800
Students enrolled during December, 1934	548
Students enrolled during November, 1934	468
Students disenrolled during December, 1934	560
Lesson papers received during October, 1934	3,039
Lesson papers received during November 1934	3,250
Lesson papers received during December, 1934	3,600

Total lesson papers received since establishment	572,113
Graduates during month of December, 1934	48
Graduates since establishment	6,478
I. C. S. Diplomas awarded since establishment	6,272
Graduates Post Exchange Bookkeeping and Accounting	206

Graduates During the Month of December

Capt. Edwin J. Farrell—Bookkeeping, Accounting, and Auditing.
1st Lt. Orin H. Wheeler—Complete Radio.
1st Lt. Frederick L. Wiesman—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lt. George N. Carroll—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lt. Jaime Sabater—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lt. James G. Smith—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lt. John F. Stamm—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lt. Howard J. Turton—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lt. John A. White—Good English.
Gy-Sgt. Peter R. Rung, Jr., Complete Commercial.
Sup-Sgt. Clarence F. Heister—Complete Radio.
Sgt. George R. Carlson—Ocean Navigation.
Sgt. Peter J. Schmid—Poultry Farming.
Sgt. Daniel W. Thompson—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
PhM2cl. Roy T. Brooks—Good English.
Cpl. Johnny Jennings—Radio Servicing.
Cpl. Donald H. Skinner—Elementary Electrical Engineering.
Pfc. William H. Adams—Soil Improvement.
Pfc. Thomas R. Berg—Ocean Navigation.
Pfc. George F. Caraway—Poultry Farming.
Pfc. Bennie L. Fortner—Motorbus Transportation.
Pfc. William B. Hanger—Good English.
Pfc. Howard Holden—Airplane Maintenance.
Pfc. Chester Johnson—Civil Service Clerical.
Pvt. Ben G. Avram—Airplane Maintenance.
Pvt. Jack W. Bowen—Civil Service Clerical.
Pvt. Grady C. Cook—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.
Pvt. George W. Deau—Salesmanship.
Pvt. Oscar C. Dean—Practical Electrician's.
Pvt. John Frisone—Short Mechanical Drawing.
Pvt. Harry E. Getman—Spanish.
Pvt. Carl A. Likes—Aviation Mechanics.
Pvt. Carl A. Likes—Aviation Engines.
Pvt. John P. Lowe—Aviation Mechanics.
Pvt. Russell F. Lundgren—Poultry Farming.
Pvt. Russell L. Massena—Radio Servicing.
Pvt. Russell L. Massena—Complete Radio.
Pvt. William N. McNulty—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
Pvt. James E. McKeehan—Complete Radio.
Pvt. Thomas J. Shaw—Airplane Maintenance.
Pvt. Albert W. Somerford—Spanish.
Pvt. James B. Stepp—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.
Pvt. Jack I. Terrell—Aviation Mechanics.
Pvt. Harry M. Thomas—Aviation Mechanics.
Pvt. William L. Tulip—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.
Pvt. Cecil O. Ware—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.
Pvt. Richard F. Westerman—Aviation Engines.
Pvt. Oscar C. Yarbrough—Civil Service Combination.

CLASSIFICATION

Enlisted	3,817
Commissioned	214
Navy Enlisted	79
Navy Commissioned	7
Enlisted FLEET MARINE CORPS	
RESERVE	661
Commissioned FLEET MARINE	13
CORPS RESERVE	9
Dependents	4,800
TOTAL	

The Following Are Eligible for Enrollment
Officers and enlisted men of the regular Marine Corps.

Naval personnel serving with the Marine Corps.

Personnel of the Marine Corps Reserve on active duty or attached to Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Companies, or serving with Fleet Reserve Aviation Squadrons and Aviation Service Companies.

officers and enlisted on the retired list, Marine General Court-Martial prisoners. Dependents of Marines upon payment for textbooks used.

PROMOTIONS

TO QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:
William A. Brown.

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT, TECHNICAL WARRANT:
Joseph A. Courter, Sr.
Joseph H. Lewis.
Lytle Strong.

TO STAFF SERGEANT, TECHNICAL WARRANT:
Elmer E. Isaacsen, Sr.
Alvin J. Deason.
Albert L. Pope.

TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:
Wilson H. Sparling.
Armon J. Sealey.
Marshall R. Pilcher.
Fred J. Iverson.
Floyd D. Hudson.
Leslie A. Himes.
Oscar B. Weaver (Trumpeter).

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL WARRANT:
Albert S. Singleton.
Henry F. Burdoff.
Ollie B. Dawdy.
Homer S. Slaughter.
Joseph J. Vlach.
Isom D. Selvy.
Angel Camou.

TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:
Joseph E. Palencar.
Leemon C. Baird.
Roy P. Simmons.
Jack D. Liddell.
David R. McGrew, Jr.
Arthur C. Morse.
Alton M. Hutchins.
Reed A. Fairley.
Nick W. Papalia (Drummer).
James E. Wydick (Drummer).
Joseph F. Janicki (Drummer).

TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND TECHNICAL:
Louis F. Peyret.
Chauncey M. McTimmonds.
William S. Dugger.
John W. Matchett.
Charles J. Smith.
Isaac Breakfield.
Jonathan E. Cousineau.
Casper M. Kensick.
LeRoy Craig.
Cranford G. Courington.
Louis B. Haneberg.
William H. Baxter.
Lester P. Murphey.
Joseph Trepanowski.
Albert J. Summerfield.
William H. Meadors.

RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the dates set opposite their names:

Sgt. Maj. Wesley R. Morningstar, USMC, January 1, 1935.

Sgt. Maj. Robert F. Funicane, USMC, January 1, 1935.

1st Sgt. Lawrence W. Ahl, FMCR, January 1, 1935.

Gy-Sgt. Clarence C. Townley, FMCR, December 1, 1934.

Sgt. George N. Grausem, FMCR, December 1, 1934.

Sgt. Hans M. Hansen USMCR, January 1, 1935.

Sgt. Vincent DePaul Quinn, FMCR, January 1, 1935.

Sgt. Delamar B. Smith, USMC, January 1, 1935.

Principal Musician John J. Miller, USMC, January 1, 1935.

RESERVE CHANGES

Appointments

2nd Lt. George H. Cavanagh, Jr., Brookline, Mass., to rank from December 11, 1934.
Capt. Joseph H. Berry, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa. to rank from December 21, 1934.

2nd Lt. John L. Webb, Fort Meade, Fla., to rank from December 28, 1934.

Resigned

2nd Lt. Edward B. McMillan, to take effect as of June 21, 1934.

Discharged

2nd Lt. John W. Adams, December 31, 1934.

2nd Lt. John B. Philbin, December 31, 1934.

2nd Lt. William M. E. Hess, January 3, 1935.

MAGAZINES FOR AUTOMATIC WEAPONS

It has been brought to the attention of the Quartermaster, this Headquarters, that in a great many cases the below listed weapons, which are accounted for as "complete with magazine" are shipped without the required magazine.

Gun, Thompson submachine, Caliber .45, M-1928.

Pistol, Colt automatic, Caliber .45, M-1911.

Pistol, Colt automatic, Caliber .22, Rifle, U. S. Caliber .22, M-1922, M-1 and/or M-2.

Rifle, Browning automatic, Caliber .30, M-1918.

In future care must be exercised to insure that, when issued or transferred, the weapons in question are complete. When an invoice is received and the weapons covered thereby are not "complete with magazine," the receiving officer should accomplish the invoice, invoice the missing magazine back to the accountable officer concerned and take a magazine from his stock to complete the weapon. A notation should be placed on the invoice covering the magazines invoiced back to the effect that it covers shortage of magazines not shipped with weapons covered by invoice of a given date.

LOST FIREARMS

A Board of Survey convened on board the USS "Ranger" reports the loss of one rifle, U. S. caliber .30, M-1903, No. 3456174.

A Board of Survey convened at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., reports the loss of one rifle, U. S. caliber .30, M-1903, No. 345626.

Caliber .30 U. S. rifle No. 800425 has been reported missing from the Marine Detachment, Receiving Station, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash.

A board of Survey convened at Marine Barracks, Submarine Base, Coco Solo, Canal Zone, reports the loss of one pistol, Colt automatic, caliber .45, M-1911, No. 627234.

It is requested that a note be made of the serial numbers of the above firearms, and in the event they are located that the Quartermaster, Marine Corps Headquarters, be advised.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES:

Sgt. Maj. Harry S. Remington, Class II (d), December 31, 1934. Future address: General Delivery, San Diego, Cal.

1st Sgt. Alfred F. Francis, Class II (d), December 31, 1934. Future address: 44 Grand Ave., East North Park, Detroit, Mich.

1st Sgt. William Hunt, Class II (d), January 7, 1935. Future address: 1815 1/2 E. 7th St., Long Beach, Cal.

Gy-Sgt. Robert P. Shumate, Class II (d), December 31, 1934. Future address: RFD No. 1, Epping, N. H.

Gy-Sgt. Arthur A. Gourley Class II (d), December 31, 1934. Future address: Waterville, Ohio.

Gy-Sgt. Ivie W. Lancaster, Class II (d), December 15, 1934. Future address: Garrisonville, Va.

Sgt. William J. Nimmons, Class II (d), January 10, 1935. Future address: 450 Merchant St., Ambridge, Pa.

Cpl. Willie R. Hood, Class II (d), December 31, 1934. Future address: 297 Deviller St., Pensacola, Fla.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

E. F. C., Mare Island—The man about whom you requested information deserted from the U. S. Marine Corps on December 8, 1933.

GRADUATES OF THE CORRESPONDENCE CLASS, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1934

U. S. Marine Corps

ALLEN, Chester R., Second Lieutenant, Infantry Basic Course.

JACKSON, Harold K., First Sergeant, Course "A."

KELLY, Thomas O., First Sergeant, Infantry Basic Course.

JOHNSON, James Sergeant, Infantry Basic Course.

NELSON, Loreen A. O., Sergeant, Course "A."

SKOWRONEK, Alfred, Sergeant, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

MEREDITH, Stanwood W., Corporal, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

PETERSON, Robert E., Corporal Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

TOWLE, Harry M., Corporal, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

SPENCER, Henry G., Private First Class, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

U. S. Marine Corps Reserve

BURLEW, Fred N., Second Lieutenant, Eastern Reserve Area, Air Corps Course "A."

BOHNE, Ralph M., Corporal, 1st Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines, Course "A."

SPECIAL COURSE COMPLETED

U. S. Marine Corps

STEELE, Arthur H., Sergeant Major, Naval Law and Rules of Land Warfare.

NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICERS' COURSE—MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

In the future, Privates and Private First Class will not be enrolled in the Noncommissioned Officers' Correspondence Course in the Correspondence Class, Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va.

The Noncommissioned Officers' Course is designed to give instruction in the Basic Marine Corps subjects APPLICABLE TO THE NEEDS AND REQUIREMENTS OF NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICERS' and to provide them with the fundamental education in tactical matters to prepare them for the more advanced study of infantry tactics should the occasion arise whereby their rapid advancement in rank became necessary.

While the desire of a private first class or a private for enrollment in this course is commendable, such enrollment would not be in strict observance of the above policy, and it is believed that should a man below the rank of corporal intend to make the military service his career, his first step should be to prepare himself for promotion by studying and becoming proficient in the subjects enumerated in Article 6-24 (5), Marine Corps Manual; then, should he attain noncommissioned rank, he will be eligible for enrollment in the Noncommissioned Officers' Course and his request therefor, forwarded via his commanding officer, will receive favorable action.

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When you move or are transferred let us know immediately. This will insure your getting each number of THE LEATHERNECK promptly.

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NEW ADDRESS _____

MARINE ODDITIES

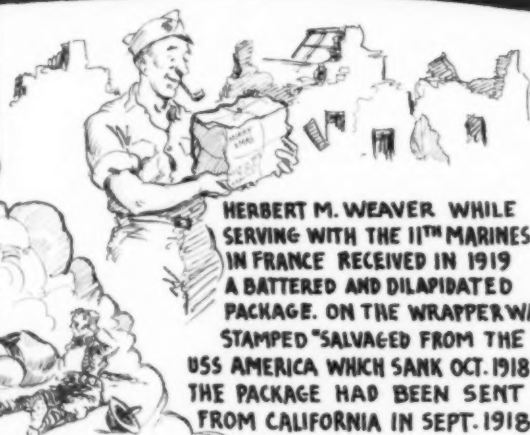


ON JUNE 18, 1928, SGT. DEAN PENLEY, USMC ESTABLISHED AN ALL TIME RECORD IN RIFLE COMPETITION WHEN HE SCORED 348 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 350. HE DROPPED ONE POINT AT 200 SLOW AND ONE AT 500 RAPID. ALL OTHER RANGES WERE POSSIBLES. THIS RECORD IS NOT OFFICIAL, HOWEVER, FOR ALL TEN SHOTS AT 300 SLOW WERE FIRED FROM THE SITTING POSITION. CORPORAL WILLIAM D. LINFOOT ESTABLISHED THE OFFICIAL RECORD OF 347 AT PEIPING, CHINA, MAY 18, 1934.

THIS SCORE WAS ALSO MADE BY 1ST LT. P.E. CONRADT IN 1925 AND BY CPL. F.J. SHANNON IN 1926, BUT BECAUSE OF COMPETITIVE RULINGS THESE TWO ARE NOT RECOGNIZED AS OFFICIAL.



ON THE SENIORITY LIST OF FIRST SERGEANTS, OCTOBER 1934 NUMBER 209, WHITE, WILLIAM NUMBER 210, BLACK, MALCOM C.



HERBERT M. WEAVER WHILE SERVING WITH THE 11TH MARINES IN FRANCE RECEIVED IN 1919 A BATTERED AND DILAPIDATED PACKAGE. ON THE WRAPPER WAS STAMPED "SALVAGED FROM THE USS AMERICA WHICH SANK OCT. 1918" THE PACKAGE HAD BEEN SENT FROM CALIFORNIA IN SEPT. 1918.



IN 1895 CAPT. G.E. ELLIOT (LATER BRIGADIER GENERAL COMMANDANT) USMC RODE A HORSE FROM TIENTSIN TO PEKING IN TWO DAYS, CARRYING OUT ORDERS OF HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER. OVER 25000 MORE OR LESS HOSTILE CHINESE TROOPS LINED THE EIGHTY MILE ROUTE.

"THE MAN THEY COULDN'T KILL" WAS THE TITLE BESTOWED ON PVT. GEORGE W. CHAPMAN OF THE 5TH MARINES. AT ST. MIHIEL HIGH EXPLOSIVE BURIED HIM IN A SHELL HOLE. HE WAS DUG OUT UNHARMED. AT CHATEAU THIERRY A SHELL BURIED ITSELF UNDER WHERE CHAPMAN AND HIS BUDDY WERE SLEEPING. HIS PAL WAS KILLED AND CHAPMAN FLUNG SIX FEET IN THE AIR, BUT WAS UNHURT. AT VERDUN A SHELL BURST IN THE MIDST OF A GROUP KILLING ALL THE HORSES AND TWO MARINES-CHAPMAN WASN'T SCRATCHED. AT SOISSONS AN AIR BOMB KILLED CHAPMAN'S HORSE UNDER HIM AND A MAN BY HIS SIDE. A SHELL TORE INTO A DUGOUT, KILLED ALL SEVEN MEN WHO WERE WITH CHAPMAN AND LEFT HIM UNHARMED. AGAIN, A SHOT TORE THE PACK FROM HIS BACK AND ANOTHER KNOCKED OFF HIS HELMET. ALTHOUGH UNWOUNDED HE WAS SENT TO THE HOSPITAL FOR TREATMENT OF SHOCK.



From 1891, when the I.C.S. was founded, to and including September, 1, 1934, a total of 4,079,172 students have enrolled for study.

12 INTERESTING FACTS

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• First student enrolled October 16, 1891

TOTAL ENROLMENTS

December 31, 1891.....115
December 31, 1895.....10,105
December 31, 1900.....251,310
December 31, 1920.....2,271,193
September 1, 1934.....4,079,172

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Average daily postage bill on outgoing mail \$600.

Nearly \$5,000,000 has been expended in preparing and improving I.C.S. textbooks.

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More than 600 colleges, universities and other resident schools have purchased and are using I.C.S. textbooks.

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☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Building Estimating
☐ Wood Millworking
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Structural Draftsman
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Inventing and Patenting
☐ Electrical Engineer
☐ Electric Lighting

☐ Welding, Electric and Gas
☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
☐ Telegraph Engineer
☐ Telephone Work
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machinist ☐ Toolmaker
☐ Patternmaker
☐ Heat Treatment of Metals
☐ Bridge Engineer

☐ Bridge and Building Foreman
☐ Gas Engines
☐ Diesel Engines
☐ Aviation Engines
☐ Automobile Mechanic
☐ Plumbing ☐ Steam Fitting
☐ Heating ☐ Ventilation
☐ Sheet Metal Worker
☐ Steam Engineer
☐ Steam Electric Engineer

☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Refrigeration
☐ R. R. Locomotives
☐ R. R. Section Foreman
☐ Highway Engineering
☐ R. R. Bridge and Building Foreman
☐ Air Brakes ☐ R. R. Signalman
☐ Air Conditioning

☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Coal Mining Engineer
☐ Navigation ☐ Boilermaker
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
☐ Cotton Manufacturing
☐ Woolen Manufacturing
☐ Fruit Growing ☐ Agriculture
☐ Poultry Farming
☐ Radio
☐ Marine Engineer

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management
☐ Office Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Accountancy

☐ Cost Accountant
☐ C. P. Accountant
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Secretarial Work
☐ Spanish ☐ French

☐ Salesmanship ☐ Advertising
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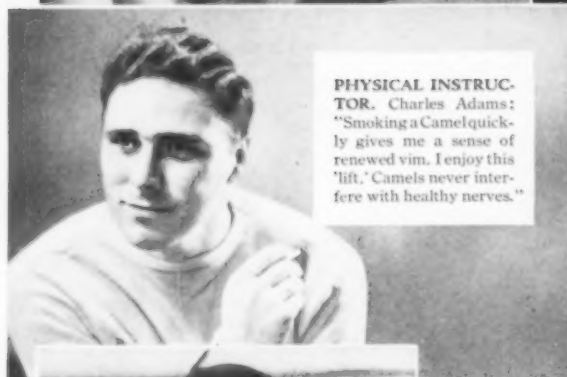
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	9:00 P. M. C. S. T.	7:00 P. M. P. S. T.
THURSDAY	9:00 P. M. E. S. T.	9:30 P. M. M. S. T.
	8:00 P. M. C. S. T.	8:30 P. M. P. S. T.

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